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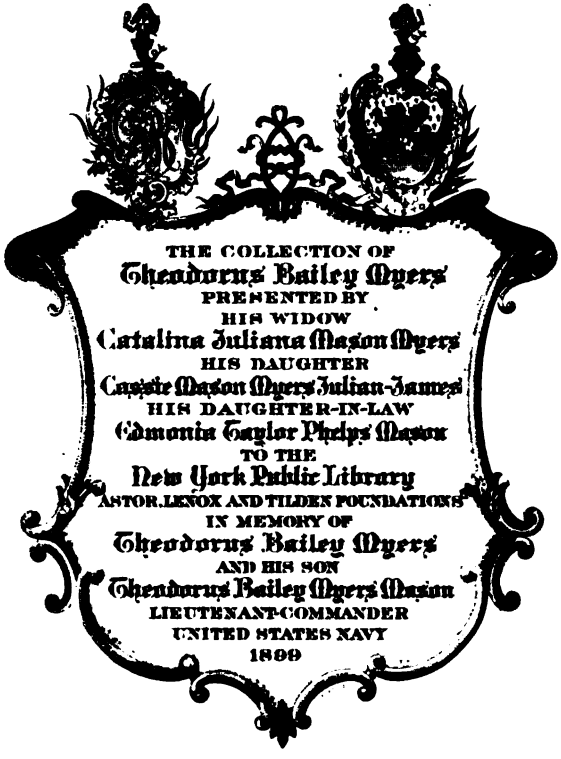
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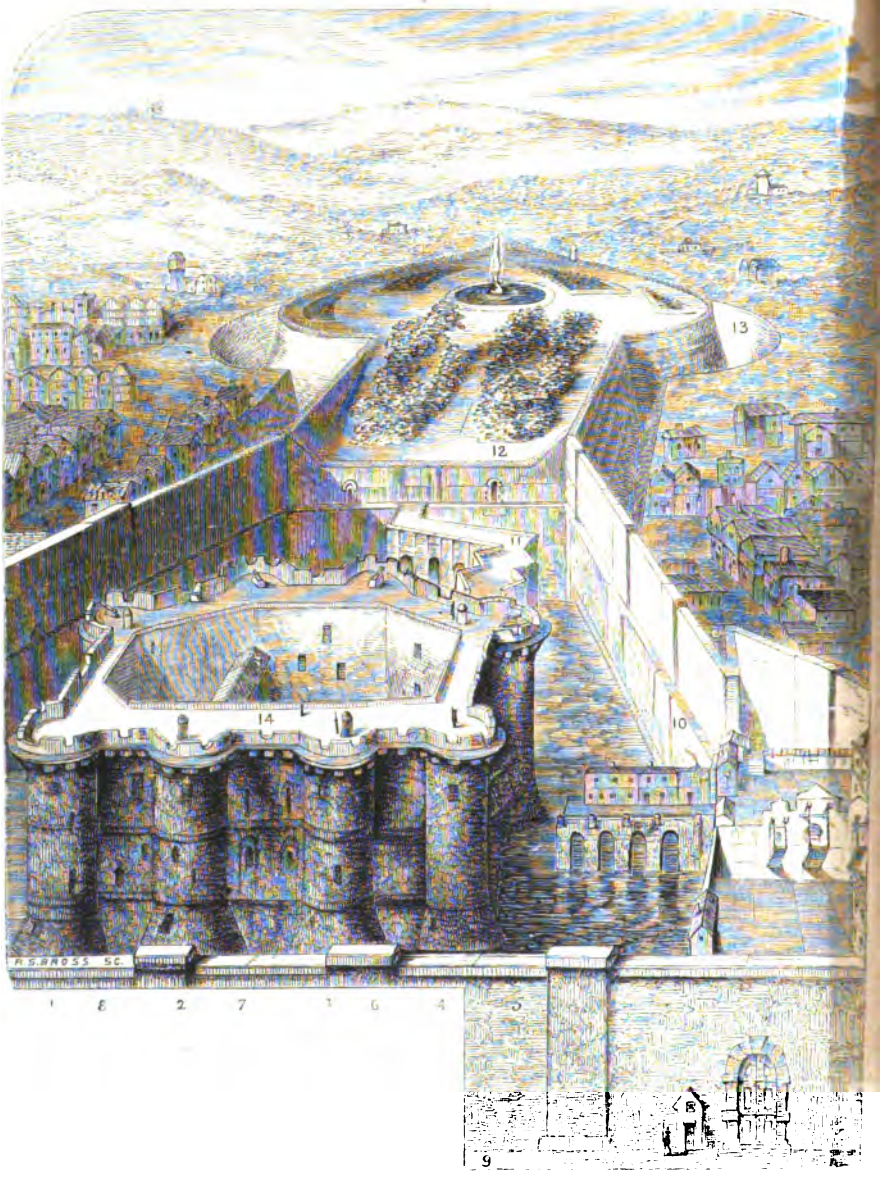

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE BASTILE.

FROM THE WEST.

1. Tower of the Well.
2. Tower of Liberty.
3. Tower de la Bertaudiere.
4. Tower de la Baziniere.
5. Tower de la Comte.
6. Tower of the Treasure
7. Tower of the Chapel.
8. Tower of the Corner.
9. Great Outer Wall.
10. Roundaway.
11. Bridge leading to Bastion.
12. Gardens on Bastion. (the site of the Column of July.)
13. Great Outer Ditch.
14. Platform on the Towers

THE

CHRONICLES

OF

THE BASTILE.

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Qui renferme souvent le crime et l'innocence."

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PREFACE.

When I commenced writing the present Work, I was far from believing—even from anticipating—that the events therein portrayed would, before my narrative were completed, be re-enacted in the French capital: such, however, has proved the case. Whilst the last pages have been passing through the press, another mighty Revolution has broken out, and overthrown *what was* the established order of things in that great country. The late scenes at the *Palais Royal*, at the *Tuileries*, at the Chamber of Deputies, and at the *Hôtel de Ville*, differ not—except in period and in personage—from those which Versailles and Paris witnessed in 1789: their character and spirit are identical. A whole people, galled by the chains of a new Despotism, have suddenly arisen from their painful, humiliating lethargy; by one unanimous effort have cast off their bonds, and everywhere proclaimed their Sovereignty. Again the rallying-cry of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," has resounded throughout the length and the breadth of their land; but this time, uncoupled with the shout of *sans-culottism* and terrorism, viz.—"or Death." Again, Royalty has offered to make concessions, at the eleventh hour, and those concessions have been refused by the Nation's boldly avowing its want of faith in half-extorted promises of expediency. In the first Revolution, a good, though weak King expiated upon the scaffold, the crimes of his forefathers and of a vicious Aristocracy: Posterity renders justice to his virtues, whilst it laments his misfortunes: In the last, the Monarch—faithless to his sacred trust—has *been allowed* to escape so signal a vengeance, but is followed into his ignominious, yet rich retirement, by the odium and the contempt

of his justly exasperated people, and by the well-deserved scorn of all men. Posterity has not to do with *him*, save in heaping up his measure of shame. To Philip of Orleans—Equality Philip—belongs the ignoble glory of that majority of five which brought Louis XVI's head to the block. To Louis Philip of Orleans, the son of Equality Philip; to him, the Jacobin of 1792, and the King of the Barricades of 1830, belongs the yet more unenviable glory of bringing Royalty into disrepute throughout the World. The father killed a King: the son has killed the system of Kings.

Lastly, and writing on the morrow of this great commotion in the sister-country—nay, perhaps on the eve of one yet greater; for who shall read Futurity—may these pages, though betimes penned in a lightsome strain, be not without their moral, in conveying a warning to such Rulers as refuse timely to listen to the Voice of the People, when it is raised to demand that Equality in the distribution of the public burdens, which every citizen and loyal subject has a just right to expect at the price of his Allegiance.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE OLD MAN OF THE BASTILE.

INTRODUCTORY.

It was eight o'clock on the sultriest morning of the sultry month of July, 1840, that I arrived at Paris, alighting at the *Bureau des Messageries Royales*, in the *Rue Notre Dame des Victoires*. It is scarcely worth stating, that after a twenty-four hours' jolt over the stones of the royal road of Boulogne and Paris, I was very glad to reach the *Hôtel* to which I had been recommended, and rest my wearied limbs. This necessary duty performed, my next undertaking was to reconnoitre the *lions;* but as this was a task not performed in a day, I shall not detail my peregrinations through the capital of *La belle France*, lest those who read be as fatigued in mind as I was in body, and as inclined to sleep, after rambling through its dirty and rugged streets.

My method of exploring the French metropolis I feel bound to bequeath to travelers: it was, to mark out in my mind's eye, a new circuit every morning, taking the Seine and its quays as beacons; my hotel of course forming the point of departure and my goal; then, striking "off, off and away," through lanes and by-streets, narrow, rugged and dirty; through *carrefours, points, et places?* up boulevards and along quays; through barriers and across bridges; I gradually retraced my steps homewards, possessing an extended knowledge of the topography of Paris.

The market-places formed attractions I never could muster up self-denial to resist. Setting aside the contemplation of the person and diversified costume of the itinerant venders of food of all sorts, and without staying to take a physiognomical survey of the features of every *marchande des quatre saisons*,* of every *Poissarde de la Halle*,† I often spent a solitary hour in calculating the degrees of

* The *Marchande des quatre saisons* is a well-known Parisian character; the term translated literally, signifies "*merchant of the four seasons*," that is, a person who sells the vegetables peculiar to each season of the year.

† The *Poissarde de la Halle;* Anglice, the *Billingsgate fish-wife*. The one is a perfect type of the other. Those familiar with the horrors of the Revolution will not have forgotten the conspicuous part these women played in the tragedy of the "*Princesse Lamballe*." (*Souvenirs de la Revolution, par André.*)

comparative misery to which this relatively insignificant class might reduce the good burgesses of Paris, if, during the agitation of any question of public interest, its worthy members should turn despotic and cut off the supplies.

After the scenes of actual life, my greatest gratification was to wander over those of life and actions long since passed away—to muse over the antiquities of the *cité*—to lurk about the spots hallowed by association, and lose myself in the labyrinth of their early history. What scenes have I witnessed as imagination would carry me back to the time when the ruins, now peeping out here and there like decrepid old men, were in the hey-day of their youth, upright and stately; proudly setting Time at defiance—laughing to scorn the ravages he threatened to their cement and stone—the flesh and blood, the bone, marrow and muscle of their existence! Often has an unbidden tear paid tribute to these friends of the world's youth—to these venerable relics of defunct centuries—these half-living mummies of things that have been. As friends I love them—as old friends I venerate them—as deceased friends, I have paid their memory the tribute due from one friend to another.

But not to digress further.

In the course of my peregrinations through the tortuous streets of this metropolis, I chanced to meet with an individual whose eccentricities were so remarkable, that my attention was attracted to him, although I observed he was unnoticed by the passers-by, most of whom appeared to know him.

He was sitting on an old shattered post, immediately opposite the site of the far-famed Bastile St. Antoine, his chin resting on his left hand placed over his right, which grasped a staff,—a staff of the olden time—with a knob of massive gold, curiously fashioned. His hair, that is as much of it as escaped from beneath an ancient three-cornered hat, was white and grizzly, and confined behind in a small black bag; in fact his whole exterior bespoke one of the *ancien régime*.

Although his person bore the indices of extreme old age, inward sorrow seemed to have furrowed his visage, still more deeply; and so profound was the expression of sadness in it, that it produced in me a corresponding sentiment, and augmented the interest I already felt in this old man sitting by the way-side.

Whilst I stood gazing intently at him, his eyes turned alternately towards where once stood the Bastile, then to Heaven, and his lips would move as if in prayer.

Equally unwilling to disturb his reverie, or to leave the spot without gleaning some information respecting him, I addressed a question to a commissioner who was standing at the door of a wine-shop, a few yards off.

"Every body knows him, sir, but nobody knows who he is. You are a stranger?"

"Yes," replied I. "But tell me, does he often come here?"

"I believe you, sir! regularly every morning, and remains sit-

ting as you now see him, sometimes for hours. Do you want a commissioner?"

"No! I thank you. And pray where does he live?" said I.

"On the sixth floor in *that* house." Here my informant indicated a house in the Rue St. Antoine, and added: "Shall I go with you, sir?"

"It is not necessary. But it is surprising nobody knows any thing about him," remarked I to my informant.

"Why, monsieur! how *can* any body know who or what he is; he never opens his mouth! We have named him THE TACITURN."

"And not inappropriately! Yet surely there must be in the neighborhood some old inhabitant who does know him."

"No there is not, sir! The Taciturn appears to be the oldest inhabitant of the Quarter St. Anthony. Father Cocard, who is more than eighty, has known him the last fifty years, and that's a pretty long time!"

"Well, but the porter of the house," interrupted I.

"The porter!" retorted he, contemptuously. "The porter knows as little of him as you do, or I. When he first went *concierge* to the house, twenty years ago, The Taciturn was then the oldest lodger."

"But did not his predecessor know any thing about him?"

"I tell you *nobody* does. It is a mystery, and that's all about it."

Giving my irascible informant a twenty sous piece, I again turned my attention to the old man.

Arising slowly from his stone seat, he remained for a few seconds gazing as before, then abruptly turned off to the right, into the *Rue St. Antoine*. Thither I followed him, until he reached a dilapidated building, apparently the remains of a house of worship, although now converted to a less holy use, the lower portion being rented by the landlord of a wine-shop and the upper part by some of the poorest class, and not the most reputable of this thickly populated vicinage.

Elated with the hope that he had not remarked my presence, I had got fairly within the threshold, he being already on the first landing, when turning suddenly about, he descended the stairs and faced me, staring with such intensity, that my conscience smote me for seeking to fathom his secret. Having however completed his scrutiny, he as rapidly turned away again, mounting the steep stairs of the house with a speed I had judged him incapable of.

Follow him I could not: I durst not explore the privacy of age and misery; but my curiosity was so strongly excited, I was determined to satisfy it.

Many were my conjectures as I returned home, and deep was my reverie, as I pondered over the mystery which evidently shrouded the old man; and somehow I could not refrain from mixing him up with the bloody scenes of the Revolution, and with the darker and not less cruel ones of the Bastile.

A fortnight glided past, and every day I met the old man at the

shattered post, without however having succeeded in drawing him into conversation; although once or twice I imagined that his eyes, on meeting mine, kindled with emotion—an emotion which was perhaps caused by the semblance in a fellow creature of sympathy with his state of solitude; perhaps by the respect a stranger paid to the untold, silent sorrows of an aged man.

At such a moment I endeavored to attract his notice by addressing him, and one day being more determined than usual, forestalled him at his post, which he on arriving found occupied. He said nothing, but that steady gaze, so intense, so icy, drove my blood shivering through my veins, and brought contrition back. I arose, and led him to his accustomed seat, apologizing for my rudeness; still he spoke not, neither did he make any sign of thankfulness. I could fancy him saying it was *his* seat, it had *been* his for the last half century, and no one had a right to deprive him of it; having done so, to restore it was but a matter of right.

Time, the ripener of events, cleared up the mystery. The tenth anniversary of the three glorious days was ushered in by the deep thunder of cannon, whilst the dull and melancholy boom of the *bourdon* of *Notre Dame*, moaned its solemn salute to the dead.

The inhabitants of every *quartier* had deserted home and were crowding to one spot, the Column of July, erected on the *Place de la Bastille*, the approaches to which were blocked up by troops. The inauguration was that day to take place; the ashes of the victims of 1830, were to be deposited in their last resting place: in the vaults built on the site of the dungeons of the Bastile!

The remains of the Sons of Liberty, side by side with those of the Victims of Despotism!

I could not approach the shattered post, and sought the old man in vain. The neighbor at the corner of the street had not seen him, and it was the first time he had missed coming since the neighbor had been a resident there; now upwards of fifteen years! I went to the old man's house, and even penetrated to the door of his chamber, exploring it through the key-hole. It appeared empty; the only symptom of its being inhabited was the presence of an iron bedstead, and of a large fire, still burning fiercely.

I returned to witness the ceremony of the inauguration; my mind, however, was wholly taken up with conjectures as to the whereabout of the mysterious individual whose disappearance had been so sudden. Totally unable to solve the enigma, I returned slowly home through dense throngs of living beings, and scarcely conscious of whither I was going.

The old man was standing there!

And there *I* stood, as in a day-dream, transfixed, and mute with astonishment. Yet it was *no* dream, for there he was before me—the same meaning stare glazing his eyes, the same characteristic sadness in his countenance. I advanced, making an effort to pass by him into the hotel, but, looking significantly at me, he darted off homewards at a pace I could with difficulty keep up with; for I

found I was following this mysterious being, without even interrogating myself as to the nature of the magnetic influence which drew me after him.

We reached his lodging a little before night-fall. The fire was extinguished, all but a few embers; his bed (at the head of which was a rudely carved crucifix,) was clean and made up; near it stood a small table and a night-lamp, which, with sundry articles for domestic use, formed the whole of the chamber furniture.

He locked the door, and seating himself on the bed, signified his wish that I should do the same. I complied, when the old man, doffing his hat, yet maintaining his old position as at the shattered post, abruptly began:

"Thou art the first human being to whom I have opened my lips since the siege of the Bastile; and art the last of the race that shall hear the voice of one who has long been but a walking shadow on the face of the earth!"

As he spoke, I could fancy the hollow tomb lifting up its voice, and revealing the "secrets of the world unknown."

I was on the point of making some observation in answer, but he motioned me into silence, and continued:

"I know thee not, yet I will trust thee. My hours are numbered: my knell has tolled!"

Here he applied his thumb to a spring which forced open the top of his staff, from which he extracted a strip of parchment which he placed in my hand.

The parchment was old, and covered with written characters to me incomprehensible. Surrounded by them was the following inscription in black letter:

Mlorsque les morts bienstront restrouber les morts, le glas des bis dans aura sonne.*

Without understanding how this prediction related to my host, I handed him back the scroll with an appearance of mystification not equivocal. He replaced the parchment, and hastened to relieve my embarrassment.

"That is my nativity!" said he. "The *dead have* come to the dead. 1830! 1789! My destiny is accomplished! Listen!

"My father was chaplain of the Bastile, in which he had been incarcerated for practising Legerdemain, Alchemy, and Astrology. My mother was a lady of rank, who, being confined in the prison with her family, was removed by my father to a remote part of it, where she fell an unwilling victim to his incontinence. I was the fruit of that unholy amour. My mother sunk, ultimately, under the cruel treatment she experienced; but her family was kept in ignorance of her fate. I was called after the tower in the dungeon of which I first drew breath—*La Tour du Puits.* When I was grown up, my father, whom as such I knew not until his death, procured my appointment as one of the *Porte-clefs* (turnkeys) of the Bastile,

* When the dead shall come to the dead, the knell of the living shall have tolled.

when a *sobriquet* was given to me which I leave thee to discover. I was born in 1710, when my nativity was cast. On his death bed, my father disclosed himself to me, and made me acquainted with my mysterious history. None but our two selves ever knew the secret of my birth, the heritage of which was crime, infamy, and remorse.

"Many were the scenes of horror I witnessed; many too did I assist in perpetrating, for cruelty was one of the attributes of a turnkey. But the day of retribution came! The Bastile was taken and demolished; I escaped to this house, then inhabited by a fraternity of the sect of Loyola, where I lay concealed until the bloody scenes of the Reign of Terror was succeeded by the meteoric glory of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. During my confinement, I made a vow never again to open my mouth to living soul until the day of my destiny arrived: I have *kept* my vow. I also swore to perform at least once every day, a pilgrimage to the Bastile. This duty I have religiously accomplished. Before I escaped, I contrived to conceal about me the whole of the proceeds of my extortions. These riches I bequeathed to the Church of St. Paul a la Bastile, where those that died within the walls of the prison are interred. My necessities, although few, have considerably diminished my store, but enough yet remains to obtain masses for my soul. No one ever discovered that I was rich, although my domicile has been often violated by police-spies and thieves; but neither ever found aught worth carrying away."

Here he again gave me a significant look and paused. I was unable to break silence, so totally was I absorbed in the old man's voluntary and extraordinary confession. In a few minutes he resumed the thread of his narrative:

"My mission is not yet fulfilled. I did not seek thee to communicate only these uninteresting particulars concerning myself. I had long sought one to whom I could confide the unrevealed secrets of the Bastile: Fate threw thee in my way."

The old man raised the straw of his bed, and taking out a bundle of papers, handed it to me.

"These documents," said he, "were compiled in my hours of solitude, when memory was sharpened by the smitings of conscience. By making their contents known, thou can'st relieve my soul from some of its pain in purgatory. I intended sending thee that packet, and, unperceived by thee, once followed thee home, but my vow prevented me asking thy name. This day, my last upon earth, I watched thy return, or that packet would have fallen into the hands of those who first entered my chamber after my decease. I prefer delivering it to one who appears to feel an unbidden interest in me. All my other papers are there:" and he pointed to the embers on the hearth.

I conveyed the packet into my pocket, and attempted to make some verbal promise of fulfilling the old man's wish, but he prevented my intention by abruptly saying:

"Go now! Speak not, nor reveal aught thou hast heard, until I am no more."

So saying, he motioned me to the door, but notwithstanding my solicitations and entreaty, I was unable to extort another word. He even rudely closed the door in my face, leaving me to grope my way down the steep dark stairs.

Few were my dreams that night. Haunted by the remembrance of my singular adventure, I accomplished a slight perusal of the manuscript, and lay reflecting on the connection of the old man's destiny with the interment of the victims of July, until the morning-sun warned me that I had stolen a march upon the next day.

My first visit, need I say so? was to the *Rue St. Antoine.* The old man was dead!

I discovered that after my departure he had again gone out, returning with an unknown aged ecclesiastic, who, after a short stay, left him at about half-past eleven, since which time all had remained quiet. Early that morning a fellow-lodger passing by, found his chamber-door ajar, and, prompted by curiosity, looked in, and beheld the old man rigid, in the cold embrace of death.

I arrived as the authorities of the Quarter had assembled around the corpse, deliberating on the cause of his sudden death. Not a vestige remained of any document whereby his identity could be traced. Even the old fashioned staff had disappeared. On the table was a letter addressed: "A Monsieur, Monsieur le Cure de St. Jean la Bastille," who, doubtless, in consequence of its purport, made the necessary arrangements for the interment, within the period prescribed by the French law.

La Tour du Puits, or The Taciturn, lies interred in the parochial church of *St. Jean la Bastille.* No grave-stone marks his last resting-place, whilst the devotee, the idler, and the priest, trample over his remains, alike unconscious that they repose beneath their feet.

Whether the church above mentioned ever derived any benefit from the old man's legacy, I am unable to state. It is however a well known fact, that about this time the devotees were one feast-day astounded by the appearance of a new silver *bénitier*, (holy-water bowl) most richly chased; although it was remarked that *Monsieur le Curé* never dipped his finger into it, without crossing himself thrice.

From the old man's manuscript, the Chronicles of the Bastile have been compiled. Should any historical inaccuracies be found in them, let the censure, such errors deserve, fall, not upon the Old Man of the Bastile, but upon the

EDITOR.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE.

THE BERTAUDIERE.

CHAPTER I.

A RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.

READER! if acquainted with Paris, you have, doubtless, oft stayed awhile to consider the numerous relics of antiquity, which, at almost every turn, strike the eye of the stranger.

We refer to the ancient *Ville de Paris* and its dependencies; the *Pré au Cleres*, now the site of the *Rue Jacob;* the *Rues St. Denis, St. Martin, du Temple, &c.;* the environs of the *Louvre;* the Bridge of the *Tournelle*, the *Marais, &c.*, where the enthusiastic admirer of antiquity may wander at will, until his passion is fed to satiety.

On the left bank of the Seine, at the top of a hillock lined on each side with tumble-down houses, stands the *Tour St. Geneviève*, now incorporated in the *Collège Henri Quatre;* and opposite the Church of *St. Etienne du Mont*, within which rest the ashes of *St. Geneviéve*, the patroness saint of Paris. Every year, her shrine is visited by hundreds of bare-footed pilgrims, who come to lay their offerings at her feet, to burn a wax taper at her altar, and to receive the priests' benediction.

In the *Rue St. Jacques* is all that remains of the Thermal Palace of the Emperor Julian; a little further on, the *Hôtel de Cluny* will arrest the notice of the passer by; then *St. Germain des Prés*, formerly connected with the *Palais des Thermes* by a spacious garden and a subterraneous passage; these monuments on the left bank first strike the eye, as peeping out from amidst the more modern masonry, they appear to court the stranger's recognition.

On the right bank, the chaste *Tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie* and the simple church of *St. Gervais;* on the isle, the majestic Cathedral of *Notre Dame de Paris*, surmounted by her two proud

turrets; these, rising far above the surrounding tenements and buildings, assume over them the superiority of age over youth; like gray sires, contemplating in silence the degeneracy of their children.

With these the principal land-marks of by-gone days, others exist, not less remarkable, because less conspicuous, nor less worthy a moment's attention for having hitherto stood partially neglected—unobserved perhaps—or even unremembered.

Here an elaborate gothic turret, elegant and aërial, or an old buttress with quaintly fashioned conduits, will conjure up whole volumes of romance. There the solid, simple Norman arch or the carved Saxon portal, carry us back to the Gallic feudal-halls of wassail and murder, of chivalry and superstition. Here again a cornice or a frieze, peeps forth from a building half ancient, half modern, and one may fancy one's self a party to the voluptuous boudoir intrigues of a Francis the First or of a Henri Quatre.

To a house which common report attaches to the reign of the latter monarch, we now call thy attention, reader!

On the left hand side of the *Rue St. Denis*, fronting the Market of the Innocents and almost immediately opposite the *Rue de la Ferronerie*, stand the relics of a mansion, the real origin of which, to borrow a French metaphor, "is lost in the night of time."

Not that the house is really of fabulous origin, but of birth so remote, that its mysterious genealogy is not to be unravelled by any hypothetical conjecture. *Fuit, est*, is all that can be said of it. It has been traced back to *Henri Quatre*, who, according to report, caused it to be built for one of his mistresses. It is however indubitable, that both externally and internally, it was then very different, and this phase in its existence is perhaps the sole one calumny has not vilified.

It consists of four stories or flats, terminating in an angle at the summit; the windows, four on each story, were formerly latticed, but have been superseded by windows "*à la guillotine*;" these now black and dirty, are like the façade, ornamented with imitative roses and lilies in *relievo*; perhaps a compliment paid by the gallant imaginative architect, to the complexion of his regal employer's mistress. These again are diversified with fruits and flowers, from amongst which peep slily forth sundry diminutive faces, whose visual vagaries were probably intended as emblematical of the caprices of the child-god.

Let us be permitted to observe silence relative to the numerous owners through whose hands this house has passed, until, oh degeneracy! it has become a receptacle for its present occupants: a vender of silks and worsteds on one side, and a maker of brooms and brushes on the other.

At the time our story commences, it formed the *Cabinet Noir* of Monsieur D'Argenson, Lieutenant of the Police of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis the Fourteenth, being a dependency of the Hotel de Ville. The apartment in which he sat was spacious and lofty; the

ceiling, of oak elaborately wrought into Gorgonic heads and mythologic figures, formed a dome, of which the supporters or ribs, also of oak, represented serpents issuing from wreaths of flowers, and leaves, merging into a large rosace in the centre; the carved oaken-panelled wainscot, although dilapidated, still offered ample evidence of past elegance; a portion of it, on each side of the fire-place, was partitioned off into closets let into the wall, the doors of which, partially open, disclosed huge piles of grim and dusty papers, bound together with broad black ribbon. In guise of seats, several large chests were placed around the room, all of which contained similar piles of papers, interspersed with ledger-looking books, closed by massive brazen clasps. The floor, once highly polished, was constructed of vandykes of oak-panelling; two recesses, reaching from the ceiling to the ground, contained each a window of corresponding dimensions, black with smoke and dust, and concealed by huge folds of drapery once of a deep purple color, but now effectually screened from observation by a thick crust of cobweb. But one single chair—an oaken arm-chair with a high carved back, and ponderous legs terminated by lion-claws—graced the apartment, and in that sat D'Argenson, before a large table likewise of oak curiously fashioned, and covered with papers, books, and implements for writing. A huge pair of petronels, ready cocked, lay by his side, ready for either hand.

Immersed in his arm-chair, his head scarcely appearing above the level of the table, D'Argenson sat examining some letters, occasionally referring to one of the ledgers, and making annotations against the names of suspected citizens of the capital. It was eleven at night, an hour he devoted to the inspection of the reports of the secret police, and, as necessity sometimes required, to giving audience to a few of its members. Ever and anon his dark grey eyes kindled with a demoniac expression of delight, as, throwing aside a perused letter, he marked out a new victim in his Book of Reports. The flickering light from the lamp over his head brought out the lines of his large high forehead, and of his repulsive features, and lent him that hideous look which had gained him amongst the people the nick-name of D'Argenson the Demon.

Contemporary writers differ in their accounts of the character of Monsieur D'Argenson. St. Simon mentions him most favorably, and from a scarce edition of his memoirs we quote the subjoined description of his person:

"His face was so frightful, it represented that of the three judges of hell; his stature was diminutive, although he possessed considerable bodily strength, which did him good service more than once in some serious street-riots, in which he always distinguished himself by his boldness and audacity. The most hardened trembled before him, as likewise the most innocent; and he had so regulated the immense multitude of Paris, that there was no inhabitant with whose conduct and habits, either by night or by day, he was not perfectly acquainted. The people feared him as children fear the devil."

The MS. of the Old Man of the Bastile, speaks thus of the same individual, with whom in his younger days he was personally acquainted, D'Argenson having died in 1721, after being three years Governor of the Bastile.

"He (D'Argenson) was horrible to look at. His eyes were hard and piercing, with a hyena-like expression. He had black tufted eye-brows, which overhung his eyes like bushes over a pit. He was very short, with long arms and large bony hands, the latter hard and horny; his shoulders were very broad, and he possessed great muscular power. But his mind was more horrible than his person. Harsh, despotic, and vindictive; cruel and determined in the accomplishment of his ends; of an avarice unconscious of limits; a confirmed debauchee, whose vitiated tastes led him through every degree of infamy, he was withal keen and penetrating, and his judgment was seldom at fault: intriguing and fruitful in expedient, his ready wit ever engendered the opportune means of withdrawing him from a dilemma. He was a compound of genius turned to evil."

Such was D'Argenson! He was about terminating his nocturnal labors when his privacy was interrupted by a loud knock, which immediately preceded the abrupt entry of a man whom he immediately addressed.

"So! so! 'sieur Jacques! thou art acting the sluggard! *Ventre-bleu!* hast aught in thy budget?"

The new comer, apparently about thirty years of age, stood upwards of six feet. His broad shoulders and thick neck, for he wore no neckerchief, indicated immense strength; whilst his meagreness was perhaps an evident proof that it was frequently called into exertion. His features, although hard and strongly marked, were not repulsive. His hair was cropt close *à la malcontent* (roundhead), a style admirably adapted for setting off his fine head and front, which bespoke an intelligence yet uncrushed by servility to the *noblesse;* his eyes flashed with the fire of independence, a sentiment little known in those days of despotism. His dress, that of an Auvergnat mountaineer, consisting of a close jerkin, with hose and gaiters of coarse dark gray cloth, was partially concealed beneath the folds of a huge cloak (once a trooper's), carelessly cast half over one shoulder.

"No news, monseigneur! nothing! But I am no sluggard. There was nothing stirring."

D'Argenson fixed his ferret-eyes on the spy, ejaculating, as was his custom, sundry oaths and epithets expressive of dissatisfaction, in the midst of which he was interrupted by Jacques:

"Come, come, monseigneur! Fortune will favor me perhaps another time. There was no news, although I kept both my ears and eyes open."

"*Ventre-bleu!*" exclaimed D'Argenson, "thou shalt soon have neither if thou comest often hither to open thy mouth only to ask for hire. If thou art too modest to claim thy deserts, thou shalt not find me slow to remember them."

"Monseigneur is *too* kind," retorted Jacques; "but if he would remember them only when they are payable in coin!"

The lieutenant's avarice was proverbial, and Jacques' knowledge of his failing produced this satirical retort. It caused a distortion of the lieutenant's rigid features, who, handing the man a piece of gold, added by way of encouragement:

"Be as sharp upon others, 'Sieur Jacques, as thou art upon me, and, *sang dieu!* thou shalt have one of these every ——;" here he stopped short, probably fearing to commit some unpardonable indiscretion.

"Ah, monseigneur!" remonstrated the spy, looking contemptuously upon the coin in his palm, "this is very little! very little, indeed, when you consider the rudeness of the trade."

"Thou art well paid, say! clown that thou art! *Morbleu!* must I give thee a gold Louis every time thou comest hither to whine about the rudeness of the trade? Thou hast robbed me of two louis-d'or this night."

"And his majesty's treasury of four," ejaculated Jaques, half aside, as, depositing the coins in his pocket, he made towards the door. Ere he reached it, however, he turned abruptly about, and exclaimed, whilst a scarcely perceptible smile came across his mouth: "I forgot, monseigneur! I have seen that capuchin again!"

"Ah! where?" responded D'Argenson, his eyes kindling with sudden animation.

Jacques' coolness appeared to increase in precisely the same ratio with his employer's warmth; for, nothing moved by the hasty manner of D'Argenson, he paused a few minutes before he answered him:

"'Tis diamond cut diamond, monseigneur! My information is surely worth something!"

"The pillory—the prison—rascal, villain!" screamed the lieutenant, enraged at being thus circumvented. "Out of my sight! I'll not give thee another farthing; I have already paid thee!"

"For old work, monseigneur! But, as you please. The information may be acceptable in another quarter; yet for five louis you may know as much as I do;" and he laid particular stress upon the last words.

It may on first thought appear strange, Jacques being one of the secret-police spies who were in the immediate pay of the lieutenant, that the latter should not have forced his subordinate to comply with his demand, and to disclose the intelligence. Jacques, however, was not one of those who, for a stated sum *per diem*, divulged the affairs of individuals into whose privacy they treacherously ingratiated themselves for the express purpose of filling up the reports of the lieutenant of police with the details thus obtained, and of wresting the confidence of an unguarded moment to the destruction or to the annoyance of their unsuspecting victims. These, indeed, deserved the epithet of *mouchard;* than which, even to the present day, there is no name more odious can be applied to a Frenchman.

In the present instance Monsieur D'Argenson's irascibility completely obtained the mastery over his judgment. Jacques' hint served to open his eyes to the fault he had committed, and to the influence his menial could exercise over him. Ashamed of his weakness, eager to obtain the intelligence the spy evidently possessed, and still averse to let him perceive his object, for a few minutes the lieutenant of police remained absorbed in reflection.

It is necessary here to state the reasons which gave rise to Monsieur D'Argenson's jealousy, lest other parties should obtain intelligence of affairs, strictly appertaining to his own department.

During the ministry of Monsieur de Pontchartrain, and of Monsieur de Caumartin, D'Argenson had not lacked patronage, which accounted for his having been raised, on the death of La Reynie, from the Lieutenant-Generalship of the bailiwick of Angoulême, to the post of Lieutenant-General of the Police; an office which placed in his hands a power and influence almost unlimited. The Minister Louvois, who died six years before D'Argenson's elevation, had been succeeded by Chamillart, and between these two personages, a private pique had a few years before engendered an animosity, which increased when the two rivals found themselves in a position to thwart each other's interests. This animosity was prevented from breaking out openly, by the restraint which their respective positions imposed upon them; it was not however the less violent for being concealed, and even manifested itself in the reciprocal vigilance one exercised over the other.

Chamillart's jealousy led him to pay court to Madame de Maintenon, who now completely ruled the *Grand Monarque*. Both were striving to attain the accomplishment of a certain project that had long been uppermost in the breast of Scarron's widow, and which offered many obstacles, and required time, policy, and daring to surmount. As long then as Chamillart remained on good terms with Madame de Maintenon, he feared nothing from D'Argenson, whom he thought anxious only for his downfall.

But D'Argenson, more politic than his rival, saw further into the future, and whilst he even neglected Madame de Maintenon, was assiduous in his endeavors to ingratiate himself into the favor of Monseigneur d' Orleans, who was likely to occupy, in the event of the monarch's demise, the highest position in the government of the realm. The ambition of D'Argenson, equalled only by his avarice, grasped at the Comptroller-Generalship of the Finance, as well as at the retention of his present office, in which he was, as yet, almost a novice, it being only the third year of his ministry.

Caring little then for Chamillart's petty attempts to thwart his plans, he coolly laid the train which he well knew must ultimately explode, and whilst he lost no opportunity of strengthening his present interests, held a careful eye open to his future advancement. He acted up to the principle of never allowing a rival to obtain even a temporary advantage, for being, through the activity of his agents, always timely informed of the plans laid to counteract his efforts,

his ready tact and decision were certain to assist him in turning the tables against his adversaries.

In the present case he felt the necessity of conciliating Jacques' confidence by agreeing to his terms, not so much perhaps for the sake of the information, (which he could probably obtain through some other channel,) as to prevent that information from first reaching the ears of Chamillart. Controlling the discontent expressed in his features, as though ashamed of humbling himself before his inferior, he said to him, extenuatingly:

"Jacques! Jacques! Thou knowest well I abhor contradiction: that it makes me rage, *ventre-bleu!* Thou art a good and worthy agent, or thy temerity should meet its recompense. I care not for thy price, so thou givest me the information thou keepest so close within thy teeth. Speak Jacques, speak first and then———"

Here he met the piercing eye of Jacques, which quailed not before his own stern, astute gaze. His right hand still extended, Jacques murmured: "Money down, monseigneur."

D'Argenson reluctantly handed the agent the sum demanded, not without perceptible symptoms of distrust, growling out: "Be brief Jacques; be brief; *sang dieu!*"

The spy took the coins, deliberately examined each separately, and then depositing them safely in his pocket, began:

"Well, monseigneur! The capuchin was close by the Convent of the Carmelites; being marked, I was about concealing myself to ascertain his business. Before I could get well away he was upon me, and ere I recovered from my surprise, said to me—'Sieur Jacques, thou art a knave, and so is thy employer!"

"Insolent fool!" ejaculated D'Argenson. "Did'st note him well, Jacques?"

"Monseigneur, it is not often your capuchin uncowls; least of all when he wishes to remain unknown! His cowl served him well on this occasion."

"Did'st not then see his face, Jacques? *ventre-bleu.*"

"Nought but his hand, which held out to mine a golden louis, monseigneur. 'Tis seldom your capuchins are prodigal of their coin, although there never was gold better employed than this of the capuchin's."

"The capuchin did thee no wrong, Jacques, in calling thee knave! But no shaven crown shall beard the lieutenant of the king, *tonnerre dieu!* Did'st mark whither he went?"

"*Into* the convent, sieur lieutenant."

A flush deepened the yellowness of D'Argenson's face as he replied: "What avails it to thee, clown, my errand to the convent?"

"Monseigneur should know," observed Jacques, looking steadily into the lieutenant's troubled face, "that the convent has more doors than one!"

"Jacques," said D'Argenson, after a moment's pause, "thou must see the face of this capuchin. He is no shrive sinner, else should I know him."

Quick as his suspicion D'Argenson laid his hand on the pistol by his side.

"I am at monseigneur's disposal," responded Jacques, "who shall have no reason to complain of my inactivity, if——"

"I understand thee," interrupted D'Argenson, "'tis gold thou would'st have, and gold thou *shalt* have when thou hast uncowled the capuchin."

Jacques drawing himself up to his full height, leisurely eyed the diminutive being before him, apparently moved by some sudden and indescribable feeling. The movement did not escape D'Argenson, who, quick as his suspicion, laid his right hand on the pistol by his side, as though afraid of some violence on the part of the spy.

As Jacques disappeared, D'Argenson arose, his distended eyes fixed upon the scarcely closed door, as though yet unconscious of being alone. He then commenced a kind of oscillatory promenade, occasionally stopping short in the midst of it, and breaking forth into a monologue which betrayed the agitation of his mind, whilst his deep-set, gray eyes sparkled with malignity.

"Thou art no capuchin!—Then to suspect my errand! Jacques thou art indeed a knave, but thou playest it against *me* to thy cost. Fool! Fool that I was to betray myself to him! But I will unravel this mystery myself.

Monsieur D'Argenson, with good reason, suspected the candor of his emissary. Too cunning not to be alive to every shade of deception, he found that Jacques' answers had been more evasive than he at first suspected, and that his own agent had craftily inveigled him into an avowal respecting his visits to the Convent of the Carmelites, the motives of which he had every reason for concealing. Jacques' tale, although plausible, and possibly true, might nevertheless be only an invention devised by its author for the purpose of eliciting from him such an unwary acknowledgment as was calculated to serve the ends of his spy's intriguing spirit. Ever suspicious (as are all dishonest men), he wrought himself up until his surmises assumed the character of truths, and until he fancied he could trace plots against himself, the accomplishment of which was to be effected by Jacques.

Still, not Jacques alone formed the subject of his diabolical meditations; *his* agency was dangerous only so long as it should be directed; but he was not altogether fearless of Chamillart and of Madame de Maintenon. Here his knowledge of mankind came to his aid.

The reigning monarch, who daily betrayed symptoms of declining health, now left the management of State affairs to those whom he paid for taking care of them. His sensuality had absorbed the energies for which his middle age had been so remarkable, and although sometimes a most despotic sovereign, he was now more often ruled than ruling. Caring little for the private squabbles of his ministers, so they broke not out in his presence, nor infringed the rules of etiquette, and aware of the animosity existing between Chamillart and D'Argenson, he with admirable tact always treated them as if they were upon the best of terms.

Since the death of Colbert, for whom he had felt great personal attachment, no functionary had been so greatly in favor with him

as D'Argenson. Not that these two men were to be compared, but they were men who eminently suited him, or rather his temper of mind, which had changed with the growth of years. Colbert had administered to his greatness, when to be great was the monarch's ruling passion. Colbert understood him then, as did D'Argenson at the present time, when by flattering Louis' foibles, and assisting him to the means of gratifying his passions, he gained his confidence; and it was upon this knowledge of the monarch's essential failing, that D'Argenson built his golden hopes.

The chimes of the Church of St. Mery awakened him from his sombre dreams, and as he again paced the dreary chamber, his heart grew big within him at the prospect his malignity had created of sating his ambition and his revenge.

Having, with careful hand, collected the papers, letters, and books on the table, and placed them in one of the closets, he double-locked them all, and deposited the keys in one of the iron chests. Then trying each lock a second time, to assure himself of its security, he muffled himself up in his damp cloak, and slouching his hat over his eyes, left his bureau as St. Mery's chimed half-past twelve. Gliding through the back streets of the Rues St. Denis, St. Martin, and the Temple, he wended his way towards the Convent of the Sœurs de la Madelaine de Trainel, in the Rue Charonne, a short distance from the Bastile St. Antoine.

CHAPTER II.

EXEMPLIFIES THE FRENCH PROVERB:—"'TIS NOT THE HABIT MAKES THE MONK."

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the date of our tale, the scene of the incidents related in this chapter, was altogether so different from the same spot at this day, that it is not possible to recognize it for the same. The prolongation of its streets into *faubourgs*, and the consequent removal of its barriers, have constituted the Paris of that period, the Paris of the present, *minus* a considerable portion of its ancient filth and ruggedness. The Revolution too has effaced many a hallowed spot, and visited some of the *quartiers**

* Paris is divided into twelve Arrondissements or Wards, each under the jurisdiction of a local Mayor, who, with his colleagues, are all amenable to the Prefect of the Seine. Each *arrondissement* is also sometimes styled a quartier (quarter); that part of it situated at the end of any great street, and prolonging the same to a Barrier, is called a Faubourg (false-burg); these are the *civil* divisions of the city intermuros: the parishes, (paroisses) are strictly ecclesiastical.

with a double portion of its vengeance; perhaps none more so than where a religious house was known to exist. It was in the neighborhood of the Convent of the Carmelites, that the following events took place, on the evening before the interview of Jacques with Monsieur D'Argenson.

At the top of the *Rue d'Enfer*, opposite the spot which the Royal Observatory now occupies, and adjoining the garden wall of the Convent of the *Grande Chartreuse*, although detached from it, stood a small house, before which paced an individual whom the reader will probably recognize.

The *Rue d'Enfer* was at this period scarcely a suburb of the *grande ville*.

It was a spot, the solitude of which was often relieved by the solemn chaunt of the Sisters of the neighboring cloister, whose rich voices pealing on the ear from amidst green trees and lively meadows, and wafted on the perfumed breeze of the evening, struck the soul with a delectable sentiment, leaving it entranced with delight. Sometimes the same strains sported through the air in the calm intervals of the storm, or were borne along with the thunder-clap, when the wayfarer would stop, devoutly cross himself, ejaculating an *Ave-Maria*, and pass on.

A few years have effected a mighty change! Houses and tenements for the great million of the city, have sprung up, where formerly the feathered tribe mated and warbled away their cheery existence; and lofty mansions have taken root where but lately stood the haughty poplar, the deep-rooted beech, the teil and the elm. The Val-de-Grâce no longer resounds with voices, save those of sick or dying soldiers; the gardens of the Luxembourg reach almost to the barrier, and those of La Grande Chartreuse have become the country ball-room of the students and grisettes of the *Quartier Latin*;* its walls still besprinkled with the heroic blood of the unfortunate and murdered Ney.

Before the house already mentioned, paced an individual whose presence there was calculated to attract notice, on account of the lateness of the hour. He was enveloped in a frock and cowl of brown serge, the latter appendage covering his head so as entirely to conceal his features. If his dress bespoke him to be a member of the ecclesiastical body, it was not long ere he gave signs that his inward man possessed not that particular virtue which ought to be the consolation of the worthy functionaries of religion, under "long suffering;" whilst certain anxious glances in the direction of the latticed window over-against him, indicated that in spite of his habit, he had not yet renounced "the lusts of the flesh."

The night was cold and misty, and so dark withal, that proxi-

* The *Quartier Latin, or Latin Quartier*, is the Students' Sanctum Sanctorum, and is in the immediate neighborhood of the Sarbonne, the Royal Colleges, and the Schools of Medicine and Jurisprudence. Many curious details connected with the privileges of the Students in "days of old," may be found in an ancient MS. now in the Library of St. Genevieve, adjoining the Royal College of Henry the Fourth.

mate objects were scarcely perceptible. His pendulum-like promenade had already lasted an hour, when the *Bourdon* (Tom Bell) of Notre Dame boomed midnight, and he exclaimed:

"Then he has not been here to-night! Curses on those who warned him!"

His soliloquy was interrupted by a noise at the casement, which caused him to start involuntarily; he hastened to conceal himself beneath the low balcony; the casement slowly opening, two female voices were heard conversing in a half whisper.

"Indeed, Julie! Thou wrongest him. True the night is cold and damp, but was not that night colder on which he waded the Erdre, that he might share thy company earlier? Something hath detained him."

"I should believe thee, Jeanne, for thy words are the echo of my heart's wish, that it were so!"

"Fie! Fie! dear Julie! Thou dost not doubt him?"

"Doubt him? Nay! but he never failed before, and thou knowest not, good Jeanne, what it is to—to expect—and to be disappointed!"

"Ah well!" sighed Jeanne, "they say love maketh the heart tremble—but sister, I do think it maketh thy knees tremble too! Let us in, for I am cold."

"Wilt thou not still be my own dear Jeanne? and who knows but thou may'st be betrothed too, and perhaps ere long? What hast thou done with the ring he gave me?"

"I have it on my finger! And remember, sister Julie, thou hast lost thy wager, for it fits me perfectly, and thou did'st say thy hand was less than mine! I will keep it on, and show it to thy lover, to punish thy vanity."

"No! No! Jeanne! Return it, I beseech thee. It bodes me ill that thou should'st"—

"Hush!" interrupted Jeanne. "I hear a noise beneath us! Hark!" and stepping out on the balcony, she peeped over, and perceived the capuchin! "Back! back, sister Julie!" she whispered; "Here is thy runaway, listening to our idle tongues, like a spy of Monsieur D'Argenson!"

So saying, she gently pushed her sister back into the apartment, following her in, and half closing the casement.

The capuchin, although immediately beneath the balcony, had not heard more than the name of D'Argenson, and a few broken sentences, of which his utmost ingenuity could not connect the sense. But the name of the king's lieutenant, mentioned by damsels, one of whom had evidently been expecting a lover, roused his jealous ire, and led him to believe the truth of the reports which raised D'Argenson's name for success in gallantry, to most notorious celebrity.

"Tired of waiting, eh?" said he to himself; "let us see whether thy ears are as quick as thy suspicions;" and catching up a handful of small gravel, he cast it up at the window. This signal, however,

produced no answer until it had been thrice repeated, when the voice of Jeanne was heard through the half-closed casement:

"Be not afraid, sister; 'tis only some drunken roister who mistakes our house for a cabaret. I'll see and speak to him; he will go his way at the bidding of a gentlewoman; and she stepped out upon the balcony. "Eh! what! a capuchin! Fie on thy intemperance, thou man of holiness; thou hast kept late companionship with the wine-bibbers, and lookest up for the wine-bush instead of turning thine eyes to the Virgin for forgiveness. Get thee gone, and disturb not the midnight sleep of weary damsels."

"Thou mistakest my errand, fair one," responded the capuchin, in a whisper, the better to disguise his voice; "but to please thee I'll say that I sought the wine-bush, but found the Virgin in its place; *ave Maria!*"—

"Tush! tush! and keep thy *aves* for the cloister; thy devotion is thrown away, for thy Saint is not merciful to-night, and bids thee away to thy couch."

"Would that 'twere blest with thee," replied the capuchin, aloud, as with a spring he attained the cornice of the balcony, and seized the hand of the affrighted Jeanne, ere she was aware of the movement, or had time to retire.

Making a violent effort to disengage her hand and to retreat into the apartment, she exclaimed: "Back, sister Julie! 'Tis not he; 'tis some miscreant who has taken unworthy advantage of our loneliness. Gracious Heaven! I cannot get my hand away;" but with another struggle she succeeded in effecting her object, and sprung back into the chamber, immediately fastening the espagnolette, to prevent the intrusion of the stranger.

Julie, half unconscious of her own movements, had on hearing Jeanne's warning, retreated into the furthermost corner of the apartment, where she sunk, half dead with consternation, into an easy chair. Her sister soon joined her, and they both remained petrified with terror, until the receding steps of their unexpected visitor, resounding over the pavement, brought back the blood into their cheek.

Their first impulse was to throw themselves into each other's arms; a flood of tears relieved their oppression, and Julie began:

"Thy teeth chatter with cold and fear; but there is no danger now; he is gone, the monster!"

"And thou, sister, tremblest too! It was my imprudence that well nigh cost us so dearly!"

"'Twas for me thou didst risk thee on the balcony, good Jeanne, but then who would have thought——"

She was interrupted by a faint scream from her sister, who again bursting into tears, sobbed out, "Forgive me, sister Julie, forgive me! 'Twas not my fault—but—but—he has taken it away,"—and she held out her right hand, on which no longer shone the ring of her sister's betrothed.

"Merciful heavens! what a misfortune!" exclaimed the weeping

Julie! "I told thee it boded no good! But I will tell him how it happened, and he will believe me; I know he will! There, there! dear sister, dry thy tears," here she kissed her fondly; "I will not see thee weep!"

Jeanne in turn embraced Julie, and led her away into an inner apartment, whence she shortly returned; having again examined the casement, and listened at it attentively for a few minutes, she withdrew into her sister's chamber.

Embarrassed by his frock, the capuchin had not been able to advance further than the outer cornice of the balcony, where his unsafe footing perhaps proved the best defence of Jeanne. In disengaging herself from his relaxed grasp, she caused him to lose his balance, and but for the firm hold he kept with his left hand, on the front bar of the balcony, he would have fallen to the ground. During the short interval of the struggle, he had obtained a glimpse of her features, on which the night-lamp in the inner chamber cast its dull light, and perceiving by the touch, the ring on her finger, contrived to draw it off, in the hopes of one day having an opportunity of returning it, or of making it serve as an instrument to accomplish the design he had conceived.

"Curses on the cowl, and on all who wear it," muttered he; "but for this infernal petticoat, I had obtained entry to the chamber of the fairest maiden of this fair city. Thanks however to my address," he continued, as he again touched *terra-firma*, "I possess a token; and if I turn it not to account against that same fair maiden, I renounce gallantry for ever. Cursed D'Argenson! I will still be in thy path; and bounding over the rugged stones, he was soon out of the *Rue d' Enfer*, and proceeding at a rapid pace in the direction of the *Louvre*. But ere he had got over the bridge, an individual darted out from the door-way of one of the cabins or stalls with which it was covered at that period, and standing in his path, exclaimed, directing the point of a small-sword towards his breast—"Thy purse."

Taken by surprise, the capuchin retreated a few paces, but suddenly stopping short in his backward movement, drew himself up, and with a degree of firmness which surprised his assailant, answered—

"Thou shalt not have it, brigand!" then rapidly disengaging a sword from beneath the folds of his garment, he closed with his adversary.

The struggle was not of long duration; his weapon snapped in twain, and the point of his opponent's was already close to his breast, when a third individual created a sudden diversion in his favor.

Pouncing upon his aggressor from behind, and pinioning his arms, he exclaimed—"Fly Sieur Capuchin! Fly! The road is clear!" advice the individual thus addressed, was not slow to follow; in a few minutes he was out of sight. Dashing his captive to the ground, the stranger caught up the remnants of the capuchin's sword, and disappeared after him.

Recovered from his astonishment and consternation, at this unexpected attack, the discomfited aggressor looked about for the man who had so roughly assailed him; he was nowhere to be seen.

"Cursedly unlucky, that interference," exclaimed he, "and a most ugly fall." Here he rubbed his limbs with unequivocal symptoms of pain. "*Peste* upon the scoundrel's charity! A moment longer, and he might have cried halves with me, for your capuchin's doublet is always well lined."

Ending his soliloquy as he adjusted his vestments, and sheathed his sword, he was about leaving the spot, when he made a sudden plunge at some object on the ground:

"By Jupiter! Not such a bad affair after all. The bird has flown, but left his best feathers behind! The prize is mine, at the cost of a few bruises instead of a few inches of Toledo." So saying, he thrust his booty into his doublet, and walked leisurely on, until he arrived at a house, situated at the corner of the Rue Traversiére: giving a loud knock at the door, he was instantly admitted by a servant in livery, who saluted him respectfully as he passed. Without throwing off his cloak, he mounted a well-polished flight of stairs, and unceremoniously entered a large room, occupied by a company of young men, who on perceiving him, sent up a shout of welcome.

"Here's St. Marcel at last, my boys; an hour behind time," said he, who officiated at the head of a well-furnished table. "A bumper to his arrival. I warrant he has been out on some love freak, and preferred letting a good supper cool, rather than lose his mistress."

A general laugh honored this sally; a faint smile illuminated the visage of St. Marcel, whose appearance denoted him to be anything but a midnight robber.

He was about the middle height; rather too thick-set to be accounted elegant. His face, manly and not unpleasing, would have been even handsome, except for its disfigurement by debauch. A keen, dark eye glanced from beneath a pair of thick, arched eyebrows; and jet-black mustaches, which he constantly twisted upwards, imparted a character of ferocity to his countenance, that it did not naturally possess.

Throwing off his hat and cloak, he bowed to the principal personage, and seating himself in the vacant place pre-assigned to him, swallowed the contents of a huge goblet; this feat performed, he replenished his exhausted lungs, and exclaimed:

"You are all out. Something better detained me!"

"Bravo! Bravo! Out with it!" responded from every side.

"The best adventure in the world," continued he, helping himself plentifully to a goose-liver pasty; "the most piquant adventure. What think ye all of St. Marcel turning cut-purse?"

"Ah! ha!" re-echoed the jovial company.

"We shall have thee turn Jesuit next," observed he at the head

of the table; "the proverb says, that when the devil grows old, he turns monk!"

"No! no!" retorted St. Marcel, "but I gave one such a fright to-night, as will serve him 'stead of penance for twenty peccadilloes. On my way hither, the devil crossed my path in the form of a capuchin friar, laden, as I guessed, with Peter's pence."

The room pealed with hearty laughter, as he recounted the details of his adventure.

The president, infringing the rules of decorum, laughed in his glass, nor ceased until he had tittered down three goblets of Burgundy, and filled a fourth against the next emergency. At length, finding breath, he ejaculated, "Ouf! the frolicksome scamp. And yet I can't conceive—; the capuchin was armed said'st thou, St. Marcel?"

"Yes! and I do think I should have been forced to prick him," retorted St. Marcel, "only my friend behind saved me the trouble; although, to be sure, it cost me a bruise or two."

"I doubt he was some masquer, thy capuchin," observed a second speaker to the left of the president; "*'tis* carnival time, and be sure thy holy man was as great a sinner as thyself, Marcel, or my name is not my sire's."

"Come!" continued St. Marcel, "let us make merry; and after supper try fortune for the contents of the capuchin's purse."

The repast was now speedily brought to a close, fresh wine ordered up, and the dice began rattling on the board.

The company consisted of ten persons, belonging to the elegant *noblesse* of France, and were attired in the becoming military garb of the musketeers of the king. It would be unnecessary to describe each guest individually; he, however, who officiated as president, ought to be mentioned.

He was short and thick, of a rubicund visage, with a jovial good-natured countenance, spoiled by an unsightly scar over the left eye, which made him keep it partly closed. His hair, Danish red, was crisp and curly, and grew high off a manly, open brow. By a singular contrast, his eyes, or rather his eye and a half, were coal black, tiny and sparkling, and their expression, joined to the effect of a face closely shaven, except on the upper lip and chin, where grew a pair of immense mustaches, and a pointed patch of hair, known by the name of *royale*, gave a peculiar, and rather repugnant appearance to a physiognomy which had not one repulsive feature in it.

Like most of his company and companions, he was what is called a fast liver. Compelled to keep up the dignity of his rank, which was nothing less than Commandant of the *Grand Monarque's* Bodyguard, or *Gardes du Corps*, he thought it not beneath his said dignity, to turn his private dwelling into a house of entertainment for the convenience of his brother-officers and inferiors. From the profits of their extravagances, he managed to add something to the small, daily pay of his grateful sovereign, and at the same time to grow obese upon the good things of this life.

Besides this advantage, not an inconsiderable one, considering the expertness of his mandibles, he was a very fortunate, or what amounted to the same, a very expert thrower, seldom failing to pocket a good sum from the many which in the course of one night often changed owners; it was however a remarkable circumstance, that once the said monies were safely lodged in his capacious pocket, they evinced a most extraordinary tenacity to remain there.

"Now, Commandant Schwillwein!" spoke St. Marcel; "as soon as you have made acquaintance with the bottom of that goblet, I'll throw you for twenty louis; and," continued he, addressing the company, "I'll stake five to one that I fleece *saur-kraut*."

This familiar language from St. Marcel to his commander did not surprise, for at the bacchanals of this period, etiquette was seldom observed; military precedence being acknowledged only in public.

The commandant kept his eye and a half fixed upon the speaker from behind his goblet; having discussed which, he answered:

"I have already won so much of thine own money, St. Marcel, I shall feel no compunction in lightening thee of a little of that which is not rightly thine. Come! Here is for the first throw;" and taking up the dice he rattled them in the cup.

"Never mind that," retorted St. Marcel, his companions looking on with eagerness; "never mind, first throw!"

The stakes were hazarded by three or four of the group, upon the strength of St. Marcel's usual ill-luck; the commandant again rattled the dice and prepared to throw.

"Down with them!" cried out a half a dozen voices; "down with them, commandant."

"Two fives and a six!" shouted Schwillwein, uncovering the dice, and slapping his thigh with ecstasy; "two fives and a six! Thy capuchin brings thee ill luck, St. Marcel, my boy!" and, laughing, he tossed off a bumper.

"Not so fast," replied the latter, throwing down the yet uncovered dice upon the table. "Who doubles his stake?"

"I! I! I!" exclaimed as many voices, their owners depositing the gold on the board, bent forward with intense anxiety to ascertain the result of St. Marcel's throw.

"Commandant!" said he; "Triple your stake, and bet against me! Two fives and a six! You know the chances are in your favor."

"A bet! A bet!" responded the commandant, and staked the sum.

"Two sixes and a five, commandant!" shouted St. Marcel, sweeping up the golden treasure. "Who tries again?"

Schwillwein, a man of great prudence in this kind of dilemma, half moodily declined entering the lists against so formidable an antagonist. Not so the members of the company, some of whom however soon discovered to their cost, that "Fortune was to them unkind."

"'Tis of no use," sullenly observed he who had thrown last; "'tis

of no use! St. Marcel is in the winning vein, or else the devil's luck is lodged at the bottom of the capuchin's purse."

At these words, a new comer who had entered unperceived, suddenly started, and thus drew upon him the distracted attention of the revellers.

"St. Leu! Whence comest thou?" asked he who first perceived him. "How long hast been here?"

"I have come off guard at the Tuilleries," replied St. Leu; "where I took the place of a comrade who fell suddenly sick this evening."

"I drink to thine against his," roared out the commandant; "try a main, and I'll take the odds!"

St. Leu observed silence for a few moments amidst the loud entreaties of his friends. At length he said:

"Commandant! You know I never play. I cannot afford to support the reputation of a gamester."

"Never mind! Try thy luck, my boy," retorted the commandant; "I will stake for thee, taking the odds in thy favor."

During this short colloquy, St. Marcel had been busily engaged examining the contents of the capuchin's purse. He had perceived the ring, and was coolly and attentively scrutinizing its form and quality by the light of the bougie, when St. Leu caught sight of the small but sparkling diamond which embellished it. He turned pale, and tremblingly approaching St. Marcel, exclaimed in a hurried voice.

"Whence had'st thou that ring?"

St. Marcel turned about to look at his interrogator, and perceiving who he was, replied with a laugh:

"Why St. Leu! Thou art as pale as the capuchin himself! What interest takest thou in this ring?"

"How camest thou by it?" again demanded St. Leu, in a tone sufficiently peremptory to cause a dead silence. "Tell me, or by heaven——"

"What?" retorted St. Marcel; "What if I will not tell thee? Suppose some fair damsel——"

"Thou liest! Traitor, villain, coward!" roared St. Leu! "She never gave thee that ring!" and in an instant his sword was unsheathed.

An exclamation of astonishment burst from every lip!

"Thou shalt have satisfaction," said the commandant to St. Marcel, who, quick as his adversary, had drawn his weapon, and now stood upon the defensive. "The lie! and to thy face; thou must have satisfaction; so please gentlemen to give the young bloods room;" and he pushed his guests away, right and left, drew the table out of the way with his own hands—all with the coolness of an old practitioner.

A space being cleared, the opponents crossed swords. Both were in reality equally expert, but St. Leu was under the influence of some fixed idea which troubled his eye, and unnerved his arm, and ere he had exchanged a few passes, his adversary's steel had

traversed his body. Staggering back, he exclaimed in a faint voice:

"Marcel! Marcel! Tell me! Did she give it thee?"

"She? Who? No!" replied he; "but thy rashness forestalled my candor, or——"

"Thank heaven," cried St. Leu, "I am happy!" and he fell to the ground.

CHAPTER III.

COMMANDANT SCHWILLWEIN DISPLAYS HIS LOGIC. A FEMALE OF HIS INTRODUCED.

St. Leu was no sooner wounded than the young men crowded around him, each eager to render what service was in his power.

One of these, and the most assiduous, was St. Marcel, who as soon as his adversary fell, rushed to his aid, hastily pushing away the anxious group forming round their wounded comrade. It was he who first unhooked his vest, and examined the puncture made by his own weapon. It had pierced the breast obliquely, the thrust having been diverted by a small gold locket which depended from his neck by a silken ribbon. St. Marcel removed the trinket, and discovered on one side the miniature of a young and beautiful female. Although much moved by this discovery, from the connection he fancied it to have with the mysterious ring, he concealed his emotion, and raising the head of the sufferer upon his left shoulder, attempted to revive him.

"Air! Give him air!" cried he, making a motion with his hand for the crowd to disperse; "more air—let some one proceed for the surgeon."

These events occupied but a very few minutes, during which time no one had thought of the commandant, until he recalled himself into notice. This worthy individual, whose continual libations appeared to produce but one effect, that of increasing his inclination to continue them, was discussing the remains of a well filled goblet, when St. Marcel's voice struck his ear.

"The surgeon," he exclaimed; "the surgeon! Who talks of the surgeon! A surgeon is useful enough to crop a limb for which a man has no further use; but I'll have no surgeon here for the prick of a sword." So saying he rung a small hand bell which was speedily answered. "Tell dame Dorothy to come hither," continued he, "and tell her to make haste."

Now this last admonition was perfectly useless, dame Dorothy never having been known to make haste in her life. Although attached to Commandant Schwillwein, no one had ever clearly ascertained in what particular capacity

Known as having always formed part and parcel of the commandant's worldly effects, commonly designated as baggage, it would have been a complex paradox to determine the precise period when she first condescended to be included in this particular category of his moveables. Some went so far as to affirm her to be his spouse; others, less charitable, said no less, but left an aspersion upon her immaculateness, by questioning the definite degree of countenance given to the connection by the Church.

In due time, that is, as soon as possible, dame Dorothy answered the summons from the saloon, and appeared at the door with as small a degree of discomposure as might be expected in a matron suddenly exposed to the *feu de file* of twenty-two eyes of sundry color and expression, belonging to exactly half that number of owners.

The matron saw, at a glance, what particular attribute of her ministry was in requisition, a remarkable proof of the sharpness of her perceptive faculties, and advanced to the spot where St. Leu was extended, his head still reclining on St. Marcel's shoulder.

She now knelt beside the wounded man, and tested the artery at the wrist. She next bared his breast a little more, placing the middle finger of her left hand on the wound. After a few moments of profound attention, the commandant exclaimed:

"Dead!—Dorothy?

"No!" responded she.

"Dangerous?" continued Schwillwein, inquiringly.

"Yes!" re-echoed the sententious Dorothy, making a sign with her hand for the company to withdraw; and, assisted by St. Marcel, she placed St. Leu in a less inconvenient position, and proceeded to operate upon him with the lint and its etceteras.

"Gentlemen!" said Schwillwein, hemming; "it was necessary, for the honor of this His Most Christian Majesty's Royal Corps of Musketeers, that the 'Sieur St. Marcel le Trouvé, should obtain satisfaction for the insult put upon him by the 'Sieur St. Leu; but you are all aware that H. M. C. Majesty has formally and expressly prohibited duelling."

"Yes! Yes!" responded the company.

"And that any person or persons convicted of infringing this law," continued he, draining a goblet, and bestowing a peculiarly suggestive glance upon his subordinates—

"Yes, yes, commandant! we understand;" responded they.

"Gentlemen! We now come to the most important point of this question. We have honored H. M. C. Majesty's Royal Corps of Musketeers; but not his royal ordonnance, as was our duty; that is, no—it is our duty to honor it, but was not in this instance—and why?" here the eye and a half sparkled triumphantly; "and why? I repeat. Because, gentlemen, it was our duty to honor H. M. C. Majesty's Royal Corps of Musketeers first!"

When Louis Quatorze prohibited the murderous custom of duelling, it had become an evil of state, which daily deprived it of

some of its best blood; and to so alarming an extent had this political disease encroached upon its health, that the monarch determined upon eradicating it. How far success crowned his efforts, may be inferred from Voltaire's assertion, that in his time, "duels had become a hundred times less frequent, than in that of Louis the Thirteenth." *

It was not surprising then that the commandant's guests so readily comprehended the hint conveyed by the eloquent twinkle of his eye and a half, which so suddenly formed the climax of his exordium.

But, although impressed with a very high and definite notion of the deference due to all the members, individually, of the Royal Corps of Musketeers, he was also perfectly aware, that should it be discovered any of the said worthy members had infringed the severe laws enacted against duelling, the delinquent themselves and their accomplices, with the aiders and abettors in the commission of the offence, would be rigorously dealt with. As commandant of the said royal corps, he could expect no clemency, being by his rank bound to set a worthy example of discipline to his subordinates, in discouraging their bellique ebullitions. He was, however, a soldier at heart; bred moreover in the principles of the duelling school; and to the prejudices of his education rather than to a contempt of the laws, might be attributed the issue of the sudden quarrel between St. Marcel and St. Leu, both of whom would on a word from him, have let his sword sleep in its sheath.

He had attained the very apex of his oratory, when he gave utterance to the last phrase. His "*and why?*" was perfectly Demosthenic, and possessed the extra merit of being *extempore;* thus wound up to the summit of eloquence, he again replenished his goblet, saying, ere he effected its disappearance:

"The honor of the corps first; after that——H. M. C. Majesty's ordonnance!" but it remained doubtful whether the last remark was intended as a *sentiment*, or merely the fag end of a short soliloquy.

His mission, however, was not yet fulfilled. The two principals in this affair embarrassed him; but so numerous are the resources of a fertile genius, that an expedient at once suggested itself, and the commandant had no sooner conceived his idea than he put it into execution.

"'Sieur St. Marcel le Trouvé!" said he, clearing his throat; "the occurrence of this evening places me under the painful necessity of requesting you to deliver up your sword. You will consider yourself under arrest for the next week, during which time you will please to deprive us of the pleasure of your company!"

"Commandant," answered St. Marcel, "I am your's very obedi-

* "The abolition of duelling," writes Voltaire, "was one of the greatest services rendered the country. Formerly, these combats had been authorized even by the Parliaments, and by the Church, but although prohibited since Henri Quatre, this fatal custom was practised more than ever."

ently. My sword lies in yon corner. Pray where am I to enjoy my solitude?"

"In your own apartment, 'Sieur St. Marcel, where—"

"Commandant," interrupted the latter, "you would favor me, by permitting me to remain a prisoner here, in your house, to tend St. Leu in the capacity of nurse; Madame Dorothy will of course wear the gorget."

"Thou art a good comrade;" responded the melting Schwillwein; "and knowing how to kill, would'st learn how to cure, eh? Remain, and welcome; and," added he, in a low tone, "*do* enjoy thyself." Then raising his voice, he addressed his guests. "Gentlemen, I think it will be prudent for you to—!" here the eye and a half twinkled and travelled in the direction of the door.

His guests, taking the hint, departed forthwith, saluting the commandant, and tending a hand to St. Marcel; the latter, and dame Dorothy, joined by Schwillwein, now directed their whole attention to St. Leu, who gave symptoms of returning consciousness.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BASTILE ST. ANTOINE.

WHO, that visits Paris, especially if he be an American, seeks not the BASTILE almost ere he think of visiting any other spot?

On reaching the ground *pointed out as its site*,* the stranger beholds not a dark prison, surrounded by walls, ditches, and the usual apparatus of defence; but an open space, in the midst of which rises a lofty elegant column, dedicated to the manes of the Sons of Liberty!

* Although the column of July is indicated as standing on the site of the Bastile, it is, in point of fact, erected on that of the bastion. The main body of the edifice stood nearly one hundred and fifty feet to the westward of it, or Rue St. Antoine side. The mamelon of the bastion, was in a direct line with the corner of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, as it *now* exists, and its precise position would be determined by a right line drawn from the middle of the parapet of the bridge over the Canal de l' Ourcq, across the Place de la Bastile, to where the canal emerges, near the *greniers d' abondance*. The modern *Bouvelard Bourbon*, on that side nearest the Rue St. Antoine, is constructed on the site of the Bastile itself, including a part of the great ditch. Again; a line drawn from the corner of the Rue St. Antoine as it now stands, would intersect the site of the two towers of the Bastile called the *Tour du Puits* and the *Tour du Coin;* a diagonal, projected from the opposite angle of the *Place Royale*, would have bisected the whole fortress into two acute angled triangles, one comprising the four towers which overlooked Paris, westward; the second, the four which fronted the Faubourg St. Antoine; thus, the *Tour du Coin* would be in a right line with the corner of the Boulevard, which abuts into the Rue St. Antoine.

Here stood the Bastile!

More than half a century has elapsed, since its sombre mass chilled the hearts of the gay multitude of Paris; none of whom ever passed it without a shudder, nor heard its name whispered without a thrill of terror like that which overpowers the mind, at the mention of some dark deed!

The Bastile is no more!

Nearly five centuries have faded, since the first stone of the *Bastile St. Antoine* was laid! But how different the Paris of the nineteenth century from the Paris of the fourteenth! No magnificent Boulevards graced the city at that period, for those Boulevards served as its defence. The long faubourgs existed not, even in name; whilst the *Portes St. Honorè*, *St. Denis*, *St. Martin*, and *St. Antoine*, which yet retain their ancient appellation, denoted the extreme limits of the city of Paris in 1356!

According to Dulaure,* it was at this period, and within one month after the memorable battle of Poictiers, "that, by the orders of Etienne Marcel, Provost of the merchants, measures were taken to fortify the city of Paris against the English. A wall of circumvallation, or *enceinte continue* was constructed, from the Tour du Billy,† to the extremity of the Rue St. Antoine, where a gate was erected, fortified by towers, which, in 1369 Charles the Fifth considerably augmented, and formed of it a fortress, calling it the BASTILE ST. ANTOINE." Historians, however, differ in fixing the date of its erection, and appear to waver between the years 1356 and 1371.

Dulaure's account of its origin is partially confirmed by Piganiol de la Force. "According to some," says this historian, in his "Description des Antiquités de la Ville de Paris;" "this château was built in 1371, in the reign of Charles the Fifth, and Hughes Aubriot laid the first stone. But several historians, *worthy of faith*, affirm, that in the reign of King John, the father of Charles the Fifth, Etienne Marcel, Provost of the merchants of Paris, having taken refuge in the Bastile, *which he had built*, and where he fancied himself in safety, was there taken and killed; thus *Charles the Fifth only augmented it.*"

This latter fact is likewise consigned in an ancient manuscript, entitled: "La Vis de Charles Quint de France;" now in the Mazarine Library, and contains the following statement:

"*At first*, the Bastile consisted of only two isolated towers, one on each side the road entering Paris. *Some years after*, two others were erected opposite the first, being still separated by the main road."

* Dulaure's "Histoire physique morale et civile de Paris."

† The *Tour du Billy* was situated on the left bank of the Seine, behind the Convent of the Celestines, at the furthermost angle of the arsenal; on the site of the gardens of which, now stand the Granaries of Reserve, or *Greniers d'abondance*. It was encompassed by a boulevard, and a ditch twenty-five feet wide. On the 19th of July, 1424, it accidentally took fire and blew up; nothing but the bare walls remained standing.

Piganiol de la Force also quotes the above fact, and incorporates it with others; in his article on the Bastile, he says:

"The ancient entry into Paris was through a gate, with a drawbridge and portcullis flanked by two stone towers, with embrasures —*c'étoit une manière de chatelet bastillé.** This was the *commencement* of the fortress which, *afterwards*, was called the Bastile St. Antoine."

Christine de Pisan† states, that: "On the 22d of April, 1370, Hughes Aubriot, Provost of the merchants, *laid the first stone of the Bastile;* he being charged with the construction of *it*, and of the fortifications around Paris.‡

The authority of this fair historian is of weight, as a contemporary with Hughes Aubriot; her statement, however, does not disprove the prior existence of the two towers erected by Etienne Marcel. She wrote some years subsequent to the completion of the structure, and after the term Bastile was attached to it, to distinguish it from the *Portes Bastillées* of St. Denis, St. Martin, &c.: she therefore understood it only in its *present* acceptation.

In his "Histoire et Recherches des Antiquites de la Ville de Paris," Sauval thus speaks of the foundation of *the* Bastile: "It was commenced in 1369, and the first stone laid by Hughes Aubriot, (Provost of the merchants of Paris) at the expense of Charles the Fifth."

The remarks made above relative to Christine de Pisan's account, apply to that of Sauval, who wrote only at the commencement of the last century.

In the succeeding reign, that of Charles the Fifth, two more stone towers were erected, *parallel* to the two first, and intended to serve as a retreat to the garrison of the outer edifice; thus, the entry into Paris was prolonged between four stone towers, connected only by the gate of the city, called the Porte St. Antoine.

In this reign the term *Bastile* was first applied to this redoubtable fortress, even whilst *incomplete:* a consequence of the form of the building; which, in keeping with its Latin appellative, consisted of towers with embrasures. Nor was this cognomen peculiar to it

* A kind of small castle, with bastiles.

† Christine de Pisan, a native of Venice, was born in 1363. She came to Paris, with her mother and father, in 1368, on the appointment of the latter to the post of Astronomer and Astrologer to Charles the Fifth.

‡ This Hughes Aubriot was a native of Burgundy, of low extraction, a relative of Jean Aubriot, of Dijon, Bishop of Châlons from 1342 to 1350. Besides completing the Bastile, he built the Petit Châtelet, the Grand Pont, since called the Pont au Change, and the Pont St. Michel. Having opposed the establishment of the University of Paris, effected during his Provost-ship, both the University and the Clergy united in persecuting him; the former for opposing its establishment, the latter for irreligion; Aubriot being a great favorer of the Jews. He was tried by the Bishop of Paris for the latter crime, and condemned to perform penance in front of Notre Dame, and to pass the remainder of his life at the bottom of a ditch, with only bread and water for sustenance.

alone; subsequently, the *Portes St. Honorè, St. Denis, St. Martin*, &c., were all fortified in a similar manner, and also called Bastiles: when these were pulled down as useless for defences, that of St. Antoine was left standing, and on account of its greater magnitude and strength, amply replaced them as prisons. It may with truth be said of *it*, that within its walls were concentrated the crimes of all the others.

That the records of the time should adduce the fact of Etienne Marcel taking refuge in *the Bastile*, proves it to have been the *first edifice of the kind* elevated; although, as shown above, the name soon became common to all structures of a similar form.

According to Piganiol de la Force and other historians, "worthy of faith," the Bastile served as a *refuge* almost as soon as built, but was not, until 1381, converted to the uses of a prison; Hughes Aubriot, having been incarcerated therein, by the partisans of the House of Orleans, and by the ecclesiastical authorities of Paris.

The next period in the existence of the Bastile, brings us to the reign of Charles the Sixth, under whose directions it was completed as it stood for upwards of a century and a half.

Piganiol de la Force affirms, that: "in 1383, he (Charles the Sixth), added the remaining towers, placing them equi-distant, uniting them by a wall of equal thickness with the towers themselves (No. 9), surrounded by a ditch twenty-five feet deep (No. 13), and one hundred and twenty feet wide, and turned the main-road to the left. The whole then comprised eight round towers, joined together by walls of solid masonry, nine feet thick."

Thus, seventeen years before the close of the fourteenth century, the Bastile, properly so called, was completed.

Its form, at the above period (1383) was: "*une manière de forteresse antique, composée de huit grosses tours rondes, jointes l'une à l'autre, par des massifs qui ont les mêmes dimensions*;*—an isolated prison—frowning alike on the mailed stranger without, and on the peaceful citizen within—ready to entomb the living victims of despotism, or to conceal its crimes—it stood—the palace of vengeance—the grave—alike of crime and of innocence."

As a consequence of its completion, the ancient gate of the city was walled up; the old drawbridge cut away; the portcullis dropped, and the cavity itself filled with huge stones. A new gate, still retaining the name of its prototype, was erected to the left of the old one—that is, of the Bastile, whilst the main-road into the city was made to diverge from its ancient direction through the four primitive towers of the château, and to pass through the new Porte St. Antoine.

Besides the chambers, which at this period existed in the towers, others—cells they might have been called—were now built in the

* A kind of antique fortress, composed of eight, great, round towers, joined one to the other by massive walls of the same dimensions.

thickness of the walls themselves, to serve as receptacles for prisoners of state. The best of these were allotted to the use of the governor and his suite, of his subordinates, and of the garrison: a council-chamber, a vestibule leading thereto, and a small recess called the *pillon* or pillage-store, were the only *official apartments* of the Bastile from 1383 to 1761.

The communication between the Bastile and its bastion, (situated on that side of Paris nearest the Faubourg St. Antoine) was established by a standing bridge (*pont dormant*) built over the great ditch, the foot abutting on the middle of the bastion.

It does not appear, that after this period (1559) the exterior approaches to the Bastile experienced any modification, although the fortifying of the city of Paris was prosecuted even to the year 1634, when more boulevards or bulwarks were raised (called the *boulevards exterieus*), and ditches sunk to surround them; a few years before the taking of the Bastile, the former were levelled, and the latter filled up.

Prior to 1761 a bird's eye view of the Bastile, *inter muros* from one of the towers, would have comprised an unbroken parallelogram, bounded by eight massive towers connected by walls of equal thickness; but after the above period, it would have been seen divided into two oblong courts; the larger, bounded by six towers, with their connecting masonry; the smaller, by the remaining two, with their component walls, and a handsome edifice, which, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth (during the ministry of Phelypeaud de St. Florentin,) Monsieur de Sartignes, Lieutenant of Police, constructed, across the open space between the *Tour de la Chapelle* and the *Tour de la Liberté*.

This far-famed fortress or prison, was situated near the arsenal, on the left bank of the Seine, *ascending* the river; four of the towers overlooked Paris, and four, the Faubourg St. Antoine; two of them obliquely; the former were the *Tour du Puits* (No. 1), the *Tour de la Liberté* (No. 2), the *Tour de la Bertaudière* (No. 3), and the *Tour de la Bazinière* (No. 4); the latter, the *Tour de la Comté* (No. 5), the *Tour du Trésor* (No. 6), the *Tour de la Chapelle* (No. 7), and the *Tour du Coin* (No. 8). The Tour du Puits stood over against the angle of the *Rue des Tournelles*, on the side nearest the Rue St. Antoine; the *Tour du Trésor*, opposite the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The most ancient were, doubtless, the *Tour de la Chapelle* (Tower of the Chapel), so styled because of the place of worship originally existing within, and the *Tour du Trésor* (Tower of the Treasure); the latter, however, was not distinguished by this title, until the reign of Henri Quatre, whose minister, Sully, herein deposited the treasure* he had brought with him to Paris, for his royal master. Between these, existed the ancient gate of the city, which, with its portcullis, was still to be seen in 1789, as also part of the drawbridge.

* Estimated at 4,000,000 livres; nearly £2,000,000.

That these towers should be distinguished, each by a name, suggested either by its position, or by its connection with its wretched inmate, appears plausible; thus: why the Bertaudiere Tower, the Bazinière Tower, or the Tower of the Corner, &c., were so styled, will be readily conceived; but why another of them should, as by a species of mockery, be called the Tower of Liberty, defeats the utmost ingenuity to discover. Was it not a refinement of cruelty —a refinement of the tortures of solitary confinement for life, to designate by the title of the Tower of Liberty, a dungeon, whose every stone belied the illusory epithet?

The reader has now been brought down to the latest period of the history of the construction of the Bastile, and its dependencies. We will, next, introduce him within its dread walls.

But it is necessary to premise, that the events, embodied in these pages, occurred prior to the erection of the great *modern* building which divided the main court of the Bastile into two smaller ones, as also of most of the dependencies which he will recognize on entering, after crossing the first drawbridge.

To the right of the extremity of the Rue St. Antoine, was the entrance to the Bastile. It consisted of a large gate, covered with iron nails, lined within, with plates of the same metal. Outside, to the left, stood an advanced guard-house, where a sentinel was posted day and night, whose duty consisted in pushing away the curious who either approached too near, or stood to examine the exterior. Both the gate and the guard-houses were built in the wall which surrounded the ditches of the Bastile, and which was sixty feet high from the level of the street, and seventy-five from that of the level of the great ditch.

This first gate, opened inwards into a small court called the *Cour d'Entrée*, or entry-court, and was flanked by two more guard-houses, where two sentinels constantly mounted guard, whose office was to answer and to open the door. This first court was likewise called the *Cour de 'l Orme* or Court of the Elm, from a large elm which grew in the middle of it, but was subsequently cut down for timber. Within the Entry Court, or Court of the Elm, (which communicated with the arsenal, by a long avenue), stood the barracks for the Invalids forming the garrison, the Governor's coach houses and the stables. Above the gate itself, the two guard-houses forming the basement, a capacious chamber served as a dèpôt for all kinds of arms, and contained, besides, some very ancient suits of armor, made of costly metal, richly ornamented with precious stones.*

After crossing the first outer-court, the visitor's further progress was obstructed by a ditch, about twelve feet wide, communicating at one end with the Seine, and at the other, with the great ditch of

* At one period, this dèpôt contained 40,000 muskets, of which, during the war, 20,000 were sent to America; 19,400 were deposited in the *Invalides*, and the remainder, with the armor above mentioned, disappeared at the sack of the Bastile. (*Bastille Dcvoilte.*)

the Bastile. On the further bank of this ditch was a second large gate, having on each side a smaller one, called a portillo; these, like the first, were strengthened inside and out with iron-plates, and from them, over the ditch, fell a triple drawbridge. After traversing this drawbridge, immediately within the second gate, were two other guard-houses, each having a sentinel. These defended the second outer-court, called the *Cour de l'Hôtel du Governement*, the *Cour du Governement*, or the Court of Government. To the right of this court, which was considerably larger than the first, and opposite an avenue ninety feet long, stood the governor's house, a handsome modern erection; and to the right of it again, another commodious building, also modern, part of which served as a kitchen, the other as a bath-room for the use of the governor's wife. Thus, the governor's house was separated from the main body of the Bastile itself, by the avenue already mentioned, and by the great ditch. Over the latter was built a standing bridge, or *pont-dormant;* at its foot stood the kitchen, &c., as stated above. This bridge did not, however, extend entirely across the ditch, to the great gates of the prison; to attain these, it was first necessary to cross a ponderous double drawbridge, supported by massive chains, that was lowered every morning to establish the communication between the isolated inmates and their not less solitary jailers.

And here, gentle stranger, rest awhile! The drawbridge is yet raised; thou can'st, for a brief space, contemplate the exterior of yonder gloomy dens. Silence and desolation reign supreme around thee! But this silence has for *thee* its charm—this desolation has for *thee* its beauty! *Thou* breathest the pure air of heaven—*thou* art *free!*

Thou startest! Thou hearest a groan, say'st thou? 'Twas nothing! 'Twas the morning prayer, and is the evening orison of the inmate of yon dungeon! He has offered these until his hair is whitened and his cheek blanched—for thirty years the voice of man has not fallen on his ear!

Hearest thou that? 'tis a song of liberty from the den above thee! the daily chaunt of the maniac within, whose dreams, and songs, and ravings are of liberty; his whole extent of world is a few square feet of stone-encircled earth! *Thou* hearest him, but his voice reacheth not within!

Another groan! Another sigh! Aye; and another—and another! The air thou now inhalest, is made up but of these! Each stone of yon grim structure, exhaleth sighs from hearts that break in solitude—each stone, too, hath a voice. Hark! they gather strength; and invocating deep, deep curses on humanity, burst forth in one loud cry—retribution! retribution!

We are alone: before the principal entrance to the interior of the Bastile, to the right, stands the *Tour de la Comté;* to the left, the *Tour de la Bazinière;* between these, the ponderous door which opens into the entrance-hall, or vestibule; the massive hinges "grate

harshly;" the drawbridge "falls with chilling clang; the gates fly open with impetuous recoil!" Let us enter.

The great gate of the Bastile, situated between the Comté and Bazinière towers, was three inches thick; lined, inside and out (as indeed were all the doors throughout the prison), with strong plates of iron; secured by three bolts of the same, and two locks, each lock having three keys. Within this first door, and across the corps-de-garde, into which it opened, extended a strong wicket, about four feet high, strengthened, like the door, with iron plates, and, moreover, surmounted by sharp-pointed iron spikes three feet long; this was the first corps-de-garde of the interior. At the bottom of it, fronting the principal gate mentioned above, a second door, five feet in height (to pass through which it was necessary to stoop), covered, like the former, with iron plates, but without a wicket—opened into a passage, or rather a square cell having two doors, one on the right, the other on the left, and a third opposite that by which it was entered. The latter led into the second corps-de-garde of the interior, considerably larger than the first, and which served as a barrack for the sub-officers of the garrison, who slept on camp-beds placed around it against the walls. The door of this second corps-de-garde was square, and constructed of solid beams bound with iron; in the middle of it was an aperture three inches square, closed by a sliding-panel, through which the officer on duty received the reports of the sentinel on guard in the vestibule without, and whose province was to note the minutest actions of such prisoners as were allowed the privilege of walking in the court: these, the officer entered in a book devoted to this purpose, and every evening submitted the same to the inspection of the governor.

A glance at this easily distorted system of espionage, will suffice to show its vexatious character, and how readily it could be wrested to the discomfort of the unfortunates pent up within, whose short hour of liberty was thus rendered even more irksome than their long solitude.

We will proceed no further at present, but return to the passage, or cell, situated between the first corps-de-garde of the interior, and the second.

The door to the right, or Comté tower side, opened into a small vestibule, or ante-chamber, where prisoners waited prior to their examination in the large apartment adjoining: this latter formed, until 1761, the *Salle de Conseil*, or Council-chamber; on one side stood a large recess, denominated the *Pillon*, or Pillage store; a term, coined to express the use to which it was appropriated. On the same side, a strong door, leading through a narrow passage terminated by a winding flight of stairs, established the medium of communication with the governor's apartments above, consisting of two large rooms, converted, at a later period, into cells.

The door to the left, or Bazinière tower side of the first vestibule, opened into a series of small chambers, four in number, communicating, by a second winding flight of stairs, to two small rooms

above: tnese were inhabited by the *porte-clefs*, or turnkeys, but were afterwards also used as prisons.

Before we enter the towers themselves, we will examine the remaining offices, apartments, &c., constructed in the walls uniting them.

Between the Comté and Trésor towers, was a narrow passage leading to the bastion and the gardens upon it, by means of a standing bridge, or *pont-dormant*, over the great ditch of the château. Four doors closed this passage; two outer and two inner: one of the former opening inwards from that side nearest the court, the second, from that nearest the bridge; the two latter also opened inwards, the space between each, when shut, forming a small *corps-de-garde*, where a sentinel was always on duty. Between these inner doors again, in the recess they formed when closed, two other doors, one to the right and one to the left, conducted to the prisons on the basement, and thence, up a narrow flight of stairs, to those corresponding above. The bridge, connecting the Bastile with its bastion* (No. 11), was of peculiar construction.

Midway between the Trésor tower and the Tour de la Chapelle, was the ancient entrance into Paris. On the completion of the château, this space was walled up, and within it apartments were constructed; these were the most commodious in the Bastile, before the erection of Monsieur de Sartignes' building. To the left of this arch formerly existed the chapel of the Bastile; but after the removal of this place of worship, additional prisons occupied its site. On a level with the court outside, and built in the wall, a recess, scarcely large enough for a man to stand upright in, formed what was called the *cabinet*, in which, on the passage of any functionary across the court during the solitary promenade of the prisoner, he was compelled to conceal himself, with his face to the wall, until after the individual had disappeared.†

Above the arch, or ancient entry of Paris, was fixed the clock of the Bastile; it could not be seen from the second court, after Monsieur de Sartignes erected the edifice which reached from the Tour de la Chapelle to the Tour de la Liberté.

In the walls connecting the Tour du Coin and the Tour du Puits, on the basement story, were the lodgings for the cooks, scullions, and underlings of the château; above these were more prisons.

Between the Tours de la Liberté and Bertaudière, on the ground-floor, was the new chapel, of which two doors, covered with iron plates, formed the entrance. It will be remembered that the ancient place of worship adjoined the tower to which it gave its name, and which was the first built.

On the basement, between the Bertaudière and the Bazinière towers, were situated the apartments of the higher functionaries of the Bastile, such as the lieutenant-governor, the major, &c.; those

* Vide Plate.

† If the prisoner did not perceive the approach of the party, it was the duty of the sentinel to warn him of the same, by crying out: "Au cabinet! au cabinet!"

on the story above, were occupied by the chaplain, the surgeon, and one or two turnkeys: the whole of these were distributed in precisely the same order as the other apartments of the château, being attained, the lower ones, by double doors strongly fastened; the upper, by a narrow flight of stone stairs, through a second series of doors similar to the first.

This constituted the interior arrangement of the official and domestic departments of the Bastile, prior to 1761.

At the latter period, the one large court originally comprised within the eight towers and their connecting masonry, was, by the erection of a new building, divided into two smaller courts, the larger, or first attained, being called the great inner court; and the smaller, the Cour du Puits: the former, bounded by the towers de la Comté, du Trésor, de la Chapelle, de la Liberté, de la Bertaudière, and de la Bazinière, and the massive walls between them, formed a parallelogram, about one hundred and twenty feet long, by seventy-two wide, French measurement.

At the bottom of this court was constructed the handsome modern building above mentioned. It was three stories high from the basement, each story containing a suite of three rooms. From the level of the court, a flight of five steps conducted to the principal door, which, like that forming the grand entrance to the main body of the building from the court of the government, was defended by double doors; two on the side facing the great inner court; and two on the other, or side of the Cour du Puits: two sentinels were always on duty here, and these doors closed the passage which led from the first inner court to the Cour du Puits. Between them was a vestibule, to the left of which a handsome stone staircase communicated with the apartments above. To the right, a double door conducted into the new council-chamber, and into a narrow passage leading to the lodgings of the subaltern officers and of the porte-clefs, situated behind the council-chamber itself. By the side of the staircase to the left of the vestibule, a door opened into the new kitchens and offices; these had double issues into the Cour du Puits. The suite of apartments above the council-chamber, was occupied by the governor; those on the second and the third story, by other superior functionaries; one large chamber, on the latter, served as an infirmary.

Each of the eight towers contained five prisons, the entrance to which, as to that of the towers themselves, was through two ponderous doors three inches thick, lined within and without, with iron plates; each door having in addition three locks, each differently constructed.

The dungeons called *cachots* (black holes) were the lowermost prisons, being nineteen feet below the level of the court, and only five above that of the bottom of the ditch. True, that the latter was generally dry, except when the Seine overflowed; but at such periods the water nearly filled the dungeons, rushing in through their only aperture—a narrow barbican—by which, scarcely air, but no light, could penetrate; the atmosphere within was, conse-

quently, very unwholesome; and, horror upon horror, the soil and the walls swarmed with spiders, toads, and rats. In three of these *cachots*, viz., of the Tour du Puits, of the Tour du Coin, and of the Tour du Trésor, existed cages,* one in each tower, constructed of beams covered with iron plates, and of dimensions so small, that, within them, a man could neither sit, stand, nor lie down.

On the basement were the cells called No. 1 La Comté, La Bertaudière, &c.; their form, common alike to all the rest, was an irregular polygon, varying in diameter, from fifteen to sixteen feet, and from fifteen to twenty in height. On the first story were the prisons, No. 2 Lacomte, &c., and on the second, those called No. 3, &c. Above these last, and immediately beneath the roof of the towers, were the *calottes* (καλυπο, a skull cap), after the dungeons, the most wretched of the cells of the Bastile; the inmates suffering the extremes of heat in summer, and of cold in winter. They were formed of the space enclosed within the eight stone arches which supported the roof of the tower, and were scarcely six feet wide, although more than twice as lofty. The walls of these upper dungeons were nine feet thick, a longitudinal hole, cut into the thickness of the wall, serving for a window, which was attained from within by three steps. Here the aperture might be a foot or more in width, diminishing towards the exterior to a narrow slit only two or three inches wide. Light was admitted into the other cells by similar apertures, but the walls, augmenting in thickness as they approached nearer the foundation, these embrasures were, in consequence, gradually lengthened; so that very little light penetrated into the lower chambers, some of the latter had large windows besides, but this advantage was destroyed by the massive bars of iron which intersected them. The Trésor and Chapelle towers had loop holes all round, before some of which planks were fastened to prevent communication with the exterior.

Except the *cachots*, all the cells had either a chimney-place, or a stove, but the former, already very narrow, was partially closed in the middle, at the bottom and at the top, by thick bars of iron, which prevented the smoke from ascending, and rendered the comfort of the scanty fire totally joyless.

A narrow winding staircase, with a small landing on each story, and a second in the middle of the flight between, led from the entrance doors below to the roof of the towers, which formed a parapeted terrace or platform, continued along the solid masonry connecting them, and constituting a promenade for *prisoners of distinction;* it was crowned by thirteen pieces of cannon.† (No. 14.)

* The existence of these cages has been called into question—indeed denied; but the fact is established upon incontrovertible authority. A Bishop of Verdun, the inventor of these horrid places of torture, was one o the first victims; the Cardinal de la Balue was pent up in one for eleven years: one of the Princes of Armagnac, too, after many years of protracted suffering, died raving mad in one of them.

† Vide Plate.

In the list of its governors appear, among other names, that of Prince Louis of Bavaria, in 1413; of the Duke of Guise, in 1588; of Maximilian de Bethune, Duke of Sully, under Henri Quartre; of Marshal Bassompiére; Marshal Vitry; the Connétable de Luynes; of Breaute, Duke of Luxembourg, and Le Maréchal de l'Hospital, under Louis Treize; of the Duke of Orleans, in 1652; and, from 1697 to 1708, that of Benigne d'Auvergne de St. Marc, of *Iron-Mask* celebrity, who, for *his services*, was translated from the Château de Pignerol to that of the Bastile.

The government of this justly execrated edifice originally consisted only of the commandant or governor, his military subordinates, the small garrison, and a few servants; but as from year to year, it gradually lost the characteristics of a fortress, and assumed those of a state prison, the number of functionaries increased in the same proportion as the additional duties, until, towards the end of 1780, exclusive of one hundred soldiers forming the regular garrison, it amounted to thirty-three, including a lieutenant-governor, a major, an aide-major, a physician, a surgeon and apothecary, a chaplain and two assistants, two confessors, a clerk of the archives, and a commissary; besides the porte-clefs (key bearers), of which there were four—one for each two towers.

The constitution of the Bastile, appears also to have varied at different periods; at first, embodying a code, strictly military; gradually assuming a character more arbitary, in proportion as the crimes of despotism necessitated secrecy and concealment, until the arch-machiavelism of its minions, completed a system of laws so inhuman, that posterity has damned it by one word comprehensive of all its odium: the Bastile!

Would, for the honor of human nature, it were possible to doubt the truth of the horrors of confinement in that den of infamy!

Often totally unconscious of the offence for which he was incarcerated, the wretched victim dragged on a life of protracted hope, until he at length sunk, under the tortures of suspense! The light and air of heaven meted out to him in scanty portions—deprived even of the bitter consolation of numbering the dreary days by the declining glimmer of the setting sun—his very mite of food rendered more loathsome by its filthiness—cut off from hope—dead to the world, though existing in it—entombed within walls which never echoed with sound of foot or voice, save the jailer's—how often did he in the bitterness of his soul, crave after the means of terminating his horrid existence! He sighed for liberty: it came! and then, he sighed again for the slimy walls of his dungeon, and for its nauseous occupants, his companions—more supportable these to him, than the cold smiles of unknown faces, or the colder welcome of the stranger—he walked upon the earth, unrecognized, unremembered—a senseless, flitting shade of the past!

CHAPTER V.

A SCENE IN THE BASTILE. THE DISCOVERY OF A SECRET CLOSET IN THE WALL.

In the apartment designated as the council-chamber, situated to the right of the passage between the two first corps-de-gardes leading into the great inner court, sat the 'Sieur Benigne d'Auvergne de St. Marc, the governor, and Corbé his nephew, the lieutenant-governor.

It was a large, lofty room—a den rather—of oblong form, ill-furnished, and dingy with dirt and smoke, which, for three centuries, had been gradually encrusting the uncemented walls; these, dank and clammy, and here and there peeled and time-eaten into holes, exudated bulkless drops of moisture—like beads—which stood first motionless and irresolute upon the surface; then, slowly joined; then, in self-formed rivulets of serpentine course, chased one another thick and fast down the massive stone-work, emptying themselves into tiny pools, fed by similar tributaries, and which obeying, in their turn, the same law of gravitation, slowly sought their level in the hollows worn into the stone-floor, by the feet of countless victims.

St. Marc was a diminutive old man, now eighty years of age. His complexion, naturally sallow, had been scorched by a southern sun, into the color of ochre, and the dying glare of the still blazing log—as he held his head three quarters averted from it—imparted to his face the appearance of a live coal of overgrown dimensions, with two spots in the upper part, burning more fiercely than the rest. Cruelty—innate cruelty and cunning—were imprinted in the deep furrows of his brow, so puckered up and be-wrinkled, that the low, compressed, retreating forehead, resembled a strip of parchment dividing his eyes from his hair; the latter, hardly grizzled, grew thick and strong, and fell in a *queue* behind.

Likewise cast in a dwarfish mould, but ill-formed, and of a meagre though sinewy frame, Corbé formed a fitting pendant to his uncle; his repulsive features were rendered more hideous by their peculiar expression, embodying every vice, without a glimpse of one redeeming virtue; a mass of red hair fell in lanky shocks over his face and shoulders; whilst his deep-sunken gray eyes, shot with blood, glowed like those of a ferret.

To these two were entrusted the supreme direction of the government of the Bastile and the fate of the unfortunate prisoners.

"As he refuses his food," observed Corbé to St. Marc, "I ordered Ru to leave him to his humor, and give him no more."

"Thou did'st well," responded St. Marc. "Said'st thou two days?"

"This is the third, worthy uncle, that nothing has passed his lips."

"What was the purport of the letter of anticipation concerning him?" asked St. Marc.

"To allow him the ordinary of the château," replied Corbé.

"'Tis too much for these prisoners," growled St. Marc. "Nephew! we must retrench the expenditure. From to-morrow, place them on half allowance of wine: since they will not drink it, they cannot want it;" and he exchanged a chuckle with his nephew.

"That," observed the latter, "will save ten bottles a day, uncle; and at the end of the year, put four thousand livres in our pocket! Shall we not commence to-night?"

"Thou art ever reckoning the gains," retorted the uncle, with a half flattering smile; but art thou *sure* that No. 2 La Bertaudière will *not* take his food?"

"So sure, that if he hold out two days longer, we shall have to send him to St. Paul's by night," chuckled Corbé.

"Hum!" grunted St. Marc, shaking his head; "what a fool for his pains! Hast gone thy rounds, Corbé?"

"Did'st ever know me fail in my duty, uncle?"

"I said not *that;* but hast thou seen to the scaffolding on the towers, and assured thyself of its safety?"

"I have withdrawn the solid traverse planks uncle; and placed sawn ones in their stead: 'tis only ninety feet to the bottom!" here he grinned in the old man's face, and rubbed his hands with exultation at his scheme for trapping any prisoners who might attempt escape that way.

"Corbé!" said the governor, "thou art above price! Thou deservest favor at the hands of majesty itself." Here he stopped; after a short pause, he looked around suspiciously, drew nearer to his nephew, and in a hollow whisper continued, with trepidation: "Deserve my confidence nephew, and thou shalt learn the secret of No. 3 La Bertaudière!"

"What?" exclaimed the lieutenant governor, half rising from his seat: "the secret of the Iron Mask?"

"Hush! Chut!" hurriedly interposed St. Marc, listening anxiously: "I heard the drawbridge fall;" and in confirmation of his assertion, the opening of doors became audible; the clank of arms echoed distinctly from without, accompanied by the heavy tramp of soldiery; the next minute, the muskets were grounded, the door of the council chamber swung open, and unannounced, entered D'Argenson.

"*Tonnerre dieu!* 'sieur governor," exclaimed he, unceremoniously advancing; "'t is surely dark enough for a lamp."

St. Marc and Corbé slowly rose, as D'Argenson's figure became distinct in the gloom, and bowing to him with a mixture of respect and fear, the former hesitatingly responded:

"Pardon us, monseigneur! but my nephew and I were absorbed in conversation, and did not observe the fall of day: we will, however, call for lights."

"Nay, nay! 'Sieur St. Marc; since thy humor is to sit in darkness, I will conform to it: only, throw on another log, for the night is chilly, and thy apartment strikes damp, as though it were not often aired." Suiting the action to the word, he at once threw upon the embers two heavy pieces of wood, which soon catching fire, commenced casting out a volume of flame and smoke, and a bright glare into the chamber; he then took possession of the chair just vacated by Corbé, and beckoning to the governor to re-seat himself, continued, "If thou hast done talking with thy nephew, 'sieur governor, I would hold some private conversation with thee."

"Corbé!" said St. Marc, "I will see thee presently:" but ere the words had left his uncle's lips, Corbé had disappeared.

"*Ventre-bleu!*" ejaculated D'Argenson; "thy nephew has a notion of breeding, 'Sieur St. Marc! he is not so slow of apprehension as he looks!" and he drew his chair closer up to the governor's.

"Monseigneur is complimentary," growled St. Marc, "but he has only to look and he is obeyed."

"Thou liest! 'sieur governor," deliberately retorted D'Argenson, glaring into the face of the astounded and half affrighted St. Marc; "I tell thee, thou liest; and thou knowest it. Hast not thou a prisoner in No. 2 La Bertaudière?"

"We have; lieutenant!" responded the governor, faltering.

"How fares he, 'sieur governor?" asked D'Argenson.

St. Marc trembled, as the lieutenant of police questioned him thus closely, respecting a man whom he expected would, within a few days, die of starvation. Fearful of encountering the lynx-like gaze of his interrogator, he averted his head, as he hesitatively responded:

"Monseigneur! he refuses his food; no kind of nourishment tempts him; yet the ordinary of the château—which according to your letter of anticipation—"

"The *ordinary* of the château!" vociferated D'Argenson, interrupting him, and emphasizing the word; "I know all, 'sieur governor! Thou hast wilfully misinterpreted the purport of that letter. He is rated at fifteen livres per day, and yet thou pratest to me of of the *ordinary*—"

"'Twere wasting his majesty's food, to give it where it is not needed, lieutenant;" hastily observed St. Marc; in turn, interrupting D'Argenson.

"And wasting his majesty's gold," retorted the latter, "to bury it in a pouch which already overflows, 'sieur governor! But, hearken, St. Marc! It is my pleasure that thou treat No. 2 La Bertaudière, with all the liberality thou can'st boast of; and that thou allow him the best the Bastile affords. *He* must not die, *sang dieu!*" Here he arose, and casting a withering glance upon the pallid and trembling governor, continued: "Beware how thou disobeyest my commands, or I will crush *thee*, *tonnerre dieu!* as thou didst the Duke de Lauzun's spider;" and turning on his heel, he abruptly quitted the chamber.

"So, so! uncle!" said the lieutenant governor, frowning; "the lieutenant of police essayeth the high hand in the *Bastile* too! By heaven! I wish we held him within its walls."

"He is not honest enough for that, Corbé! But I am glad thou did'st so well conceal thyself; that closet will do us good service."

"I lost not a word, worthy uncle! not a whisper can escape unheard. D'Argenson himself, with all his cunning, would never suspect its existence there."

"Nephew! the man is a very demon, and knows the thoughts that lie deepest in the soul."

Corbé shook his head, looked around him suspiciously, and then muttered in a half-whisper.

"There is treachery; uncle! he has his spies where they are least expected; aye—even within the walls of the Bastile!"

"Ah! sayest thou so with *reason*, nephew?" inquired St. Marc; "*mort dieu!* Name *him* thou dost suspect; the dungeons of the ditch shall be a heaven to him."

"Chut!" exclaimed Corbé; here he smiled, significantly jerking his head in the direction of the wall, as he continued: "Walls have ears."

"And tongues too; which thou can'st not gag!" exclaimed a hollow voice, that appeared to proceed from the door of the apartment.

St. Marc and Corbé started up from their seat, the latter rushing to the door, the former tottering after him, and exclaiming:

"Curses! curses! we are betrayed!"

Corbé had scarcely opened the door, than he retreated a few paces, followed by an individual of gigantic proportions, upon whose swarthy features gleamed the red light of the blazing log.

The uncle and the nephew became aware of the presence of Jacques.

"What said'st thou? knave—traitor! eaves-dropper!" vociferated St. Marc, trembling with rage and astonishment; whilst his not less astonished nephew, with hand upon his sword, seemed half inclined to attack the spy.

"'Sieur governor," retorted Jacques; unmoved either by the anger of St. Marc, or by the menacing attitude of Corbé: "thou art prodigal of titles; but they befit *me* less worthily than thine office befitteth thee, for I know not how I have merited them."

"And heard'st thou nothing from us ere thou did'st enter? Say!" observed the governor, in a tone so hurried, that it betrayed the anxious interest he felt in the reply.

"Thy doors are thick, 'sieur governor, and so are thy walls," responded Jacques; "and need be when those within fear their words are heard without. But thou tamperest with my time, which is elsewhere required, and I would complete my business with thee."

"Thou art a knave of ready wit, but has played the eaves-dropper to a secret, which *we* would remained such: hence thou stirrest not ere thou swearest not to divulge it: swear—and thou art free!"

"Why, hark ye, 'sieur governor!" responded Jacques. "Dost

think to frighten me with a skewer? Thine own weapon, even though riven to the end of thy lieutenant's, would be no match against this?" and he coolly withdrew, from beneath his vest, a large petronel, cocking it as he continued: "I should, now, force thee to divulge thy secret, seeing thou art in my power; but it were scarcely worth the trouble, since by thine own confession, 'tis no longer thine alone. I seek it not; nor will I be sworn to keep it."

"Traitor!" roared Corbé, "thou hast it then;" and he made a lunge at the spy.

Jacques, who perceived his intention, stepped aside to avoid the thrust, and ere Corbé recovered his position, dashed the weapon from his grasp; seizing him by the hair of the head, he hurled him with tremendous force, and he fell senseless, in a heap, against the wall. St. Marc had not time to prevent the movement, nor to rescue his nephew, whilst Jacques, who had scarcely moved from his place, now advanced towards him as he stood irresolute whether to recede or to resist, or to seek safety in flight.

"'Sieur governor," said the spy, "I intend *thee* no harm; thou art too old to court my vengeance. I bear this to thee from Monseigneur d'Argenson; which, safely delivered into thy hands, my mission ends;" and he tendered to the paralyzed governor a piece of parchment, with a large seal appended thereto. "Thou wilt perhaps be my safe conduct to the first gate; next time I come, pay me the courtesy due to those who are protected by that seal."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SISTERS AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

THE reader must now return to the balconied apartment looking out upon the Rue D'Enfer, where, also, he will picture to himself, Julie and Jeanne de St. Auney, seated, on the evening of the third day after the unwelcome visit of the capuchin.

A keen north-east wind moaned mournfully without, and as it swept past the casement, every now and then dashed a shower of sleet against the panes, as in evidence of the rigor of early winter. But within, all was comfort: the window—the only one—was fastened, hermetically excluding the searching blast: the curtains, of dark blue damask, were closely drawn; whilst a cheerful wood-fire blazed in the low hearth—the burning logs sending up a volume of sparks, and crackling loud and frequently, as though laughing the cold to scorn. The apartment, of an hexagonal form, and lofty, measured about sixteen feet by twelve; the walls were decorated with old tapestry, (illustrative of scriptural history,) reaching from

the fresco-painted ceiling to the well-polished oaken floor; with here and there, hanging against the wainscot, encased in frames more antique than the ancient faces they encircled, sundry portraits of nobles and nobles' dames, stiff, spare, and superannuated.

Before the fire stood a neat work-table, covered with worsteds, silks and knitting-needles; close to it, side by side, were seated the two sisters, busily engaged on a piece of tapestry, stretched over a tambour frame: opposite them, intent upon her sewing, sat, bolt upright, a matron-looking dame, in a high-crowned *cauchoise* cap, which much resembled a gigantic white butterfly with embroidered wings.

"'Twill be charming when 'tis done," quoth the matron, adjusting her spectacles; "but it makes one's eyes ache monstrously to work by candle-light. I declare I can scarcely see to thread my needle."

"Then, do leave off, Prévôt," exclaimed Julie; "we shall be able to finish it without thy assistance."

"Oh! but my dear child, you will need my instructions for the shading, which is more than half the battle. When a girl, I was *re*-markably clever at shading;" and she stitched away with renewed courage.

Jeanne and Julie exchanged a smile, the former observing: "Thou hast lost none of thy talent, dear nurse."

"That always matures with years, my children," responded the dame.

"Then should thine be past improvement, Prévôt," remarked Jeanne, laughing. "But nurse, thou talkest of thy youth as though thou did'st regret thy present lot."

"You are both too good for me to regret that, my darlings," replied the matron; "but I was once young, like you; and when a girl, I was *re*-markably pretty."

"Thou art not so *very* much otherwise now, Prévôt, is she, Julie?" remarked Jeanne, smiling at this trait of ancient vanity.

"Jeanne! Jeanne! Thou art teazing our good nurse; I must take her part, lest thou make her angry."

"That would I not do for all the world, sister Julie. Thou art not angry, nurse?" and Jeanne, leaning across the table, affectionately embraced the matron.

"Angry, child? no!" responded Prévôt, "for if thou dost offend, thou hast a sweet way of making amends."

Julie blushed deeply, and in removing the bougie, to divert the dame's attention, overthrew it.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" exclaimed the matron, throwing up her hands, and throwing down her needle—"now the wedding won't take place this year; I'm sure it won't.

"I place more faith in my lover than in such omens," responded Julie, half angrily, at the same time relighting the bougie; "I am sure he will soon come, and account, satisfactorily, for his absence, too."

"I am of thy opinion, Julie; remarked her sister; although I

do think it strange he has not sent some message to tranquilize thy mind."

"And I am sure and certain he will *not* come," said Prévôt, positively; "for last night I dreamt of the nine of spades."

"Oh! tell us our fortune!" exclaimed the two sisters at once; "that *will* amuse us so. Come, get out thy pack, good nurse, and lay out the cards for us;" here they hastened to put away their tapestry, and clear the work table of its stitching apparatus; whilst Prévôt, overjoyed at having an opportunity of showing her skill, raked the ashes away from beneath the burning log, and threw on another, heaping it over with peat; the table was then drawn nearer to the fire, the sisters taking their seats opposite to their nurse, their arms entwined around each other's waist.

The matron wiped her spectacles with scrupulous care, and having examined them, to see they were perfectly free from dust, readjusted them to her satisfaction; then, proceeded to fumble in her pocket, whence, after sundry dips, she fished out a pack of cards, enveloped in numerous folds of paper, and with much solemnity of manner, uncased them, replacing each envelope in her pocket.

"There, my dears!" said she, counting them; "these have been in my possession ever since I was a girl; for even then I was reckoned *re*-markably correct in laying out the cards."

"Dear nurse!" observed Jeanne, "they are very much soiled; shall I not get the pack with which we sometimes play?"

"Not for ever so much child," quickly retorted Prévôt. "Much dirt concealeth gold, says the proverb—"

"Doth it add virtue to cards, nurse?" interrupted Jeanne, laughing, as Prévôt handed her the cards to cut. "Well! as thou wilt! we will abide by thy experience."

The ceremony of cutting duly performed, the sybil proceeded, first, to lay out the pack on the table, in the shape of a horse-shoe, and then to consult them; laying her finger on each as she progressed through each stage of the operation.

"One, two, three," exclaimed she, pausing between each number; "a club-man! four, five, six—that's thy color, Jeanne my child!" Here she held up the queen of hearts; "seven—and that's thine, my fair Julie," continued she, raising the queen of diamonds! "Two, three, four, five—tears for thee;—six, seven—through a—has not thy lover dark eyes?" asked she.

"Hazel eyes; dark hazel, nurse," responded Julie.

"Ah! that's it—through a dark man; seven! oh dear! oh dear! here's much grief; two, three—in the house,—see! here are the three nines together;—four, five, six—Gracious Virgin! there's something very bad going to happen; for here's the ace of spades come out with the seven of the same suit; seven—and all the knaves together——"

"Indeed, indeed, good Prévôt," exclaimed Jeanne, "thou shalt not continue; for thou bodest nought but evil—"

"Nay! my dear," interrupted the dame; "*thou* liest well enough; but there's trouble, much trouble and tears for thee, through some fair woman, and a dark man;" so saying, she swept up the cards, and commenced shuffling them.

"Now," said she, addressing the youngest sister; "'t is *thy* turn—we shall see whether thy truant lover is coming back," and she pushed the cards over to the other side of the table. "With the left hand, child! Cut with the left hand!"

"Does it much signify, nurse, which hand?"

"My dear, the right hand is unlucky," responded the nurse, taking the pack and distributing it as before—"very unlucky—and when I was a girl—hem! they *do* come out strangely, to be sure—— a very *re*-markable circumstance occurred to me—there now! is n't that odd? the knaves all together again!—and all through cutting the cards with the right hand—just before I was going to be married!"

Having completed the mystical arrangement to her entire satisfaction, the matron paused, eyeing the horse-shoe through her spectacles with an air of intense interest, the sisters alternately regarding her, and exchanging looks brimful of silent mirth and incredulity. She then re-commenced the ceremony of counting, observing the same rule as before, never going beyond the mysterious number seven, nor repeating the not less mysterious number one.

"I do declare," said she, raising both her hands, her eye-brows at the same time corresponding to the movement—"if this is not a most *re*-markable circumstance! Thy lover, Julie, surrounded by knaves—and another man with him, that seems to belong to the law—the seven of spades and the ace together again—depend upon it," she continued with solemn gravity; "something is going to happen to thy lover, Julie! There's a disappointment—with tears —ah! that's about the wedding."

In spite of her efforts to maintain a calm exterior, the sensitive Julie was unable longer to bear up against the oppression which overpowered her spirits. Although she did not really believe in the mystical lore of her nurse, her young heart had its misgivings as to the constancy of her lover, from whom she had not heard now, for three days; this circumstance alone, predisposed her to attach more importance than she otherwise would, or than she imagined possible, to the predictions of the nurse; suddenly reclining her head on her sister's beautiful shoulder, she burst into tears.

Jeanne folded her sister to her bosom, in sympathy, shedding tears too. "Cry, sister Julie, if thou can'st—'t will ease thy heart —thou will feel better presently. Indeed 't is unaccountable how melancholy I myself feel; and that's not a complaint I'm subject to."

Smiling through her tears, Julie returned with interest, her sister's caresses, and, in a few minutes, both were engaged in a conversation to which the reader must presently become a listener.

Nature never formed two creatures of more winning loveliness, than the two sisters. Gentleness was imprinted in their every feature; whilst in every smile, every gesture, look and action, woman beamed forth still.

Jeanne was five years the senior of her sister Julie, as was apparent in the greater fulness of her bust, and in the graver expression of her fine countenance. She had attained that age, when female loveliness is most attractive, when feminine charms are most seductive. Devoid alike of the childishness of girlhood, and severity of mature womanhood, her face still retained much of the expressive archness of the former, mellowed by the reflective air of the latter. There *were* times, when her countenance grew even grave; but this was merely a transitory expression, and like a passing cloud over a beautiful parterre, only served to render the succeeding sunshine more lovely.

Her deep blue, laughing eyes, were fringed by long lashes; uncontaminated by powder, her hair, of a dark auburn, fell in abundant ringlets about her brow, which was symmetry itself. Like her sister, she was rather below the middle height, although the exquisite symmetry of her form made her appear above it.

Julie was seventeen; something more than a girl; less than woman. Her slight and graceful figure; her exquisite features, not yet divested of girlish archness; her timid look and shy deportment; attracted notice rather than courted it. Her complexion tinged by the flush of health, was fair as nature could make it. Her hair luxuriant as her sister's, but many shades lighter, floated over her shoulders like tresses of silk. Her eyes were also blue, but of a color less deep than those of Jeanne, and possessing a cast of melancholy, which inspired the beholder with an unaccountable and irresistible interest in her.

How different they, and how striking their distinctness from that class of beauties, which at this period, ruled the luxurious court of Louis Quatorze! Transplanted thither, amongst its voluptuous *belles*, their artlessness, their unaffected grace, would have cast a sudden shadow over the fictitious blandishments of the easy prudes that composed it; like the freshness of the modest violet, bursting fragrant and grateful from a bed of gaudy tulips! Happier they, in their seclusion, than the frivolous young coquettes of the day—only ambitious to reign, ephemeral sovereigns of a court, where virtue was held, almost as a crime, and in the absence of the reality, the semblance of it ridiculous: where the sacrifice of virgin honor was a necessary preliminary to the attainment of rank and fortune; where the celebrity thus unblushingly acquired, cast back no reproach upon its possessors: in a word; where everything tended to nourish and promulgate laxity of morals amongst the women—licentiousness of principle amongst the men—who, old and young, the former from habit, the latter from example, gave unbridled course to passion; their debaucheries, their nocturnal adventures, their ruinous excesses, feeding the brain of the wits of the time, and

furnishing them inexhaustible subjects for madrigals, epigrams, and sonnets. Even the conversation; the small-talk of the *salon;* the scandal of every *coterie;* the topics discussed at every *reunion*, were made up of one subject, interspersed with piquant *double-entendres;* nor did the laugh ever rise more hearty, than when a brilliant repartee conveyed a scarcely covered allusion to acts, from which, in a *less* refined age, the veil of privacy would never have been withdrawn.

But this was the age of gallantry, when gallantry was cultivated as a science, excellence in which, was accounted more meritorious than proficiency in any other; and whilst the vanquisher of a dozen beauties strutted in the glare, regarded, envied, as a hero, the conqueror of as many provinces fell back upon the admiration of posterity alone. Absorbed in pleasure, and amorous intrigue, the monarch himself set the example to his courtiers, who spared no pains to administer to his palled appetite!

Accustomed from her earliest years to regard her sister as superior to herself, to lean towards her for support, Julie had never felt the loss of the Baroness de St. Auney, her mother, who survived the birth of her youngest daughter only a few minutes.

The baron, now in the decline of life, had for many years been engaged in a law-suit with Monsieur D'Argenson, who, at the period of its commencement, held the bailiwick of Angoulême. Its origin was as follows:

Twenty-four years before the period of this tale, the Baron de St. Auney became the executor of a relative, the Comte de St. Angin, who, at his demise, confided to him the administration of his property, consisting of sundry estates in the Duchy of Angoulême, and a large château on the Erdre, (adjoining the small estate of the baron,) moreover, constituting him guardian to his infant son.

Originally poor the baron had never been able to improve his income; of too honest and simple a nature to owe to flattery his self-advancement, his sole ambition was to amass, by the prosecution of a system of economy that he laid down, a dowry for each of his daughters suited to their rank; in order to this, he effected a conveyance of his estate to the son of his late friend, allotting to himself its full value in money; thus increasing the possessions of the former without detriment to his own interests. But, about three years after the death of the count, his son suddenly disappeared, nor did the efforts made to discover him, prove successful; the baron, however, still continued to administer the estates.

Influenced by sundry private motives, Monsieur D'Argenson, the bailiff of the province, had long coveted the late count's château on the Erdre, and now made overtures to his executor, offering him great immediate pecuniary advantages to induce him to resign it into his hands. The baron, too much a man of honor to stoop to such means of aggrandizement, politely, though resolutely, declined the offers of the bailiff, who, seeing no possibility of compassing his ends by bribery, had recourse to a system of legal oppression, the

more arbitrary and vexatious, that he kept within the strict letter of the law. Still, the baron resisted.

On the disappearance of the heir, D'Argenson, the bailiff of the province, endeavored to establish that the property of the Count de St. Angin fell by escheat to the crown, and having detected an imaginary flaw in the documents, by virtue of which the baron held his trust, commenced a law-suit against him; not so much with a hope of gaining it, as with a view to protract its issue until the expenses incidental thereto should involve the baron in difficulties, from which he would be unable to extricate himself. In consequence of his rapid promotion, and of the very high favor he enjoyed at court, he commanded the venality of the judges to whom the decision was referred, being too generally feared to meet with opposition to his will; thus, his deep scheme partly succeeded; for the baron, having carried on the suit against his powerful persecutor until his own little fortune, with the intended dowry of his daughters, had dwindled away, was at length compelled to borrow, on his own bond, considerable sums from a notary at Paris; being unwilling to touch the accumulating revenues of his ward, the young Count de St. Angin.

A short period before the commencement of this tale, the baron was disagreeably surprised by a morning visit from the notary, who apprised him, that being D'Argenson's debtor to a very large amount, and threatened by the latter with imprisonment unless his claim was satisfied, he had been compelled in the absence of other means, to tender his, the baron's, bonds in part payment, which securities had been accepted.

For the first time, De St. Auney feared D'Argenson; and whilst most perplexed as to the probable result of this step, he received a citation before the supreme court to pay Monseigneur D'Argenson, lieutenant of police, certain sums advanced by him upon bonds signed and sealed by Monsieur le Baron de St. Auney.

The latter determined to make the best use of the short time allowed for the payment of the claim, and repair at once to Paris. His daughters, with their nurse and a trusty domestic preceded him to the capital, for which he set out the day following their departure: exactly a fortnight after their arrival, their privacy was disturbed by the mysterious capuchin already mentioned.

The sisters felt much alarmed at the non-arrival of their parent, who formed the subject of their conversation.

"I hope, sister, Jeanne," observed the younger maiden, "our dear father will soon return. Dost think any thing has befallen him?"

"'He is in the hands of Providence, dear Julie," responded the elder sister; "the roads are bad at this time of the year; he may have been detained in consequence."

"But Antoine says," replied Julie, "that there has been plenty of time, notwithstanding; allowing a delay of three days, thou wilt acknowledge he might have arrived long before this."

"Thou art right, Julie, and I have my misgivings as well as thou! I fear that D'Argenson—"

"D'Argenson? D'Argenson?" interrupted Prévôt; "the lieutenant of police! That's it—depend upon it, that's it."

"What?" asked the sisters in a breath.

"What?" retorted the matron—"didn't I tell you there was a man of the law, and knaves in the cards—I was sure of it—for it was a very *re*-markable—"

"Prévôt," observed Jeanne, with a degree of severity she was not accustomed to assume, "thou should'st keep thy ill omens for those who believe in them; it is not kind to increase our anxiety on our father's account."

"My dear children," replied the dame, "I won't speak another word if it frets you; but I've my thoughts on the matter, I assure you."

"So have we our's," observed Jeanne; "our father is ever in them; night and morning we pray for his safe and speedy arrival. But, tell me, Julie; hast thou remarked, that the last two nights, three individuals have been prowling outside our house! I almost fancied, once, that the man who so affrighted us is one of them!"

Whilst she was speaking, a low grating sound, apparently at the outside of the casement, became distinctly audible, and as she ended, a loud crash as of broken glass, made the two affrighted girls start from their seat; Julie, sunk upon her knees, her hands tightly grasping the slender waist of Jeanne; whilst the latter, scarcely less terrified, but preserving a slight portion of her presence of mind, attempted to reach the bell. The matron also fell on her knees, repeating her Pater-noster aloud, in a tremulous tone, as the curtains, slowly opening, disclosed the figure of a man of gigantic stature, who making a sign imperative of silence, advanced with a firm step towards the terrified ladies.

"For heaven's sake!" stammered Jeanne; "what is the object of this untimely intrusion?"

The intruder unfolded a coarse, ample cloak, in which his immense frame was enveloped, and respectfully saluting the speaker, placed a finger on his lips, at the same time drawing still nearer to the trembling group.

"Your father!" whispered he to Jeanne.

"What of him? what has happened to him? speak! for Heaven's sake speak!" and unable to support her fainting sister, Jeanne sunk back into the chair she had just quitted, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"Be calm," continued the man; "I am a friend, and have entered thus unceremoniously for reasons best known to myself. Your father is well; you will see him again; before long, perhaps. Make no noise, or you will ruin all."

"But sir—I cannot conceive—" continued Jeanne, partly recovering her self-possession—"the motive for this unwarrantable visit."

"To save you one still more unwelcome! Get off thy knees thou mumbling beldam," said he, addressing the affrighted Prévôt—"and instead of thy tongue, use thy hands and feet! See'st thou not yon maiden has fainted."

"Oh dear! oh dear! I said something would happen to us," exclaimed the matron, as admonished by the stranger, she hastened to follow his injunctions. By the help of restoratives, Julie's senses gradually returned, but nearly fleeted a second time when she beheld the dark eyes, and the hard features of Jacques; for it was he.

"Jeanne! Jeanne! What is the matter?" cried she, almost inaudibly; still clinging to her sister; "why is that horrid man here?"

Jacques, smiling as he looked upon the pale beauty before him, answered. "'Tis not flesh deep, damsel. And as to my business, it concerns one of you, who possessed a ring!"

"Where is it? Give it me!" rapidly exclaimed Julie, springing to her feet, and convulsively grasping Jacques' hard hand, between her own tiny fingers.

Julie shrieked, and strove to release herself from Jacques, who, now firmly withheld her, whilst Jeanne, with despairing accents, lent her vain efforts to accomplish the same end.

"'Tis of no use, maidens," said he; "my orders are imperative;" and he now retained Jeanne also. "But, I would rather be buried fifty feet beneath the earth, than harm or betray such beauty."

"What mean you? monster in human form!" sobbed Jeanne; "loose me! If money is your object, you shall have all we possess."

Jacques bore her to the balcony; in another moment he was in the street, where a coach attended by two men, closely muffled, awaited him; placing his lovely burden inside, he followed, and closed the door as Jeanne appeared looking over from the casement above, totally unable to prevent the abduction of her sister.

"To the Bastile!" cried Jacques.

The coach swept rapidly away from the swimming eyes of Jeanne, who fell, as if lifeless, on the balcony.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WARNING, THE JOURNEY, AND THE ARREST.

About two leagues distant from the city of Nantes—celebrated for the edict which bears its name, nor less so as the natal place of the blood-renowned Fouché, minister of police under Napoleon—

stands a now dilapidated, though still inhabitable building, called Château la Gâcherie.

The château stands in a hollow, on the banks of the Erdre—a rivulet which, some distance below, falls into the Sêvres, above the confluence of the latter stream with the Loire. It is a massive edifice, built of red stone, the walls being surmounted by a coping of the same, hewn into huge blocks, and united by clamps of iron and cement; the two wings of which it consists, enclose a lofty white tower (situated to the west), embrasured, and overtopped by a platform; the southern wing containing the apartments allotted to winter use; the northern, those inhabited in summer. Eastward, stand the out-houses; and behind the château itself, is a long, wide avenue of majestic horse-chestnut trees, whose intricate branches and sombre foliage afford shelter to thousands of the fledged race, offering, in the heat of a southern summer, a deliciously cool and secluded retreat to the over-pressed wayfarer.

At the period of this tale, it formed the residence of the Baron de St. Auney, and of his household, comprising his two daughters, Prévôt their nurse, Antoine his oldest servant, Jerôme his steward, father Anselm his chaplain, with sundry domestics, male and female, in all fourteen persons; the family occupying the southern wing (the northern, and the tower, having been shut up as superfluous for a dwelling), whilst a chapel, situated at the entrance of the latter, served as the devotional resort of the whole household.

Bidding them adieu, and commending them to the care of Providence, and to that of the worthy Prévôt and old Antoine, the Baron de St. Auney embraced his fair daughters, and as soon as the vehicle containing them had disappeared, turned his horse's head into the by-road leading from Nantes to the château, whither he now returned, to make preparations for his expedition to Paris.

The night set in cold and stormy. A shower of sleet, too, commenced falling thick and fast, thawing as it reached the ground, and rendering the baron's journey one of extreme discomfort. Onward he sped through the gloom, every minute growing more tangible: his thoughts, however, following an opposite direction, for they wandered after his children. Stopping with them at every relay, he traced their progress towards the great city—now defended them from imaginary dangers—now pictured them arrived in safety. Never before had he beheld them so beautiful—never loved them so tenderly—never before forestalled the fading of the tender flowers which he had reared and seen blossom—never experienced a foretaste of the bitter agony that attends bereavement, even in anticipation. Still faster and faster onwards he urged his horse—and faster and faster crowded the thoughts upon his mind; now hopes, now fears—now visions of future happiness—now a gloomy perspective, with his enemy, D'Argenson, in the back ground, mocking him, weeping over the wreck of his fortunes—then they rapidly brought him back to the present, to the eve of his intended journey to the capital. Then he weighed his chances of success against

those of his foe—again his daughters flitted before him like phantoms, and again did he lose himself in a labyrinth of fears and hopes concerning them; when, in the midst of one of these reveries, his horse suddenly stopped and snorted, the baron found himself outside of the gate leading to the château.

"Oh! Monsieur le Baron!" exclaimed the porter, as he threw open the gate, "I am so glad you are come back! I was afraid something would happen to you. Monsieur D'Argenson has been here."

"Monsieur D'Argenson!" ejaculated the baron, faltering—a presentiment of ill creeping over him, as the hated name sounded in his ears; "Monsieur D'Argenson? when—when did he come? art thou sure?"

"Did I say Monsieur D'Argenson? no! somebody from him; Monsieur le Baron."

"Tut, man! speak! what dost thou mean?" retorted the baron, with more impatience than he was accustomed to exhibit.

"Well! Monsieur le Baron! it was a short time after you left, this morning; I think it was about two hours after; I won't be certain though"—

Giving his horse the spur, and ejaculating an *ugh* of impatience, intended for his garrulous dependent, the baron hastened towards the château, and, immediately on his arrival, summoned Jerôme.

"What man was that, who came here in my absence?" inquired he, with an unusual aspect of sternness.

Jerôme looked at his master, for a few moments, with mute astonishment; then, shaking his head, replied:

"What man? Monsieur le Baron!"

"*What* man?" responded the latter, hurriedly; "why, the man from Monsieur D'Argenson! what did he want? when did he come?"

"Indeed, Monsieur le Baron," replied the puzzled domestic; half inclined to suspect, either that he had left his own senses below, or that his worthy master had lost *his*, somewhere on the road; "indeed, I know of no strange man that has been here: old Thomas must have made a mistake."

"Go, quickly! bid some one fetch him hither," said the baron; who, as Jerôme disappeared, commenced pacing the apartment.

But he did not wait long; old Thomas, finding that his eloquence had failed in its effect—in plainer terms, that he had been unable to make himself fully understood, had followed in his master's steps as quickly as his gouty legs and their be-bunioned terminations permitted, and had nearly gained the mansion, when his locomotive speed received a sudden impetus from Jerôme's impatient Mercury, who, catching him by the arm, ushered him at once into the presence.

It was a sore trial for Thomas to stand, face to face, on the same level with his master; not, however, that he cared so very much about standing before him, provided he could only do it out of

doors—in the path—in his lodge—at the gate—in fact, any where else but *there*—where he then stood—in the drawing-room—up in that small corner—into which he had squeezed himself out of the way—with chairs to the right, and chairs to the left—with a large table before him, and a small table behind him, and another large table in the middle of the apartment—surrounded, too, by enframed faces—some of which he had seen alive; faces, with most extraordinary eyes, which, bent upon his own, pertinaciously followed them in every direction, as if determined to stare him out of countenance—*him*, upright, upon a floor so highly polished, that he could count every indentation made therein by his hob-nailed shoes—and so slippery, besides, that he almost felt it slide away from under his feet—then, to crown all—rendering his uneasiness still greater—there was fixed, immediately in front of him, a large mirror, in which he could see another Thomas, a perfect fac-simile of himself—staring upwards, and downwards, and around, and about—and coloring up—and coughing—and rubbing down his hair—and pulling up his collar—and tweedling his cap about—then letting it drop—then picking it up—and looking so vacantly at Thomas the first, that he inwardly concluded Thomas the second must be a fool.

Naturally of a benevolent disposition, the baron could not, without an approach to a smile, witness his servant's embarrassment: turning round, as much to indulge his humor as to afford Thomas an opportunity of taking courage, he poured out a tumbler of wine, and handing it to his servitor, commenced.

"Drink *that*, Thomas; then tell me what this stranger said!"

Thomas received the goblet from his master, and with a trembling hand, and a face, purple as the liquid he was about to imbibe, "Your good health," said he, "Monsieur le Baron!" quaffing the liquid while gazing intently at Thomas the second.

But the inspiriting draught failed to produce the customary effect upon the old porter, who, still more confounded at his presumption in drinking before his master—at his express desire, too—and overwhelmed, moreover, by this mark of condescension on the part of the latter, now stood, with his distorted cap in one hand, and his empty glass in the other, vainly looking around for a friendly spot on which to set it down.

"So! Thomas," observed the good-natured nobleman, perceiving how matters stood; "so! this man told you he came from Monsieur D'Argenson?"

"Monsieur le Baron," stammered Thomas, "he asked whether you were gone! that is, if you had started for Paris."

"Hum!" ejaculated the baron, thoughtfully; "and this individual came this morning; *after* my departure for Nantes?"

"About a couple of hours, my lord," replied the dependent, gaining confidence; "we were just taking up soup for dinner."

"What reply did'st thou make to his inquiry?"

"Well! Monsieur le Baron!" resumed Thomas, "I couldn't understand him; that is, he rather mystified me; for he asked me

whether your lordship intended returning to the château, before your lordship set out for Paris, or whether your lordship was going on to Paris direct."

"But what about D'Argenson? what said he of him?" exclaimed the baron.

"Well! Monsieur le Baron! I will tell you that, presently; all he said was this: tell Monsieur le Baron to beware of Paris, and of D'Argenson; and then, please your lordship, he galloped off, and was out of sight immediately."

The worthy baron listened with profound attention to the latter portion of the old porter's account, remaining for some minutes plunged in a deep reverie; only interrupting the current of his thoughts by ejaculating, from time to time, "Beware of Paris, and of D'Argenson!" and apparently unconscious of old Thomas's presence, or of the torture to which his silence was subjecting him.

"If thou hast nothing more to say, Thomas," he resumed, "thou can'st go: call at the stables, on thy way, and bid them prepare everything for my journey; tell Pierre I shall start at five to-morrow morning."

Bidding the baron a good night, Thomas saluted, and retired.

After half an hour, spent in deciding upon his itinerary, the baron summoned Jerôme, and communicated the mysterious intelligence that he had just learned from old Thomas. Jerôme attempted to dissuade his master from repairing to Paris unattended, but the intrepid baron, nothing daunted, felt it would be weakness to allow his decision to be over-ruled by the cautious advice of his faithful steward. Giving the latter his instructions for the proper regulation of the château, during his temporary absence, and handing him an address, to which he was to forward an epistle once a week, he further charged him to keep a strict watch for strangers, any of whom, found trespassing within the precincts of the domain, were to be arrested, and lodged in the white tower, and due notice of the proceeding transmitted to him, at Paris, immediately.

Ere he retired to rest, the baron collected the documents necessary to establish an appeal against D'Argenson's claim, adding to them, such as he considered essential to prove his own heirship to the estates of the late Count de St. Angin, his relative, in the event of the discovery of any authentic data respecting the death of the real heir. All of these, with the sum necessary for his journey, and for his expenditure at Paris, he enclosed in a small tin case, and having completed the necessary preparations for his departure before dawn, retired to taste a few hours of repose.

But the words: "Beware of Paris and of D'Argenson," haunted his ears; and as he pursued each weary league of his intended route, even to the gates of Paris, the face of his bitter foe peered into his, from each bush—each tree—each dark corner of the road, menacing him with the malignity of a fiend, as he endeavored in vain to elude his penetrating gaze, and to deliver his daughters from the snares which his overwrought fancy beheld laid, to entrap their un-

suspecting nature. He could feel some palpable danger impending over him; he grew conscious of making gigantic efforts to avert it—but, like a powerless man struggling to stem the current of a deep rapid torrent, became also sensible that his strength failed him at every successive effort, and that he was gradually sinking beneath the mass of waters. In vain he essayed to attach a determinate signification to the friendly warning of the mysterious stranger. Of D'Argenson he knew he must beware; but what terrible fatality should render Paris an object of dread—a spot to be shunned by the traveller—a spot fraught with hidden danger to himself, and which he must, notwithstanding, encounter, or risk the welfare of his daughters! It was perhaps an artifice, this pretended danger against which he had been cautioned—a snare, laid to deter him from undertaking the expedition, that, by his non-appearance, D'Argenson might compel the Judges of the Supreme Court to pronounce sentence against him by default. He must go—go he would—he is on his road—he has reached Paris—already his daughters are smiling on him—suddenly a hand weighs heavily upon his shoulder, and a voice utters:

"'Tis half-past four, Monsieur le Baron."

He awoke; Jerôme was standing by his bedside.

As the old tower-bell chimed five, the baron, attended by Pierre, his groom set out, on horseback, from the château. Late the same evening he reached Tours, whence he dismissed Pierre, back to La Gâcherie, with his (the baron's) horse, intending to continue his journey to Paris, in the public conveyance. Accordingly, he secured a seat in a lumbering machine, styled a *coche*, (since, by way of contrast to the sloth-like nature of its movements, called a diligence) at this period, performing one painful transit to the capital once a week; fortunately, for the baron's convenience, it started the next morning; before dawn of which, it had commenced its rumbling progress, and within six and thirty hours, arrived at the barrier forming the entrance into Paris.

As the conductor approached the same, he commenced blowing, with the whole strength of his lungs, into a small brass horn, expressing therefrom a multiplicity of notes, that, together, compounded a well-known popular air, called "*Le bon roi Dagobert:*" the postilions, emulous of his musical skill, performing an *obligato* accompaniment on the whip, consisting of a series of cracks, which accompaniment is, to this day, still perpetrated by their modern rivals.

The horses, of their own accord, stopped at the gate; the postilions and the conductor descended from their respective perches; the former, repairing to the nearest wine-shop, for the purpose of imbibing their morning-dram; whilst the latter sought the official, stationed at the guard-house appertaining to the barrier.

"Good morning, comrade," said this functionary to his periodical friend, at the same time holding out his hand.

"The same to you, master Philip," responded the conductor,

acknowledging the friendly salutation as he shook the sleet from his coat and cap; "we've got the winter early! any news?"

"Only two men going to be executed at the Grêve, this morning, for robbing the Pére Dubois."

"I shall be just in time," replied the conductor, handing to the official a small packet of papers. "Get those examined quickly, will you? I wouldn't lose the sight for a crown piece."

As master Philip took the papers, a third individual joined them, and commenced inspecting the documents. Having conned them over, and noted the particulars of the passports, he returned them, all but one, to the conductor; observing: "*these* are in rule;" and disappeared into the guard-house.

"Something wrong, master Philip," ejaculated the conductor to his friend.

"They have been waiting all night," responded the latter, in a half-whisper, jerking his head in the direction of the guard-house: "who is it? do you know?"

Before he could receive any answer, however, the inspector of the passports re-appeared, followed by an officer of musketeers, and by three soldiers of the same corps. On a sign from their superior, the conductor opened the door of the *coche*, in the *coupè* of which sat the baron, totally unsuspicious of the nature of the delay; the officer bowed as he scrutinized the worthy nobleman's features, and exhibiting a sealed parchment, exclaimed:

"Monsieur le Baron de St. Auney! I arrest you, in the name of the king. Here is a lettre-de-cachet!"

Ere the baron could shake off the icy thrill which overcame him, on perceiving the fatal document, two of the soldiers advanced, tendering a hand to assist him in alighting, and preceded by their officer, conducted him at once into the guard-house, whilst the third, directed by the conductor, secured the prisoner's baggage.

Many were the explanatory glances interchanged between master Philip and the conductor, and silent and ominous the whisperings of the postilions, as the unfortunate nobleman disappeared; but curiosity to witness the forthcoming execution at the Grêve, getting the better of his sympathy for his late passenger's arrest, Jehu hurriedly clambered into his box—the postilions resumed their seat—the affrighted passengers withdrew their heads from the windows, and commenced forthwith a series of comments upon the adventure; master Philip once more saluted his friend—again the brazen horn detailed the good King Dagobert's colloquy with the great St. Eloi—again the postilions' whips executed their noisy accompaniment, and again the heavy vehicle rolled onwards towards its destination.

In the course of half an hour, a conveyance drove up to the door of the guard-house: into it, the baron was motioned to ascend, being closely followed by the officer, who seated himself by his side; having delivered the prisoner's effects into the custody of the driver, the subordinates saluted their superior, and the coach drove off in

the direction of the Bastile. It reached the sombre edifice, without the exchange of a word between the baron and his capturer; and, without the usual preliminary examination, De St. Auney was consigned to the dungeon, known as No. 2 La Bertaudière.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BARON DE ST. AUNEY ASSISTED IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

Abandoned to his reflections, the unhappy baron began to trace the finger of D'Argenson, directing the machinations, which had ended in confining him, his victim, within a dungeon of the redoubtable Bastile St. Antoine. He could now perceive, that he had been gradually entrapped in a web, which his arch-enemy had silently woven about him—he could distinctly remember each individual act, at the time unheeded, by which he had unwittingly placed himself in his power—with painful acuteness. His memory dwelt upon the signs, the nods, the glances, exchanged between certain of his people at Château la Gâcherie as the truth flashed upon his mind, that he had been surrounded by spies. Unsuspicious by nature, he had not at the time, remarked these significant signals, nor attached importance to the disappearance of one or two waiting-men, a very few weeks previous to his misfortune; he had not, until the present moment, even suspected the agency of the notary; but now, he could see through all, and as he reflected upon his present misery in some measure, the consequence of his own imprudence, and upon the calamities it must inevitably entail upon the heads of his innocent girls, he cursed his irresolution and lack of foresight, which had withheld him from seeking, earlier, the redress he now but vainly sought, at the hand of majesty.

And now the prisoner in No. 2 La Bertaudière, after spending a considerable time in pacing to and fro the narrow cell, the walls of which formed the boundary of his solitary oscillations, sat down upon the miserable, dirty pallet, intended to form his couch at night, and began to ponder over the uncertainty of his destiny. Escape, there was none! No hope of it, not even a distant hope, entered his brain; his liberation, too, was uncertain; perhaps never would take place; for he had heard of such things as *sudden deaths* occurring to the unfortunate inmates of the fortress, of which he was now an inhabitant, as also of these, lingering out the natural term of their life, in protracted expectation of speedy liberty; he shuddered, as he measured the power that his adversary now possessed over him —the power of life or death.

He knew too, that D'Argenson sought the reversion of the estates of the late Count de St. Angin · he could perceive, that, unsuccessful

in establishing his claim to the same, he had inveigled him, through the notary's agency, into his present dilemma, and now sought, by incarcerating him, to involve him deeper in difficulties, into which his own excessive delicacy had, originally, plunged him. The loss of his papers, which, with his valuables had been taken from him on entering the Bastile, preyed heavily upon his mind, inasmuch as he found himself, all at once deprived of the indispensable documents, as of the means, whereby his heirship to the St. Angin estate could be established, or the pretensions of D'Argenson frustrated. He half regretted, that, ere matters attained to their present crisis, he had not presumed upon his right of heirship, by the death, real or supposed, of the late count's son, to raise upon the title deeds of the property, a sum sufficient to cancel the debt due to the notary, and thus place himself without the pale of D'Argenson's astute persecution; then, again, he consoled himself with the reflection, that had he violated his strict sense of justice, his conscience would have refused him its support in the hour of trial, when he must have sunk, overwhelmed by mental agony, ere hope came to his relief.

However, in the midst of these conflicting thoughts, would hope, like an *ignus-fatuus*, now and then glimmer across the gloomy track they were pursuing, and, in intervals, such as these, when his mental anguish appeared suspended for a season, the old man's eyes suffused with tears, would be directed towards heaven, whilst a convulsive sob would interrupt the passage of a brief prayer to the Great Director of human events; a prayer for the safety of his unprotected daughters; a prayer, not pronounced perhaps—nay not even clothed in words—yet, spoken by his heart, with all the mental fervor, all the devotion, of a servant resigned to the guidance of a Supreme Power.

If he knelt not, his soul was not the less humble.

Whilst deeply engaged in these silent prayers, the gloomy quietude of his place of confinement was suddenly disturbed by the noise of heavy footsteps. He listened; the sounds became more distinct; at length, the massive iron doors of his cell slowly opened, when an individual entered, whom we must introduce to the reader.

He was a short square man, with a large head, set upon a neck that an Hercules might have envied; without a neckcloth (this appendage being superseded by a quantity of black hair, which flourished in a luxuriant crop beneath and around it), his muscular throat was exposed in all its capillary proportions, the large veins swollen, apparently almost to bursting; his hair, thick and curly, lustrous and coal-black, grew down upon a compressed, knotty forehead, two angular protuberances of which, formed sockets for a pair of small gray eyes, the whites of which were blood-shot, and the lids inflamed.

His squat frame was encased in a dirty buff jerkin, confined around his waist by a broad leathern girdle, fastened in front by a large buckle, whilst from the girdle itself depended an enormous bunch of keys.

From the interior of a capacious basket, which, on entering, he had deposited on the ground; he next extracted a piece of bread—brown as the coarsest meal, bad baking, and unleavened dough could make it—a small bottle of wine, a hollow platter; into which he poured a certain quantity of liquid meant to represent soup, and a second small tin platter, on which appeared a few solitary pieces of baked meat. These condiments he arranged in due order—that is to say, without order at all—upon the small table aforesaid; then, without breaking silence, made for the door.

The baron watched Ru's (for such was his name) proceedings, without attempting to interrupt them; indeed, he had not an opportunity, as the whole of these preparations were concluded within a space of three minutes; but when he beheld his jailer about to leave him again to solitude, he could not resist his impulse to speak; in a voice, tremulous with nervous excitement, he hurriedly exclaimed, as Ru laid his hand on the door—

"Stay, man! for pity's sake, stay a *moment!*"

Ru shook his head, and, without turning aside, unlocked the door, inserting his body, backwards, through the opening thus effected for his egress. The baron arose, ejaculating as he made a step towards the retreating form of his jailer—for Ru was *porte-clefs* of the tower La Bertaudière—

"Tell me, I implore you, what is the hour?"

But the door was suddenly closed in his face, probably because the jailer feared an attempt at escape. The baron stood a moment, petrified with disgust, and then returned to his pallet, upon which, however, he had scarcely reseated himself, when his prison-door was a second time cautiously opened, and Ru again appeared in the aperture. Not a muscle of his face moved; but holding up both hands, extending the ten digital prolongations of his immense palms, he gave a kind of low grunt or snarl, as if to engage the Baron's attention to his telegraphy, then, dropping his hands, held up one finger, renewed the communicative grunt and immediately disappeared.

He had, now, not broken his fast for more than twelve hours, and, notwithstanding the unsavoriness of the viands placed for his meal, nature craved after her customary sustenance; so, drawing the small table nearer to his wretched bed, for, contrary to custom, there was no chair, he attempted to swallow a portion of the oup. It was, however, too nauseous; his stomach rejected it. He had not yet reached that point of famishment, which enabled the other inmates of the Bastile to greedily devour their scanty portion.

His limbs, too, were benumbed with cold, for it was the middle of November, and the winter had set in earlier than usual; not that the weather was particularly severe, without, but within the thick walls of the Bastile, the dungeons had contracted, from lack of ventilation, an habitual and unwholesome dampness, which, even in summer, rendered the middle stories cold.

After many vain attempts to restore the animal warmth of his aged frame, by walking backwards and forwards within a space of fourteen feet by twelve, the baron threw himself upon the bed, and at length succeeded in snatching a little repose. But even this respite from his present cares was of short duration, for, disturbed by dreams, in which he beheld D'Argenson, his daughters, himself, and others, engaged in a fray of which he could comprehend neither the commencement nor the end, he would start up at intervals, in a state of intense mental agony, until exhausted nature again overcame him.

On awaking from one of these fits, he beheld Ru at his bed-side; he had brought a light, together with six small logs of wood, which having ignited, crackled on the hearth, casting out a volume of pungent vapor, against which the jailer himself could with difficulty contend.

As the baron arose, Ru withdrew, pointing to the fire and to a second course of viands, which he had placed by the side of the first—yet intact—and, as on his first visit, gained the door immediately after executing his errand.

The food that Ru had brought was the same as the morning meal, except the soup; the baron, therefore, did not feel disposed to renew his attempts upon the edibles, in spite of his faintness every moment increasing, for lack of nourishment.

He remained up until the last log was reduced to ashes, when he again threw himself upon his pallet, in order, if possible, to sleep till morning, hoping a change in his diet would then enable him to take a little sustenance. Strange to say, he *did* sleep, and soundly; nor did he awaken until aroused by the grating of the key in the lock of his cell door.

It was Ru! This functionary stepped across to the table, placed *under it* a pitcher of water, and upon it a mess of lentils and a morsel of bread, taking no notice whatever of the prisoner; he, however, perceived that the victuals of the preceding day were untouched, and commenced a scrutiny of the wine, by holding the bottle between himself and the lamp which he had brought with him, for it was scarcely daylight.

The whole of these manœuvres were achieved in so limited a time, that De St. Auney was scarcely aware of Ru's presence, ere the latter was again on the point of disappearing. As on the two former occasions, the baron attempted to renew his question, but was stopped by the telegraphic communication of his jailer, who seemed alive to his prisoner's wish. Holding up his right hand, and displaying his five digits, he as rapidly closed them, then extended the two ossifications of the same hand; after which he withdrew, locking the door after him.

The Baron de St. Auney arose, suffering from thirst, and powerless from exhaustion. He detected by the smell the presence of his morning's ration, and even ventured to taste the vegetables of which it consisted, but notwithstanding his desire for food, their

rancid taste, and the heated condition of the lentils before they were submitted to the action of fire and water, completely blunted the keenness of his hunger, and he ejected the nauseous food from his mouth.

But hour after hour rolled on, and his jailer came not. He already experienced the keenest pangs of hunger, frantically pacing his cell, or sitting upon his bed, mute and despairing, as he vainly listened to catch the sound of Ru's footsteps, or the chimes of a bell to warn him of the hour of his approach.

After a lapse of some hours, the sound of approaching footsteps did reach his ear—but they seemed to proceed beyond his cell, and at last became distinctly audible overhead.

Was this another victim added to those already incarcerated within the dreary walls of the Bastile?

A quarter of an hour elapsed, which to the baron appeared protracted to twice that period, when his own cell door was thrown open, and Ru entered, followed by a second personage, who remained stationary at the entrance, whilst the jailer removed the rejected food, and placed more of the same kind in its stead, refilling a pitcher. He next threw on the hearth a few logs of wood, and kindled a fire, during which operation, his back being turned to the door, the new-comer cheeked, by a significant glance, a gesture of the baron, who arose for the purpose of putting into effect his resolution of the morning; Ru stooped to blow the fire with his breath, for the wood, being damp, would not ignite; taking advantage of his position, Jacques, for 't was he, threw a cake of chocolate upon the baron's bed, immediately placing his finger on his lips to indicate silence, assuming, as Ru turned round, a posture of perfect abstraction.

The worthy pair quitted the cell immediately that Ru's mission was completed; the latter, without even looking at the baron; whilst Jacques, who, as he retreated, caught the baron's eye, conveyed to him a glance to indicate succor at hand.

On their disappearance the baron burst into tears: he was again alone!

Recovering his self-possession, he speedily converted the nutritious cake into a liquid, by boiling it in the earthen pitcher upon the cheerful fire which now blazed in the hearth—having, first, partially clarified the supply of water that Ru had brought,—the beverage restored him, and he again turned with disgust from the diet which his jailer had left for his evening's repast.

From this period until that of his daughter's abduction—a lapse of thirteen days—the position of the prisoner in No. 2 La Bertaudière, visibly amended: a clean straw bed replaced his dirty pallet; an easy chair augmented the catalogue of his moveables; his food, better in quality, and more carefully dressed, no longer smoked on unclean platters; the wine, too, improved, being now potable, though still somewhat acrid; a fire enlivened his cell during the day, a lamp at night; a few books, borrowed from the chap-

lain's library, served to relieve the heavy monotony of the tedious hours. Once, and only once, a stranger came to the cell door, but after glancing his eye around the dungeon, whilst the subordinate arranged the prisoner's condiments—disappeared with him, without breaking silence; even his unknown friend seemed to have forgotten him.

But, in spite of the comparative comforts which he now enjoyed, the old nobleman's mind gradually fell a prey to the agonies of grief and suspense—his anxiety, too, respecting his daughters, daily gathered strength—and in proportion as the term allowed him to appeal against D'Argenson's claim drew towards its close, the days succeeded one another more and more rapidly—his despondency increasing as his hopes of liberation fell.

This was his position at the period of Julie's abduction.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE. ST. MARC AT FAULT. JACQUES'S MYSTERIOUS AGENCY.

The vehicle containing Jacques and the insensible Julie, rolled onward at a rapid pace towards its sombre destination; and now, a current of cold air, engendered by the swift motion of the coach, came whistling through the open windows, and fanning the maiden's pallid cheek, gradually restored her suspended faculties; a sudden shriek, succeeded by a gush of tears, were the first indices that she gave of consciousness, as she became indistinctly aware of the nature of her companionship with the man whose image still remained impressed upon her affrighted imagination.

First she beheld him standing in the apartment which they had just quitted—each lineament drawn in bold relief—tangibly distinct amidst the gloom; then, as the dull lights flashed and flickered across their path—the transitory gleam only deepening the succeeding darkness—she could perceive his dark eyes glaring into her face, and shrunk back, shuddering, rivetted to her seat, fascinated by his gaze into powerlessness, like the victim of the fabled basilisk.

Soon the current of her thought is interrupted by a shock—the vehicle stops—they are at the Bastile!

Assisted by Jacques, she alighted, half fainting, from the coach: a stifled shriek escaped her lips, as the man partially enfolded her in his huge mantle, to protect her delicate frame from the piercing night-air, and from the damp which fell, half-frozen, on her bare head and shoulders: yet, she clung instinctively to him, as the harsh grating of the ponderous doors, revolving on their

massive hinges, assailed her ears—preferring even his protection to the custody of the hideous wretches whom they encountered on their passage through the outer courts—and more firmly still did she grasp his arm, as the huge, rusty bolts of the great gates moved back into their sockets, and the chains of the principal drawbridge were once more drawn down and confined within their iron locks.

"Save me, Heaven!" she ejaculated, as, half walking, half borne along by Jacques, she approached the cell into which they were now about to enter.

"By Heaven's aid, *I* will save you, maiden!" responded her companion, in a half whisper; and Julie felt two hot tears fall, in quick succession, on her cheek; she looked up; the man's eyes were dry.

The officer on duty, who preceded them to the council-chamber, now threw open the thick doors of the apartment, exclaiming: "The prisoner, 'sieur governor!" and withdrew, immediately upon the entry of Jacques and Julie.

As on a recent occasion, it was tenanted by St. Marc and Corbé, who, as the spy conducted his lovely charge, trembling with fear, to a seat, interchanged glances, betraying a purpose of vengeance, which, though yet slumbering in their thoughts, laid, serpent-like, feeding and fattening on its own venom.

"Give me the lamp, Corbé," muttered the governor, pointing to the table, and slowly rising from his chair, as his nephew hastened to obey his command; "let us see our prisoner."

With an exclamation of terror, Julie covered her eyes with her hands, to shut out from her view the hideous beings that approached her; then, starting up, fled from the spot where she had been sitting, to the opposite corner, whither Jacques followed, placing himself before her, and, by a motion of the hand, checking the nearer advance of St. Marc and his nephew.

"The maiden is alarmed, 'sieur governor," said he; "besides, she is ignorant of the customs of the Bastile! Fear not, girl;" continued he to Julie, raising her shrinking form, and gently uncovering her beautiful face; "'tis a ceremony which thou must undergo; although, it might have been delayed!" here he cast a withering glance upon the governor, towards whom he now advanced, leading Julie by the hand.

Reassured by her conductor, in whom her confidence every moment increased, she turned her swimming eyes full upon the repulsive countenance of St. Marc, abiding his scrutiny with less trepidation than disgust, as the latter, raising the lamp over his head, stood, with Corbé, apparently committing the outline of each feature to memory; this act fulfilled, however, she again hid her eyes, as though desirous to obliterate from her imagination the fearful visages of her jailers.

On a sign from his uncle, Corbé drew a chair close up to the table, in which the governor seated himself, and placed before him a portfolio, containing a number of fly-leaves, numbered and

ruled; some, wholly filled up, others yet blank; selecting one of the latter, St. Marc dipped his pen into a massive ink-stand, and staring intently at Julie, ejaculated:

"Thy name?"

The girl started, as his harsh voice grated on her ear, but gathering courage from Jacques' silent admonitions, answered, though tremblingly:

"Julie!"

"Julie! Julie what?" snarled the governor, as he inscribed the name.

"De St. Auney," responded Jacques, frowning.

St. Marc's eyes, as he started at the name, flashed with suppressed anger; he returned the spy's scowl, though unable to conceal the emotion excited by his intelligence, and whispering to Corbé, the latter handed him a letter, still unsealed, which he deposited by his side, continuing:

"What age?"

"Seventeen!"

"Married?" quickly retorted the governor, at the same time entering her age in the column.

"N—n—not yet, monsieur!" hesitatingly responded the maiden, sinking on the stone-seat, by the door.

Unmindful of her distress, St. Marc, having appended, *spinster*, to the name Julie de St. Auney, continued his interrogatory.

"Thy profession?"

But Julie answered not the question, loud hysteric sobs choking her utterance.

"Thy calling, prisoner!" shouted St. Marc; "how dost thou earn thy bread?"

The maiden started from her seat; dashing the tears away with her white hand, and proudly throwing back her head, she, with dignity, responded:

"I am a gentlewoman, 'sieur governor: and unused to such interrogations; I demand, at least, the courtesy which is due to my birth!"

She again took her seat, awaiting, with an appearance of calmness, the effect of her determination.

Jacques' eyes glistened with satisfaction, as Julie rebuked her brutal jailer; and ere the latter recovered from his astonishment, or could frame a reply, exclaimed:

"'Sieur governor! thou art taking undue advantage of thy power: in the name of the prisoner, I claim, for her, the fulfillment to the letter of the document by thy side: 'tis yet unsealed—a proof of monseigneur's attention to the duties of his office;" here a smile of irony curled his lip, as, bowing to St. Marc, he pointed to the letter of anticipation, which the former had neglected to inspect, but which, Jacques' quick eye immediately recognized, he himself having been the bearer of the missive.

With a hideous scowl of defiance, St. Marc retorted:

"And what if I refuse? Knowest thou my power? dog, that thou art!"

Jacques smiled contemptuously, as he answered:

"Thou darest *not* refuse, 'sieur governor! and as for thy threats, they are idle; thou knowest I hold *that* which would bear me harmless hence, though thy power were even greater than it is."

Trembling with passion, the governor seized the letter and tore it open, but, as he perused its contents, his countenance gradually fell, and his already frowning brow gathered deeper wrinkles; nor did Corbé appear less moved on receiving the document from his uncle's hand; having hastily cast his eye over it, he as hastily deposited it upon the table; then looked at St. Marc; then at Julie; then at Jacques, and then again at Julie; and from her at his uncle, and from him again at Jacques; until, having completed his survey, for the third time his eyes rested upon St. Marc, and he ejaculated:

"Shall I go uncle?"

"At once, nephew;" responded the governor: the next moment, Corbé, lighting a torch, which lay by the chimney-side, shot swiftly past Jacques and Julie, and disappeared from the council-chamber —his heavy steps, as he receded, echoing along the passages connecting it with the opposite wing of the fortress.

Not a word escaped from either party during the brief absence of Corbé. This lapse of time afforded Julie ample opportunity of scanning the dimensions, the construction, the furniture, in fact, the *minutiæ* of the apartment in which she stood; and of comparing it with the one she had that evening quitted—with those which she had hitherto inhabited. Jacques knew the thoughts that were revolving in her mind, and inwardly invoked a malison upon the head of he who had constituted him the agent of her abduction; yet, as he pronounced the malediction, did his conscience acquit him of evil intent towards her—his heart beating with quickened pulses, as he framed a high resolve to deliver that maiden, scathless, from the toils now weaving around her.

Whilst the thoughts of each severally pursued their object, the door of the council-chamber slowly opened, and Corbé re-entered, bearing the still flaming torch, and followed by an elderly female, holding a small lamp, who curtsied low, first to the governor, and then to Julie. The latter, on perceiving one of her own sex advance towards her, instinctively cast herself into her arms; thus silently, though eloquently, appealing to her for protection.

The matron, to whose guardianship Julie so confidingly committed herself, was a diminutive personage, between forty and fifty years of age, individualized, as a Christian, by the name of Bridget. Originally far, very far below five feet, her stature had gradually effaced itself, and disappeared in her ever-increasing rotundity, until, at the period she is introduced, it was difficult to decide whether she could be most fairly measured by her height or by her breadth. Then she always wore a tucker and bib, both scrupulously clean,

fastened behind by a triple row of tapes, and around the waist by a band of red serge; red being a color she most liked, because, as she often told Ru, in private, it *married* well with her complexion. Bridget's disposition wavered much, according to circumstances. Sometimes she exhibited unequivocal symptoms of gayety; but these would suddenly give place to paroxysms of turbulence, that rendered her a terror to the cooks and scullions of His Most Christian Majesty's Bastile, and gave rise to reports that she owed her present lot entirely to the fatal exercise of the same upon her late husband; and as these reports were not confined to the individuals above mentioned, but were equally current in other quarters, there may have been some truth in them. Certain it is, that the small portion of good-nature she originally possessed, had, under the strict regimen of the château, in which she officiated as nurse, gradually oozed away, until scarcely a particle thereof remained, which particle she kept, moreover, carefully secluded within her own breast, having frequent occasion to confer upon her own person the benefits of the same. Some time had now elapsed since a female prisoner of Julie's rank had been confided to her care, and greedily did her eyes twinkle on beholding the few articles of jewelry that adorned the person of the fair maiden—it would be harsh to assert that Bridget coveted them, though 'tis only justice to add, that they very much struck her fancy.

When Julie rushed into her arms, Bridget made no movement whatever, so completely was the expression of her inward feelings controlled by her terror of infringing the strict laws by which she, in common with the other functionaries of the Bastile, were bound, with regard to prisoners. All she could do was to look first at Julie, then at St. Marc, who at length exclaimed:

"Bridget! conduct that young lady to No. 1, in the Bertaudière tower. See that it be rendered as comfortable as possible, and that she have every requisite becoming her rank as a gentlewoman. Remember, however, that silence be thy motto!"

Waving his hand, he arose from his seat to usher them to the door; and, ere Julie could offer a word in reply, she found herself in the passage without the apartment, following her guide to the dungeon allotted to her use.

Having passed through the sundry *corps-de-gardes* of the interior, they arrived at the last one, situated within the great door commanding the great inner court. Here they found a sentinel, with Ru, awaiting their approach: as he raised his torch, and Julie caught a glimpse of his features, she shrieked aloud; whereupon he turned round to the sentry and winked, chuckling at the impression which his physiognomy appeared to have created; then, beckoning to Bridget to follow with her charge, at once dashed across the court, and unlocked the doors of the tower.

What was Julie's horror on crossing the threshold of her prison! Unclean and unventilated, the stench from within caused her to shrink back with disgust, notwithstanding Ru's telegraphic intima-

tion to the effect that she should enter—that the den below, viz., the dungeon, was far more comfortless, and that the one they were then in had not been long empty; in proof of which consoling fact, he exhibited the remains of a plate of lentils, left by the previous over-fed occupant. But to all these and many other broad hints illustrative of the same theme, Julie could make no reply—her tears flowing rapidly, as she leant upon the shoulder of her jaileress, who now led her to a large arm-chair, at the same time motioning Ru to hasten the completion of the arrangements necessary to improve the domestic comforts of No. 1 La Bertaudière.

Whilst Ru was absent, dame Bridget, or, as she was styled, sister Bridget, abandoning her charge to her grief, commenced operations upon the bed; and having satisfied herself that clean sheets, clean blankets, clean pillow-cases, and clean coverlets, were requisite; and that the pillows were a trifle too hard, and the bed itself a trifle harder still, to form a pleasant couch for so delicate a prisoner, cast the whole into a heap, near the door, and on Ru making his appearance, silently intimated the extent of her wishes; a portion of which implied a peremptory command that he should make as much haste as possible to comply with them. Ru appeared perfectly to comprehend sister Bridget, for, shouldering the entire mass of bedding, he at once departed on his errand; nor did sister Bridget prove herself ungrateful for this specimen of alacrity on his part, since she at once commenced raking a hole in the pile of ashes on the hearth, then placed at a convenient distance from each other the two large stones which served as dog-irons, and lastly deposited thereon with mathematical precision, first, a large log of wood behind, then a smaller log in front of it, and between both, and on the top of the latter, a smaller one still.

Many and rapid were the signals that now passed between sister Bridget and Ru, and mysterious was the secret which rendered them intelligible. Three several times did he disappear and re-appear, and each time did he return bearing some article calculated to increase the catalogue of moveables forming the *comforts* of the cell. Most actively, too, did sister Bridget ease him of each successive burden; so that by the time her Mercury achieved his third journey, she had contrived to render No. 1 in the Bertaudière, passably inhabitable—by making up a clean, though coarse bed, to which, by an effort of feminine ingenuity, she appended a curtain, formed of a piece of serge of nondescript color, that had served her a few years for the same purpose; then she covered the grimy table with a tolerably white cloth, and drew it near the fire; and further, placed upon the same, after diving into a small pannier, the product of Ru's third voyage, the remains of a roast fowl, and some white bread, and a brown pitcher of water, and a diminutive bottle of wine, adding thereto a few apples from some secret store known to Ru; all of which preparatives duly completed, she, with great show of commiseration invited Julie to the feast.

During the whole time, however, that these arrangements were

effecting—that is, within a quarter of an hour—Julie sat, weeping and sobbing, careless, apparently, of the movements of her jailers. Twice or thrice she removed her hand from her eyes; but on beholding the dungeon which enclosed her within its stony arms, again shut it out from her view, her tears flowing with two-fold rapidity. At length, sister Bridget, having fulfilled the duties of her office, intimated that her presence must no longer enliven the prisoner's solitude. Making the prisoner a low curtesy, she noiselessly withdrew, closely followed by Ru.

The noise of the heavy keys turning within the rusty locks, awoke Julie from her state of abstraction. She started up, and at once felt the whole misery of her position; she was alone.

Clasping her hands, she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, and sinking on her knees, ejaculated, with all the fervor of a heart that learns sorrow for the first time:

"Father! Thy will be done!"

Leaving the distressed maiden alone to her sorrows, let us return to Jacques, who, on the disappearance of sister Bridget with the fair prisoner from the Council-chamber, exhibited the pass, which, on a former occasion, had insured his egress from the Bastile. Not a word escaped his lips; nor did either St. Marc or Corbé attempt to break silence. On a sign from his uncle, the latter personage again made for the door; Jacques bowed to the governor, and following in the steps of Corbé, still bearing the torch, soon passed the outer portal. Hence, he proceeded in the direction of the Rue St. Antoine, at the corner of which stood two individuals, enveloped in cloaks, apparently awaiting his arrival; the shorter of the two advanced towards him as he emerged from beneath the shadow of the great wall, and laying a hand upon his arm, exclaimed, in a low tone:

"Is it done?"

Doffing his hat, the spy answered, in the same voice:

"It is, holy father."

"There is thy reward," responded the individual, placing in his agent's hand a well-filled purse, and immediately rejoining his companion.

As their forms vanished in the gloom, Jacques turned into the Rue St. Antoine, and disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

A SEQUEL.

Compelled to associate with the fraternity of spies—the secret machinery of that gigantic system, engendered, brought forth, and matured by the fertile brain of D'Argenson, and of which he was the life spring—Jacques early conceived a method of turning his connection with them to account. His gigantic stature, his immense muscular power, his energy, controlled and directed by indomitable independence of spirit and determination, most prominent when most opposed to the overbearance of the lieutenant of police (who, though servilely obeyed, was hated as much as dreaded), these qualities had at once established him in the consideration of the men whom circumstance had made his companions. Assured of his empire over them, he adopted from their number, some three or four individuals, similar in point of character with himself, and whom, repeated trials had proved worthy of his confidence, resolving them into a secret committee, which met periodically, under his auspices, for the purpose of rendering account to him, of the intelligence they had procured through their respective emissaries.

The system of espionage established by their superior, the lieutenant of police, was a vast cobweb, extending over the face of the entire kingdom, and of which the sensitive filaments were prolonged into its remotest corner—each delicate fibre attaching itself and tenaciously clinging, to the asperities of its interior polity, insinuating itself, even into the privacy of the unsuspecting citizens; in its centre, couched D'Argenson, like a loathsome spider, greedily alive to the slightest derangement of the susceptible fabric he himself had constructed—ready to pounce upon the unwary intruder, ere he could disengage himself from the toils wherein he had become entangled.

But, although assured of obtaining, through the medium of his secret agents, the earliest intelligence of the actions, public and private, of the citizens of Paris, D'Argenson—from the nature and constitution of the system itself, based as it was upon deceit—lay more open than any other individual of the empire, to the tricks of the very spies he employed; these, for the credit, but more for the reward consequent upon the discovery of plots, crimes, or misdemeanors, invented tales, and carried them out amongst themselves, for the express purpose of extorting money from the avaricious hand of their employer; nor was Jacques' committee backward in practising upon individual credulity, especially upon that of D'Argenson, whensoever the opportunity presented itself.

From one of these, whom D'Argenson, unsuspicious of the truth,

had placed about the person of the baron, Jacques gained intelligence of the proceedings at Château la Gâcherie. From whatever motives, his sympathies were immediately enlisted in favor of the old nobleman, and he determined to serve him; nor, having once so determined, was he long before he rendered himself master of D'Argenson's secret designs against his intended victim's liberty. To prevent the baron's journey to Paris, Jacques endeavored, through the medium of one of his special agents, to forewarn him of his danger; but the attempt, desperate in itself, was, moreover, risked under most unfavorable auspices, in consequence of the removal of the local commissary whom he had—secretly gained over to his interests—and of the substitution of another, devoted to those of the lieutenant of police, whose vigilance Jacques' emissary found impracticable to elude, until the very eve of the baron's departue. Of his failure, Jacques was unaware, until from the lips of Monsieur de Joncas, the third in authority under St. Marc, he ascertained the particulars of De St. Auney's arrest, on the evening after it had been effected.

To the powerful and timely interference of D'Argenson, De Joncas owed his present elevated position; without descending, however, to the offices of a spy, he fulfilled the duties of his station, and at the same time discharged those towards his patron, neither exciting the suspicions of St. Marc, nor awakening those of his cofunctionaries; only to Jacques, D'Argenson's confidential emissary, was he empowered to communicate such information as he possessed, being pledged, moreover, to answer such questions, relatively to the interior government of the fortress, as should be put to him by competent authority.* By virtue of a special order, emanating from the lieutenant of police, and countersigned by the king and by the minister of state, Jacques was privileged to enter and to leave the Bastile, unmolested, as often as secret business called him thither. And it was on one of his official visits, that De Joncas informed him of the manner in which St. Marc had disposed of the Baron de St. Auney.

Notwithstanding his willingness, De Joncas could not interfere to ameliorate the unfortunate nobleman's position, without partially, if not wholly, compromising the system, of which he formed an unwilling agent; nor without betraying it to the underlings, to whom he was prohibited from even hinting its existence. On the other hand, although equally desirous to alleviate the baron's sufferings, Jacques, for similar reasons, durst not confide in Ru, who was, besides, a creature of the governor's. In this dilemma, De Joncas decided that Jacques should accompany him, in his round of in-

* Monsieur De Joncas was the king's lieutenant, and third in authority in the Bastile. His duties were as follows: viz. to inspect the prisons in each tower, at least once a week: to report the result of his visits to the governor, to superintend the fulfillment of the governor's injunctions, with regard to the treatment of certain prisoners: he also commanded the garrison, and once a day, went the rounds of the Bastile, with a picquet of soldiers, or deputed an officer to perform this onerous duty.

spection, and one evening, on Ru reaching the door of No. 2 La Bertaudière, should follow him in, as his (De Joncas') deputy, the latter remaining on guard at the outer door.

The reader is acquainted with the result of his visit.

That night, Jacques communicated the intelligence to D'Argenson, who, on the following evening, accompanied by his spy, hastened to the Bastile, and having satisfied himself of the correctness of his emissary's statement, and of the prisoner's melancholy condition, proceeded to the apartment of the governor, and apostrophized him in the manner already related; Jacques accompanying Ru and De Joncas in their inspection of another tower of the Bastile.

Abruptly quitting the side of the king's lieutenant, as they reached the first inner gate leading into the vestibule, on their return from the tower, Jacques, impelled by some cogent motive, bent his steps towards the governor's apartment; not, however, with his usually firm gait, but furtively, as though fearful of meeting D'Argenson, or the governor, or his nephew. He listened cautiously and anxiously, as he crossed the anti-room, now stopping short—now advancing—then stopping again; and then again advancing, until, at length, his hand rested on the first massive iron door. Extending his palm over it, he examined the iron plates attentively, guided only by the touch, for he had no light; and now, as his finger rested on the centre row of nails with which it was studded, pulled the door towards him as noiselessly as its weight upon the solid hinges would allow. Here again, he stopped, again listening with increased anxiety, and a second time commenced his scrutiny; but, this time, in the direction of the second door, opening into the council-chamber (wherein were seated St. Marc and Corbé), and along the solid masonry, which, to the thickness of nine feet, formed the wall and the passage separating the two doors.

Running his finger carefully along the massive stone-work, taking as a point of departure the centre row of nails which he had first touched, he detected a small steel spring—so small, that it scarcely protruded beyond the level of the wall itself: it obeyed the touch, flinging open a door formed without of the component stones of the masonry, and within, of strong plates of iron, to which the former were cemented; and, in so nice a manner, that, even by the strongest torch-light, he could have perceived no evidence of its existence; the whole surface of the wall presenting so unbroken, so solid an appearance.

Hesitating on the threshold of the cavity, as though half fearful that his curiosity should be discovered by the occupants of the adjoining apartment, Jacques stood for a moment, doubtful, painfully alive to the slightest sound. Suddenly, his irresolution disappeared; he cautiously, though quickly, entered the aperture, standing up within, and extending his arms from side to side, as if to ascertain its height, which he discovered to be nearly six feet, and its breadth and depth somewhat less.

And now, again, did he listen; and distinctly did he hear the conversation of the governor and his nephew, even though it was carried on in low whispers. Uncontrollable, too, was the feeling which gave rise to the remark that so suddenly brought their conference to a termination, and almost too late did he repent of his unwariness; but prompt was his decision, on hearing the governor's ejaculation, to remedy the error into which he had betrayed himself; he thought of his pass — of that potent document, which should cause the gates of the Bastile to fly open for his egress— he heard St. Marc and Corbé start to their feet, and hurry towards the door of the apartment—but quick was his retreat into the small passage, as he noiselessly closed the secret door after him; and, ere the governor or his lieutenant could surprise him, he stalked in upon them in the unexpected manner known to the reader.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAPUCHIN; THE RECOGNITION; THE PLOT.

"Fifteenth of November; a capuchin is seen prowling about in the neighborhood of the Carmelites; hour, ten at night! Sixteenth; seen again; same place; same hour: *suspicious!* Ay! it was, suspicious; very; but I thought lightly of it. Seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth; again; *to be questioned when next seen!* Twentieth; capuchin, rather tall; avoided interrogation: not known at the Carmelites! Ah! no report now, for five days! singular! hum! Twenty-sixth; capuchin entered the Carmelites—short—not same! Ah! ah! ah!" chuckled D'Argenson—"myself—myself—ah! ah! ah! sharp fellows, these! Twenty-eighth; tall capuchin; traced from Rue d'Enfer to precincts of Palais Royal; where, lost!— Hum! the next is Jacques's report—that brings me to yesternight— to-day, I have had none—to-night, I will be my own messenger!" here he closed a large book, and cast himself back in his chair, falling into a state of abstraction, from which he was suddenly aroused by the chimes of St. Méry's Church.

"Nine!" ejaculated he; "I have half an hour before me—I will prepare at once."

So saying, he arose, put away the ponderous book of reports, and unlocking one of the large chests that stood in the apartment, took out of it a series of garments of different kinds, all of which he cast aside; at last, he selected one, consisting of a simple frock and cowl, of gray cloth, and having replaced the repudiated habiliments in the coffer from which he had extracted them, proceeded to envelop his meagre frame in the ample folds of the garb that he had

determined to assume; this done, he locked the large closet in the wall, containing his books and papers, and was about to extinguish the lamp, when the noise of approaching footsteps echoed along the outer passage of the lonely house, every moment growing louder, until, at length, they stopped at the door of the apartment. For a moment, a dead silence reigned, succeeded by a loud and peremptory knock, and by a deadened sound, as of a hand feeling for the latch.

"Who knocks?" exclaimed D'Argenson, throwing back the cowl from his face, with a gesture of impatience.

"A friend!" promptly responded a voice which the lieutenant of police sought to recognize; "Open, I have business."

D'Argenson, angry and annoyed at being interrupted, hastily turned the key, and pulling back the door, made way for the new comer, muttering an oath as he entered; it was a capuchin!

However unexpected the visit of a personage, to discover whose incognito he had suddenly felt so solicitous, the iron nerves of the lieutenant of police quailed not as the apparition passed him; as a measure of security, and acting upon his first impulse, he immediately relocked the door, withdrawing the key; the stranger meanwhile deliberately and with great dignity of manner, seated himself in D'Argenson's arm-chair, and, disclosing his features, exclaimed, with a boisterous laugh:

"Ah! ah! ah! Dost thou not recognize me, 'Sieur D'Argenson?"

The latter started, ejaculating in a suppressed tone, expressive of great surprise:

"The Duke of Chartres! thus disguised!"

"Even so, 'sieur lieutenant;" responded the duke, in turn eyeing his interrogator from head to foot—not less astonished to behold him encased in a garb similar to his own—"we are surely bent upon the same errand?"

"*Tonnerre dieu!* no, highness!" retorted D'Argenson; "my errand was *to* the Carmelites; his highness, or I much mistake, is *from* that neighborhood?"

D'Orleans started, but did not avert his eyes from the inquiring gaze of the lieutenant of police, as he responded:

"In truth, thou art wrong for once; my errand is, or rather was thither, also; but know, 'Sieur D'Argenson, that, unless to assist me in the object I seek to attain, *thou* can'st not accompany me."

"May I learn that object, highness," inquired D'Argenson, inwardly gratified at the chance which had brought him in sudden conjunction with the capuchin.

D'Orleans paused a moment—looking at his interrogator with a mixture of contempt at his apparent hypocrisy, and of indignation at his attempt to conceal it—then angrily answered, whilst a frown darkened his brow:

"My visit has the same object as thine, 'sieur lieutenant; we are *now* rivals, but thou must give place to me; nay! seek not to deceive me; I repeat, we are rivals, but I am resolved not to be foiled by thee—"

"Highness!" interrupted D'Argenson—astounded at the duke's confession, "I am ignorant of your meaning! If to discover—"

"Bah! bah!" ejaculated the impetuous duke, "what meanest thou by thy *ifs*, and thy ignorance? Answer me: who resides in that secluded house adjoining the Grande Chartreuse?"

Perceiving that D'Orleans was not in a humor to brook contradiction, D'Argenson with an effort to suppress his rising anger, calmly replied:

"The two daughters of the Baron de St. Auney, highness!"

"How long have they been in Paris?" continued D'Orleans.

"A fortnight."

"Who accompanied them?"

"Their nurse, and an old male-domestic."

"No one else? Is not their mother, with them? or their father 'Sieur D'Argenson?"

"Their mother is dead, highness—"

"And the baron?"

"Is in the Bastile, highness," responded D'Argenson, in a deep tone, coupled with an ill-concealed expression of gratified malignity.

"Good! good!" replied D'Orleans, rubbing his hands with ecstasy; "and now, may I know, 'sieur lieutenant, upon which of those maidens thy choice has fallen; of course, the choice was on thy side."

D'Argenson frowned at this ill-timed sarcasm, and bit his lip, but was not slow to perceive that the duke labored under some misapprehension with respect to him, which it became imperative to dispel.

"Your highness has been misinformed," said he, gazing steadfastly at him; "I have never sought the favor of either!"

"What?" ejaculated D'Orleans, suddenly starting to his feet, "wert thou not expected by one of them, on the night before last? aye! even to night?"

"*Ventre-bleu!* No!" answered the lieutenant of police, in a tone so decisive, as to dispel all doubts from the mind of the duke, who heard the avowal with the greatest astonishment, murmuring:

"I was then deceived; and yet I could swear that I heard one of those fair maidens pronounce thy name."

"May I now ask your highness a few questions?" observed D'Argenson, much perplexed at the nature of the duke's communication. "Did not your highness repair either to the Carmelites, or to the Grande Chartreuse, on the fifteenth of this last month?"

D'Orleans slowly shook his head, at the same time opening his eyes, and raising his eye-brows with surprise.

"Nor on the sixteenth? at ten at night?" continued the lieutenant of police.

"No!" ejaculated D'Orleans, more astonished than before.

"Strange!" muttered D'Argenson. Here he paused awhile; suddenly, he resumed his interrogatory, his face becoming animated as though a truth had all at once flashed across his mind. "But

on the twenty-eighth, highness; were you not, on that day, a disguised visitor to the Rue d'Enfer?"

"I was," returned the duke; "but how that circumstance came to thy knowledge, or how it interests thee, 'sieur lieutenant, I cannot comprehend."

D'Argenson smiled meaningly, as though pleased at the opportunity afforded him of displaying his secret information.

"Now," continued the duke, "to the object of my visit. Wilt thou assist me in this little love affair? I came hither, suspicious of thee as a rival; I am now convinced of my error: the maiden that owns the ring must be mine; what sayest thou, 'sieur lieutenant?"

"It can be managed, highness; but not to-night;" responded D'Argenson, after a short pause; "it must be done without noise! But thou hast a rival."

"Who is he!" asked the duke, rising suddenly; "dost thou know him?"

"This capuchin!" retorted the lieutenant of police; "this capuchin is he—I knew he was no shrive-sinner—yet, Jacques' words—hum! there is some mystery still—or Jacques has deceived me; *ventre-bleu!* and robbed me of five good, golden louis, into the bargain—"

"By-the-by, of golden louis," suddenly ejaculated D'Orleans, "a lucky thought—friend D'Argenson, my purse is empty—thou must replenish it—"

"How much?" interrupted D'Argenson, briefly.

"Four thousand livres, down; and six thousand more before this day week, friend D'Argenson," replied the duke, throwing off his disguise, and putting on his beaver, which he had kept concealed beneath; "thou must be quick, for I expect Dubois; I gave him a rendezvous here!"

D'Argenson, imitating his superior's example, cast aside the capuchin-garb, and deposited it in the chest; as he stooped to lock it, his visitor threw his own assumed dress upon the same receptacle, saying:

"When I next play the monk, I will reclaim the habit."

"The fraternity will be no gainer," retorted D'Argenson; "it is already overstocked with sinners; than whom I know no greater than our friend Guillaume Dubois."

"Ah! ah! ah! my worthy preceptor," responded the duke; "but were it not for him I should die of dullness; he has always some fresh intrigue on foot—some new pleasure; what sayest thou, friend D'Argenson, to a merry night of it?"

"With all my heart, highness," replied the lieutenant of police, with an obsequious smile; "and here are fifty louis on account of the sum you need—" continued he, counting the money into the duke's hand; "to-morrow I will give you the remainder."

"The *whole* sum, *to-morrow?*" exclaimed D'Orleans, astonished at this unusual liberality on the part of the lieutenant; "thanks,

thanks; thy gold will assist my project to introduce the lovely demoiselle de St. Auney to the notice of our friends at court. I can, of course, depend upon thy coöperation, friend D'Argenson?" continued he, depositing the money in a large silken purse, beautifully embroidered.

"To-morrow, your highness shall learn the extent of my zeal in your service," replied D'Argenson, thoughtfully; "hark! I hear some one approaching—"

"'Tis Dubois," responded the duke; "I know his step; 'tis like his speech—unsteady."

The lieutenant of police proceeded to unlock the door, throwing it open to admit the new-comer, who, on entering, bowed familiarly to D'Argenson, saying, or rather stammering:

"A very rat-hole is thy *sanctum-sanctorum*, friend René; and what a labyrinth of passage leads to it! what a stench, too, of must! the sooner we decamp hence the better; what sayest thou D'Orleans? eh! what a thief's den is this thou hast brought me to."

"'Tis fitting to its purpose, Guillaume," replied D'Argenson, looking with an air of veneration at the dingy walls; "and," added he, bending his gaze upon Dubois, "when the son of a certain Limousin apothecary is canonized, we will here erect his shrine: there's not a rogue in Paris but would visit it."

D'Orleans smiled at this sally, made at his preceptor's expense, nor appeared less to enjoy the retort.

"The greatest devotee at such a shrine," rejoined Dubois, with a sarcastic leer at the lieutenant and at the duke, "would be thyself, René D'Argenson—the second, D'Orleans—"

"Thou forgetest," observed the latter, smiling, "that I am thy disciple Dubois, and that posterity will lay all my vices to thy tutoring. By St. Louis, should our uncle command the greatest rogue in Paris to be hanged to-morrow, I would not give a sol either for thy neck or for that of our worthy lieutenant of police."

"What says your highness to the object of our errand, hither," remarked Dubois, in order to divert the conversation into another channel; "has our friend René consented to assist us to-night in this abduction?"

"'Tis not to be done, to night," replied D'Argenson, gloomily; "other agency than our's is necessary; but, I have a plan, here—here—" and he laid his palm upon his overcast brow, his face assuming so peculiar an expression, that both D'Orleans and Dubois understood him to have some deeper game in view; "I am ready to accompany your highness on your nocturnal expedition."

Whilst D'Argenson prepared himself to depart, D'Orleans, in an under tone, communicated the result of their colloquy, to his preceptor, who appeared fully to enjoy the projected night's debauch.

Guillaume Dubois, was a small—a very small, lean man—with sharp features, small dark eyes, inquisitive and restless, his complexion, sallow and unwholesome, rendering the saturnine expression of his countenance, marked and decided, while his peculiar stamp of

cunning, added to it, a ferret-like cast, fully corresponding to the grovelling, wary spirit of the man; astute and penetrating—ever intriguing to promote his own interests, or to injure those opposed to them—cringing and obsequious to his superiors—arrogant and despotic to his inferiors—vacillating in his policy to attain his ends, but pursuing them with undeviating perseverance—sanctified in appearance—notorious for his profligacy—concentrating within himself every vice; such was Guillaume Dubois, originally the son of an humble apothecary of Brives-la-Gaillarde, in the Limousin; next a poor student at the College of St. Michael, glad to serve the principal in the mean capacity of servant, as a set-off for his education; afterwards, a petty abbot, and tutor to a shopkeeper's son; then the protégé of the two greatest *roués* of the court of Louis Quatorze; now at the age of forty four, preceptor to the son of that monarch's only brother, and finally, under the regency, established by his advice and intrigue in favor of his pupil—prime minister of France, and a Cardinal of Rome!

"Well," said he, in answer to D'Orleans, "whither shall we go?"

"Oh!" answered the duke, "we will place ourselves under the guardianship of friend D'Argenson."

"The select suppers at the Palais Royal," responded the lieutenant, with a slight inclination of the body, "can boast of both—"

"Bah!" interrupted D'Orleans, impatiently; "I am weary of the Canillacs, the Broglie, the Nocé, the Brancas, and even of D'Effiat and St. Fare—I want change—something less refined—what sayest thou now, to a cabaret?"

"I am no longer a frequenter of cabarets, highness," observed D'Argenson, "but if you will honor my hôtel with your presence, we shall there find good cheer enough; as for the company, what better can we have than our own?"

"The change is for the worse," again interrupted the duke, "but *'tis* a change, and that is all I seek; lead the way, friend D'Argenson!"

The lieutenant of police, with a gloomy attempt at mirth, ushered his visitors into the dark passage, and extinguishing the lamp, followed them out; that night, in the midst of riot and drunkenness, a plot was matured, the first step towards the accomplishment of which was the abduction of the baron's daughter.

CHAPTER XII.

JULIE AND HER JAILERS. INNOCENCE IN DANGER.

Julie passed the earlier hours of her first night in the Bastile, alternately praying and weeping; her fire had smouldered away into embers, her light expended its vitality, ere she even thought

of repose; she then sought her rude couch, upon which she stretched herself, without casting off any portion of her dress, and, with a prayer upon her lips, sunk, exhausted with grief, into a deep slumber, from which she was suddenly awakened, by sister Bridget.

As the maiden arose, only confusedly aware of her position, the matron pointed to a long glimmer of light—the gleam of a sunbeam, now reluctantly forcing its way through the thickly-barred window of the cell—and to a wooden bowl, half-filled with water, which she had placed upon the table; then, having intimated, by expressive dumb-show, that the prisoner must hasten her toilet, rapidly withdrew, as though fearful of affording her the slightest opportunity of breaking silence.

Having performed her morning ablutions, and offered up, as was her daily custom, a fervent prayer to heaven, beseeching its protection, Julie sat down upon the edge of her pallet, and, with tearful eyes, examined the interior of her prison.

Oh, solitude! where are thy charms, so vaunted, for him who is constrained to endure thy dark presence, unchanged, within a prison? To him, thy smiles are those of madness and of idiotcy; thy voice, is of the sepulchre; thy form, indefinite, ubiquitous! despair illumines thy glaring eye-balls—thy right hand graspeth the grave—thy left, draggeth thy victim to unholy burial—these are thy charms, O solitude, thy charms so vaunted, to him condemned to live with thee for ever, without hope!

Various were Julie's reflections, as she sat, alone, anxiously awaiting the next appearance of her mute jailers, and vainly did she seek to fathom the motives which could have led to her incarceration.

At length, sister Bridget again entered the cell, closely followed by Ru, bearing a couple of small baskets and a lamp; handing one of the former to the matron, he carried the other to the chimney, when, emptying it of the stock of wood that it contained, viz.: six small logs, he commenced kindling a fire; Bridget, meanwhile, busying herself, by arranging upon the table the contents of the first basket, consisting of a diminutive white loaf, a tin can of hot coffee and milk, already sweetened, two eggs, and a square morsel of butter; of which repast she, by signs, now invited Julie to partake.

"Thank you, good woman," sobbed the maiden; "you are very kind; but, I do not require any thing; indeed, indeed, I cannot eat in this horrid place."

Sister Bridget looked towards the door, and listened a moment, as though fearful that Ru had concealed himself there, between the inner and the outer one, for the purpose of detecting her in an infringement of the regulations of the prison; she then muttered, in a whisper:

"I must obtain leave; if you remain here long, I will get it, and come, as often as I can, to bear you company."

"Surely, dame," observed Julie, still weeping, "they do not intend to keep me long a prisoner, here, in this dreadful Bastile."

Sister Bridget shook her head, very mournfully turned up the whites of her eyes—at the same time uplifting, and imparting a tremulous motion to her be-mittened hands—and said, with a deep sigh:

"Ah, my child! perhaps it is *because* you have done nothing that they have placed you here! You did not refuse to become a nun, did you?"

"No!" responded the maiden, surprised at the question; "why?"

"Nothing!" answered the dame, with an air of indifference; "only that the young lady whom I had last under my protection, was sent here because she would n't go into a convent. I know all about it, for she told me all her troubles, and, before she died, gave me——"

"What!" ejaculated Julie, with a start of horror; "did she then die *here*, too—in this chamber?"

"Yes!" replied the matron, rubbing her eyes till they became red, and then letting her apron fall from before them, as if to impress the maiden with the belief that she had been weeping; "indeed she did die, and in this very chamber; on that very bed, too. I never have liked to come in here since."

"How long," tremblingly inquired Julie, "is it since that event happened?"

"Why, stay," answered sister Bridget, pausing, and scratching her forehead with her finger, as if to coax back her erratic memory —"'tis ten years ago—quite."

"And did you say that you had no female prisoner under your care since that period?" asked Julie, with a shudder.

"Oh, no! I did n't mean that exactly," remonstrated the dame; "I have had a very great number of *females*, since, but no *lady!* at least I judge by appearances; for I never got anything from them but what they were obliged to give me."

"*Obliged*, dame?"

"Yes!" retorted sister Bridget; "I mean what they *allowed* me for attending to their little comforts; extra firing now and then, a little delicacy or two at their meals, clean water and such like; one can't be hard-hearted with a prisoner!"

Julie covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly; she perceived that a sojourn in her place of confinement must subject her to similar treatment, and that she, too, must purchase the mercenary compassion of her jailer.

"Even these," continued she, pointing to the edibles upon the table, "I have furnished out of my own pocket; for the governor never means anything, when he tells us to take care of a prisoner; he would rather we did not!"

Though this affirmation was, in the main, correct, in the present instance, sister Bridget purposely falsified St. Marc's intentions; he had defined the conduct she should observe towards Julie, too positively to admit of doubt or misconstruction; but lest she should lose any opportunity of securing her influence over her prisoner—

which it was to her interest to consolidate at the governor's expense—she felt averse to allow *him* the credit of her kind treatment of the girl.

"If what you say be true," remarked Julie, in answer to the dame's hint, "I feel myself more indebted than my means, at present, allow me to acknowledge."

"Oh, you kind, good young lady," responded Bridget, with most laudable self-denial and disinterestedness; "do not say another word; I shall be amply repaid for the trifling services I can render you, by the satisfaction of doing a kindness to a fellow-creature in misfortune!"

Julie appeared anxious to renew the conversation; indeed, was on the point of re-commencing it by some fresh inquiry, but, holding up her finger, the matron suddenly exclaimed: "Hush! they are coming!" and all at once began bustling about in the chamber.

A few moments after, Monsieur de Joncas entered, followed by Ru, carrying another chair: the former bowed to Julie, as he advanced, saying:

"Pardon the interruption, mademoiselle; you must be kind enough to accompany me to the council-chamber: allow me to offer you my arm."

A gleam of hope shot through the mind of the maiden, on hearing herself thus addressed; she bounded to the side of the lieutenant, and placing her arm within his, quitted the cell with him, leaving Ru and sister Bridget to their meditations.

The worthy pair watched their departure, with an appearance of considerable satisfaction, the outward manifestation of which, in Ru, was the more exhilarating, that it presented an example of perfect contrast to the tenor of his usual habits.

Now it did not happen that Ru was born under a jaundiced planet; his temperament, essentially ardent, constantly warred against the restrictions, which confined it to silent manifestations of its evaporative nature, although the various ebullitions of the same, thrown off in random winks, cachinnatory distortions of his features, and other occasional recreative telegraphy, greatly contributed to relieve him of his pent-up jovialty, as also to afford transitory amusement to his colleagues, and the subordinates of the prison—these fleeting enlivenments, too, came the more welcome and refreshing to the few whose position privileged them to enjoy the effusions of Ru's humorous genius, that he himself was an evanescent being, of meteoric nature—performing, at irregular periods, his transit across their gloomy atmosphere—but whose evagations left them some reminiscence to cherish—some sparks of light and life; evidence at once of cheerfulness, such as it was, passed away, and of cheerfulness to come. Such was Ru, by temperament; of his disposition, those who had known him longest knew the least; few cared to fall under his dislike or his displeasure, for his prejudices and passions were strong and decided—nor, when aroused, could any one restrain them: dark deeds were laid to his charge,

and darker might be expected from him. But we must leave Ru for the present.

De Joncas conducted Julie, at once, to the apartment in which, on the previous evening, she underwent her examination, and having announced her arrival, immediately withdrew, leaving her exposed to the glances of his superiors.

The group, into the midst of which she was ushered, consisted of St. Marc, Corbé, and a third person, apparently from about twenty-five to thirty years of age, by whose presence, the former appeared awed into silence, having partly retreated into the angle, opposite the spot which the stranger occupied, as though fearful of obtruding themselves upon his notice.

His air was martial and imposing; his stature, tall, his person, well-proportioned, and moreover, set off to great advantage, by a rich military costume; retaining that distinguished air, characteristic of the man of high birth, his face, although not strictly handsome, was expressive, but with a somewhat sullen, or downcast look of the eyes, which, dark and inquisitive, travelled successively, over every part and into every corner of the chamber, until they rested full upon the trembling maiden.

On finding herself comparatively at liberty, she cast a furtive, anxious look around, scarcely able to repress a shriek of horror, on recognizing the hideous governor and his more hideous nephew. Turning from them with disgust, the stranger's fine countenance next met her eyes, he was leaning against the low mantel, his right arm resting upon the shelf, his right leg, carelessly crossed over his left, whilst his hand played, mehanically, with the hilt of a richly ornamented small-sword. Her first impulse was to appeal to him for protection; she stepped forwards to cast herself at his feet; but, repelled by his unequivocal gaze of admiration, faltered, in the attempt; the crimson blood mounting into her cheeks, in warm blushes; as, unable to account for the unpleasant emotion which excited them, she sunk upon the stone seat by the door, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a flood of tears.

The trio exchanged looks of intelligence, which, on the part of St. Marc and Corbé, assumed a more decided character, as the principal personage stepped forward, and addressed the weeping Julie:

"Thou art here amongst friends, my beauty," said he, taking her hand; "but were we *not* friends, thy tears would avail thee nothing. Do I not behold Mademoiselle de St. Auney?"

"My name is Julie de St. Auney," tremblingly responded the latter, rising; at the same time withdrawing her tiny hand from the pressure of the stranger's; "but, oh, monsieur!" continued she, sobbing; "if you are really and truly a friend, tell me, I beseech you, why I have been brought hither; why I have been dragged from my sister's arms; what do you want with me?"

"Thou askest too many questions, maiden, for one answer to suffice; thou shalt in due time be satisfied; for the present, tell me; dost thou know aught of a ring, that was taken—"

"A ring," hurriedly interrupted Julie—her pale cheeks suddenly flushed with animation: "if you know where it is, restore it to me, I beg—for to the loss of it, I attribute my present misfortune."

"It was—eh—stolen?" remarked her interrogator, inquiringly.

"It *was*, monsieur," responded Julie; "basely stolen, by a pilfering capuchin."

The stranger's features relaxed into a scarcely perceptible smile as he responded.

"Doubtless thou would'st be able to recognize him?"

"Sister Jeanne would, monsieur; for 'twas she—"

"Jeanne! Jeanne is thy sister then, fair one?"

"She is, monsieur! But whither tend these questions?" continued Julie, with as great a show of determination as her nature could muster; "if you know anything of my ring, and can restore it, do so."

"We possess a clue to it," replied the stranger, evasively; "but, thou surely would'st not leave this place, without some tidings of the Baron de St. Auney."

"My father! my dear father! where—where is he?" ejaculated Julie, in a sudden burst of affection, the tears inundating her lovely face, and rendering it still more lovely; "oh! monsieur! do not keep me in suspense."

The principal personage looked at her, a moment or two, as though moved at her emotion; then, casting a glance at St. Marc and Corbé, who stood, stern and impassable as granite blocks hewn into human form, tapped his heel with the tip of his scabbard, and responded, with a deep sigh:

"Thou lovest thy father, then, very, very much, maiden? Is there no one else thou lovest — or whom thou could'st love as well?"

At this question, Julie's heart throbbed violently, each pulsation driving a swift tide of warm blood into her cheeks.

"No, monsieur!"

But the negative was scarcely uttered, ere, with the image of her father, another's as dear, suddenly presented itself to her imagination, reproaching her for falsifying the vows that she had made, to love him alone and for ever. Her looks belied the words her lips had falteringly pronounced.

With an intuitive perception of the workings of woman's heart, the stranger, divining the cause of Julie's trepidation, hastened to relieve her embarrassment, after enjoying it an instant, in a manner which escaped neither the governor nor his nephew.

Advancing nearer, he again took her hand, and gazing into her lustrous eyes, still wet with tears, said, in a softened voice:

"Charming maiden; dry those tears, if they flow for the uncertainty of thy father's fate: he is safe."

Here he cast a look of inquiry at St. Marc, who shrunk from his glance.

But Julie no sooner heard the stranger's consolatory speech, than

placing her left hand upon his, and pressing it with gratitude, she artlessly ejaculated:

"Oh, monsieur! you are, indeed, a friend! tell me where he is. Let me only embrace him, and I will love you for it all my life."

And here, she looked up into his face, with such confiding sincerity—and that look was so replete with innocence—that he colored with shame at the unchaste thoughts burning within his breast.

He had not time to frame a reply, for De Joncas again appeared at the door, and as the stranger relaxed his grasp of the maiden's hand, Jacques entered; the next moment the Baron de St. Auney clasped his beauteous daughter to his breast.

"Father! dear, dear father!" were the only words that the affectionate Julie could articulate; whilst the baron, equally overcome, sobbed like a child. To find his darling girl immured within the Bastile was a circumstance so unexpected—the thought, too, how she came there, and what had brought her, with the sudden remembrance of his own lamentable position, contributed to engender in his mind forgetfulness of every emotion, save joy—of everybody, save his daughter.

Jacques, who, whilst the large tears swam in his black eyes, rendering them doubly lustrous, stood immobile as a statue—every feature in his face rigid as marble.

A few moments sufficed to recall the baron to consciousness. Gently setting aside the lovely head of his daughter, who had been leaning, graceful as a willow, upon his shoulder, he turned his eyes towards the individual, who, as on the entrance of Julie, had resumed his position, and now again reclined against the mantel-shelf.

A glimpse sufficed; the baron stepped forwards, dropping upon one knee, his left arm still encircling the small waist of Julie—and extending his right hand, exclaimed:

"Pardon me, highness! Pardon me! but—I—saw only my daughter."

Julie stood amazed.

"Rise, Baron de St. Auney," replied Philip D'Orleans, Duke of Chartres, who now spoke; "rise! We know that fatherly affection renders a man forgetful, at times. But it is pardonable—it is pardonable!"

"And I, too, crave your highness' clemency," faltered Julie; now for the first time, remarking the jewel that glittered on the stranger's breast; "ignorance alone of your high rank has rendered this necessary; but now—I—I pray your highness, exercise it in my dear father's behalf, and I will ever bless you, and pray for you—!" here she sank on her knees, sobbing.

Philip D'Orleans advanced, raised the beautiful maiden, but more with an air of easy matter-of-course politeness, than as moved by her prayer. Retaining her hand, he observed:

"A boon asked by thee, fair demoiselle, shall have our due con-

sideration. Speak! our influence shall not be wanting to urge thy request in the proper quarter."

"Oh, highness!" ejaculated Julie; "if you have the power, bestow upon us our liberty—"

"Pardon me, your highness," interrupted De St. Auney; "the boon which my daughter craves as a favor, I demand as a right; and, moreover, to be made acquainted also with the motives for which I have been unjustly incarcerated here."

Philip D'Orleans remained a moment mute, then exclaimed, loosing Julie's hand, at the same time smiling ironically:

"The Bastile is an unfit place to assert a right of any nature, Baron de St. Auney, and least of all the right to liberty. The motive for thy arrest, I know not: perhaps our *worthy* governor"—here he turned towards St. Marc, emphazing the adjective—"is able to inform you. Dost know, 'sieur governor?"

St. Marc made a sign to his nephew, who proceeded to extract from a closet or iron safe, imbedded in the wall, a massive ledger, which, with some difficulty, he conveyed to, and laid upon the table, before the governor.

With jealous eye and careful hand, St. Marc unlocked the immense volume—a volume wherein were registered the secret crimes of France; and, running his finger over the index, and thence to the folio-page, paused, as he came to the name of the baron, looking first at Philip D'Orleans, then at Corbé, and then, again, at the book; then at the baron and his daughter; when he smiled, once more bending his malignant eyes upon the book, but without breaking silence.

"Well! 'sieur governor," ejaculated D'Orleans, inquiringly; "hast thou discovered the motives for which the Baron de St. Auney is detained?"

St. Marc closed the book with a loud smack, as the duke made a step towards him for the purpose of overlooking, and whilst the tone of his voice was expressive of the greatest deference towards the prince, said, with an ill-concealed smirk of satisfaction:

"Your highness! the column is blank!"

"Blank!" reiterated the duke; "what of that? what does that signify?"

"All! your highness!" retorted St. Marc; "everything—the motives are secret!"

Handing back the gigantic register to Corbé, the latter, at once, returned it to its hiding-place.

As the governor's answer smote his ear, De St. Auney smiled bitterly; he felt how much he was in D'Argenson's power.

"Thou seest, baron, it is not in our power—" and he laid his hand upon his breast—"to afford thee any satisfaction. The motive for thy arrest being a secret one, renders uncertain the duration of thy imprisonment; but we will gladly, for the sake of yon damsel, engage our interest in thy behalf, to shorten the term, when next we approach the person of our royal uncle, the king."

"I humbly thank your royal highness for this mark of condescension," replied the baron; "but, if *I* must remain here, until your gracious interference has had time to bear its fruit, let not my child be detained."

The features of the duke became suddenly overshadowed as De St. Auney mentioned the name of the lieutenant of police, nor did it escape the observation of the baron, that his physiognomy was troubled and confused, as though he had been surprised in a secret, which he had thought known only to certain parties.

He had guessed aright—the sole motive for his arrest was the hatred D'Argenson bore him, and of which he could perceive the duke was aware, as also the governor and Corbé, for the three exchanged glances, which bespoke their innermost thoughts; had the baron looked towards the corner where Jacques had ensconced himself, he would have seen this individual, endeavoring by many glances and signs, to signify that he was injuring his own cause by hinting his knowledge of the secret motives which had determined his arrest.

Before the duke could frame a reply, Julie, looking into her father's face with ineffable sweetness, and casting her arms about his neck, said:

"But unless thou leavest too, dear father, *I* will not go. Thou shalt not remain here alone; and since monseigneur promises to ask thy freedom of his majesty, we shall not be detained long. Perhaps monseigneur will also be able to discover the miscreant who stole my ring—the ring Leon gave me—dost recollect it, father?"

"Our friend, yonder," here the duke's finger indicated the corner in which Jacques was standing; "made us acquainted with the circumstance of thy arrest, and we have convened hither Monseigneur D'Argenson, that we may, if possible, engage his influence in thy behalf. Perhaps it is in his power to set thee at liberty."

"It is, highness," ejaculated De St. Auney; "for to him do I owe my present misfortune;" he here detailed succinctly the causes which had engendered the feud between himself and D'Argenson—the end of his journey to the capital—and terminated by soliciting the duke's protection of his interests before the Supreme Court of Judicature.

During this recital, Jacques became afflicted with a severe intermittent cough, which interrupted, at particular passages, the baron's discourse, who, however, continued his story to the close, notwithstanding Jacques' catarrhal hints.

The duke paid extreme attention to the baron's tale, gazing, however, at times, with such ardor into Julie's face, that the poor girl durst scarce lift her eyes from the ground, towards which she kept them constantly bent. As soon as the baron stopped, he ejaculated:

"Hum! hum! We shall see, baron—we shall see."

De St. Auney resumed, after a short pause:

"But it is not for myself, highness, that I solicit; I can bear all this, nay more—"

Jacques' catarrh here became particularly troublesome; the baron stopped a moment, and then continued:

"But why should the malignity of my enemy vent itself upon my poor child? wherefore was she brought hither? in this attire too; thus loosely clad?"

The face of Philip d'Orleans assumed a shade of deepest crimson, his entire physiognomy changing in its expression, and betraying great mental disquietude, as Julie, taking up her father's words, observed.

"Indeed, dear father, I had not time to throw even a shawl over me; that man" —here she indicated Jacques—"came in upon us so suddenly through the window, we were too alarmed to do any thing. His highness says he sent for *me*, to—"

Her recital was interrupted by approaching footsteps. This diversion in his favor, appeared to relieve the duke, whose embarrassment had become too apparent to be longer, by any inward effort, concealed even from the baron; the interruption happened too, fortunately, for the baron himself, whose faith, in the uprightness of the duke's intentions, began to be shaken, and who might, his suspicions being aroused, have betrayed himself into an indiscreet expression of his indignation at the collusion of his highness with the abductor of his child.

After a moment of suspense, the door of the governor's apartment was thrown open, and Monsieur de Joncas entered, and announced the arrival of the lieutenant of police.

As he withdrew, Monsieur D'Argenson made his appearance.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TWO ENEMIES, IN PRESENCE. JACQUES AND HIS EMPLOYER. A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

Apparently, unconscious of the presence of the baron or of his daughter, who, as he passed by shrunk from him closer towards her father, D'Argenson at once advanced to the upper end of the apartment, and deferentially saluted Philip d'Orleans, without condescending the same act of courtesy to either the governor or his nephew.

The duke returned the lieutenant's salutation with a formal, distant bow; such a bow as a superior *inflicts* upon an inferior; a bow—rather the natural consequence of an habitual politeness, than intended as a mark of personal consideration for the individual. D'Argenson, however, seemed to notice neither *it*, nor the mani-

fest contempt which curled the duke's lips, as he listened to the obligatory compliments of the day which were addressed him by his inferior.

As soon as the latter had terminated his brief harangue, Philip d'Orleans beckoned him nearer; they both withdrew into a retired nook of the chamber, remaining a few moments engrossed in an animated conversation, which, being carried on in whispers, was inaudible to all, save Jacques, who, by his position, close to the door at the end of the hollow-wall, within which was the secret closet, was enabled to distinguish each word, distinctly; but, whatever the nature of the intelligence he thus gained, an observer would not have suspected him to be a listener, for, although his whole attention was concentrated to one focus, his features, his attitude—were models of immobility; as the Duke and D'Argenson, however, again advanced towards the place they had but just quitted, Jacques conveyed by a sign to the baron, intimation that he and his daughter formed the subject of their colloquy.

The baron, on seeing D'Argenson approach towards him, felt his face flush with indignation; his lips quivered—his brow gathered deeper wrinkles—involuntarily his fingers clutched together convulsively—he stood erect, and with fixed stare, gazed at the lieutenant of police—braving his power even there, where that power was most to be dreaded—was least, under extraneous control. On his side, D'Argenson first made a slight inclination of the body, a mark of courtesy observed, but not returned by his victim; and whilst a smile of irony, of satiated malice, of vindictive cunning, played about his hideous mouth, he glanced alternately upon the baron and upon his fair daughter, alike unaffected, either by the stern gaze of the father, or by the horror-stricken start of the daughter, who in him beheld the evil genius seeking to destroy her family, and shrunk from him as the Spirit of Good shrinks from the profane approach of the demon.

The two enemies remained, for the space of a few seconds, in silent contemplation of each other. The duke perceived the delicacy of the position, and assuming the privilege of a superior, broke silence, as much to bring matters to an issue, as to attain the object which had brought him to the Bastile.

"Baron de St. Auney," said he, "we have sought to influence the determination of our worthy lieutenant of police, as regards thy liberation; he is inclined to accede to our prayer—conditionally. Is it not so, 'sieur lieutenant?"

D'Argenson bowed obsequiously to the duke, then turned towards the baron, awaiting his reply.

The latter, with an effort to quell his rising anger, drew his daughter closer to him, answering firmly, and with a certain degree of haughtiness:

"Highness! I was brought hither unconditionally, and unconditionally I have a right to withdraw. His majesty's lieutenant of police has no warrant to detain me, having had none for my arrest,

except such as abuse of a dangerous prerogative of his office gave him over an unoffending man!"

The lieutenant of police smiled ironically as the baron uttered these words, and retorted in a tone of studied coldness:

"Ugh! His majesty's lieutenant of police, my lord baron, were unworthy of the office he holds, did he acquaint a state prisoner with the reason of his detention in the Bastile! Not even to majesty," here he inclined his body in token of respect, "do I owe account of my ministerial actions, and least, of all other men, to the Baron de St. Auney."

"Thou art accountable to me," exclaimed the baron in a loud tone, which his emotion rendered tremulous, despite an effort to maintain his firmness; "for *one* action of thy life—the abduction of my daughter."

"With the abduction of Julie de St. Auney?" responded D'Argenson, unmoved at the baron's apostrophe, and casting a look of lustful admiration upon his daughter.

Here Julie, trembling by the side of the baron, made an effort to quell the rising storm. Pale as a lily, she bent her weeping eyes upon her father's countenance, and in a voice interrupted by hysteric sobs, exclaimed:

"Nay, father! dear father! I told thee that man brought me hither," and again she pointed to Jacques; "but I implore thee, father," she continued in a lower tone, "let us hearken to monseigneur's proposal."

"Child! child!" responded the baron, "thou art guileless, unsuspicious. For thy sake, and for that of thy sister, will I submit to hearken to the proposals of my persecutor, but I will not waive my right to learn why *thou* wert dragged, at night, too, to this den of crime and infamy? Speak, man," continued he, turning towards Jacques; "how durst thou intrude, like a midnight thief, into my dwelling, and rob me of half my greatest treasure? Speak, I say!"

Philip d'Orleans bit his lip. D'Argenson frowned and ejaculated, casting a prohibitory look upon Jacques:

"Speak? *Tonnerre dieu!* He dare *not!*"

"And why not, monseigneur?" rejoined Jacques, undauntedly, "*I* have less cause of shame for the part I have played than my employers for cutting out my work. I executed their orders—and to those who employed me must monsieur le baron apply for further information!" here he bowed respectfully to De St. Auney.

The baron perceived how matters stood; that he was in the very jaws of the wolf. He began to feel an increase of mistrust with regard to D'Orleans, but whilst an inward voice whispered his childrens' names, determined to subscribe to any terms that would ensure his own and Julie's safe exit from the Bastile.

The duke relieved from his fear lest Jacques should discover the secret of Julie's abduction, thanked the spy for his evasive answer to De St. Auney's direct question, by a patronizing look which D'Argenson was not slow to comprehend, for he smiled approvingly,

although inwardly mortified at his sharp rebuke. As the Baron, too, appeared debating with himself, the plan he should adopt, Philip d'Orleans once more broke silence, saying:

"Come! We did not meet here to carry on a war of recrimination. Art thou disposed, Baron de St. Auney, to agree to the conditions of Monseigneur D'Argenson, in order to thy release?"

"First, let Monseigneur D'Argenson answer one question of mine; my reply, highness, shall be quickly forthcoming!"

D'Argenson's eye-brows, by a convulsive interrogatory hitch upwards, denoted his desire to learn the nature of the baron's request; De St. Auney remarked the movement, and continued:

"My daughter, was not brought hither, for the sole purpose of seeing me; whatever the secret motive, however, which determined the violation of my domicile, and led to this outrage upon delicacy, I seek not at present to learn it; but this I demand of Monsieur D'Argenson? Will the nature of my reply to his proposals affect the release or the detention of my child?" the baron paused, D'Argenson exchanging glances with the Duke of Chartres, and with Jacques, alternatively. After a momentary silence the lieutenant of police replied:

"As soon as thy daughter has testified to a few facts which we desire to elicit from her, with respect to the theft lately committed to her detriment, she shall be at liberty to depart; we seek not to detain her longer."

Although this was uttered in a deliberate tone D'Argenson held his eyes averted, unable to withstand the steadfastness of the baron's gaze, which implied his doubt of the lieutenant's sincerity; shaking his head, incredulously, he responded:

"Proceed then to thy interrogatory, 'Sieur D'Argenson! Thou can'st have nought to ask a daughter that her father may not hear, nor my daughter aught to confess to strangers that should call up blushes for her father's presence; proceed at once; and Heaven be thy monitor, my child;" here he embraced Julie, and placing his hand upon her head, silently besought a blessing upon it.

D'Argenson paused a moment, glancing at the duke, who stood perplexed by the baron's firmness, and then retorted:

"The noble Baron de St. Auney forgets, that within the walls of the Bastile, it is my privilege to *command*, not to obey. But to satisfy thy scruples, baron,"—here D'Argenson smiled ironically, emphasizing each word in the concluding sentence, as though it implied some latent design connected with the decision and influencing it: "I will on this occasion forego my right, and comply with a prisoner's request."

The lieutenant's peculiar tone, coupled with his significant side-glance, convinced D'Orleans, who felt disinclined for the interrogatory of Julie before her father—that D'Argenson, with his usual discernment, had opportunely taken advantage of the baron's pertinacity, and by acceding to his demand, intended turning his mistrust to their own account, and to accomplish more fully, through

the instrumentality of the baron himself, the object they sought to attain.

D'Argenson's sudden readiness to accede to his wish, also threw De St. Auney off his guard, who gathering confidence in proportion as his doubts diminished, now half condemned the sentiments of distrust which had intruded itself, upon his mind; involuntarily, the cloud passed away from his brow, and he stood awaiting D'Argenson's first question to Julie, with a greater degree of composure than either the lieutenant of police or the duke evinced, as the former stepped forward to address the shrinking girl.

St. Marc and Corbé remained in their corner, exchanging glances and whispers, apparently uninterested spectators of the scene.

Jacques too was visibly moved; his thick brows were contracted together, until the orbs beneath were scarcely discernible; his hands clenched, as though by a violent effort, he restrained himself from committing some desperate act, and his lips closely compressed, by the force of sudden, but invincible resolution; at length D'Argenson began:

"Mademoiselle Julie de St. Auney, must overlook the sudden intrusion of our agent, but the nature of our duties often compels us to employ extraordinary means to accomplish the ends of justice with certainty; I alone am reponsible for the mode in which her abduction was effected—"

"We possess a clue to the ring that was stolen, but we request to know the name of the party from whose hands mademoiselle received it?"

The innocent Julie looked at D'Argenson, with eyes brimful of bright tears, her face crimsoned with the warm blushes which maiden-shame had engendered. She had received the gift from her lover, from her affianced husband, but her feminine nature shrunk from the avowal; she turned her face away from her interrogator, and hiding it in her father's bosom, sobbed as she said to him:

"Thou knowest, dear father—it was Leon gave it me."

The baron understood the appeal, and casting a look of reproachful indignation at the lieutenant of police, replied:

"Thy question, 'sieur lieutenant is unbecoming a gentleman; however, I am willing to believe it necessary for the futherance of justice, and will take upon myself to answer for my child; that ring was the gift of her affianced husband, Count Leon de St. Leu!

"St. Leu!" ejaculated Philip D'Orleans; "St. Leu? he who holds his majesty's commission to serve in the corps of musketeers?"

"The same—highness—" rejoined the baron—"of which corps your highness is chief: Leon often cites your highness' name with sentiments of gratitude."

"Enough! enough!" responded the duke, in a most peremptory manner, his brow darkening with displeasure; "I am sorry, very sorry it is so. Lieutenant," he continued, turning towards D'Argenson, "there is no necessity for continuing the interrogatory of this maiden; I shall see thee again to-morrow; to-morrow, at noon,

come to my hôtel;" and raising his plumed beaver, the duke was on the point of quitting the apartment without further notice of any one, when De St. Auney stepped forward and again addressed him:

"Pardon my boldness, highness; but whatever motives of anger you may have against St. Leu, believe me, on my honor, they were not intentional on his part. I pray your highness explain—"

"Peace, 'sieur baron," angrily retorted the duke; "I have nought to explain; I am only sorry St. Leu was the giver of that ring—"

"Your highness will, perhaps, condescend to stay a moment longer," remonstrated D'Argenson, perceiving that the duke was on the point of betraying himself; "we have yet to propose terms to monsieur le baron."

"True!" observed the duke, recalled to a sense of his indiscretion by a significant glance from D'Argenson; "I had forgotten—" and muttering between his teeth: "St. Leu! impossible!" advanced a step or two nearer to the baron and his daughter.

"Baron de St. Auney," said D'Argenson, addressing him; "thy daughter is at liberty to depart, since his highness considers further interrogation useless; thou, also, shalt be at liberty to quit the château, if thou can'st find, within twenty-four hours, security for thy re-appearance, here, on the day after the termination of the forthcoming suit, at the Supreme Court of Judicature."

The baron embraced his daughter, and said, whilst tears stood in his eyes:

"Go, my child; return to thy home, to thy sister, to thy lover: tell them thy father blesses them; they will never behold him more."

"Oh, father! say not so!" sobbed Julie. "Monseigneur will not, cannot keep thee here a prisoner forever." Corbé gave a hideous grin of incredulity; "only tell me what to do, and we will seek friends in Paris, who shall intercede for thee before his majesty; your highness will;" she continued, addressing the duke; "you have promised—"

"And, for thy sake, lovely maiden, I will keep my word—"

"Nay, more," interrupted D'Argenson; "the baron shall leave the château this very day, if Mademoiselle De St. Auney will consent to remain an hostage for his return at the stipulated time: *that*, however," he continued, deferentially, "depends upon monsieur le baron's decision."

"Which is," shouted the latter, "that I will sooner end my days in the darkest dungeon of the Bastile than a child of mine should inhabit, even for the shortest period, its least comfortless chamber. 'Sieur lieutenant, see that my daughter be conveyed hence, straightway; I will remain."

Jacques uttered a groan, and shrugged his shoulders; the baron looked round, and understood that this worthy individual disapproved of his decision: unable to comprehend the meaning of the friendly admonition thus conveyed, he paused; D'Orleans and the lieutenant of police, who had also heard the sound, sought in vain

to ascertain whence it proceeded; they beheld St. Marc and Corbé whispering, and Jacques standing, apparently motionless, his eyes fixed upon the duke.

D'Argenson was about to hazard a reply to the baronet's command, but was prevented by Julie, who, although unable to suppress, either the fast-falling tears, or the sobs that nearly choked her utterance, summoned sufficient firmness to leave her father's side, and advance close to the duke, when, with a gesture, indicative of great decision of purpose, she exclaimed:

"Highness! will you not take a maiden's word for her father's honor? I will pledge my honor for his return; will you not stand our friend, and give the required security?"

"Pardon me," ejaculated D'Argenson, drawing nearer the group, and leaning upon his cane, as he continued; "but there are reasons which render it imperative upon me to refuse his highness' security; unless the baron can, through thy instrumentality, procure other, or will agree to thy remaining in his stead, matters must take their course; I will not predict their issue!"

"Thou hast heard my reply to thy proposal;" observed the Baron De St. Auney.

"Then hear mine!" interrupted Julie in a sudden burst of affection. "I will not leave this spot, unless by force, until my father quit it with me, or consent to quit it, without me. I crave his highness's word that I be protected during my stay; and confide in the honor of royalty."

D'Orleans was thunderstruck at the magnanimity of the youthful Julie; he gazed upon her features in silent admiration, inwardly despising himself for entertaining the black design which had brought him to the Bastile, and betrayed him into acquiescence with a plan, the development of which disgusted him, and which he felt, rendered him unworthy of breathing the same atmosphere as his unsuspecting victim.

D'Argenson was *not* thunderstruck—he was unmoved—such a result he had foreseen. To bring about such a result he had framed the project which D'Orleans had consented to second.

The baron, himself, was speechless—his emotion paralyzed his utterance; but, had it not been thus, his daughter's imperative glance would have informed him of the fallacy of opposing the sacrifice of her liberty. He could only look at D'Orleans, and at D'Argenson; and, had not the latter possessed a heart impregnable to natural feeling, or had the former possessed a soul above self, that look, and Julie's appeal to his honor, would have determined the abandonment of a design most diabolical in conception.

Whilst D'Orleans was hesitating between his better nature and his baser self; whilst St. Marc and Corbé looked on, and chuckled over the prospect of the part they should play in the drama, of which the first scene only was now being enacted; whilst Jacques, muttering a prayer, silently devoted himself to avenge any injury which might befall the baron or his daughter; whilst the baron thanked

heaven for blessing him with such a child, and the child solicited the protection of the All-Powerful: D'Argenson stood calculating the chances most favorable towards the furtherance of his projects, and the probable results of his evil machinations; but, fearful lest in a fit of temporary repentance the duke should suddenly refuse his coöperation therein, he ejaculated, in reply to Julie's appeal:

"I, myself, will answer for thy safety, beautiful Julie, and that, on the return of thy sire, thou shalt depart hence."

"Yes," chimed in D'Orleans; "we, ourselves, will see that thou art furnished with everything befitting thy sex and rank, and my protection shall be accorded to thee, both during thy stay and after thy liberation."

Although Julie mistrusted the sincerity of D'Argenson's promise, she entertained no suspicion of the duke's honor; casting a look of discouragement, and of disgust upon the former, she seized the hand of the latter with fervor, and, kneeling, pressed it to her lips, in token of gratitude, saying, falteringly, as she arose.

"Thanks, highness, for this condescension; and now, father," she continued, turning towards the baron, "thou can'st have no objection to go hence! Monseigneur has promised to assist thee in thy suit to his majesty; go, we shall soon meet again—indeed, I do not mind remaining here at all;" but, despite her efforts at firmness, the tears would flow, betraying how greatly her inclination warr'd against her decision.

De St. Auney caught her to his heart in raptures, covering her fair brow and beautiful lips, with warmest kisses of paternal love.

"My child, I *will* go," exclaimed he, the tears falling hot and fast, as he spoke; "I will go; if it be only to return hither, to fetch thee, in triumph; I leave thee to the care of Providence, and to the watching eye of thy sainted mother; bless thee, my girl, bless thee," his sobs interrupted him, but father and daughter stood, clasped in fond embrace.

D'Argenson exchanged a glance with St. Marc, who advanced to the table, before which he deliberately seated himself, whilst Corbé had, again, recourse to the closet, whence, he a second time, withdrew, the same ponderous volume, and having placed it before his uncle, handed him a bundle of strips of parchment, one of which, the governor commenced filling up.

Whilst he was thus engaged, Philip D'Orleans bowed to D'Argenson, and then to the baron, and, assuming the privilege of a a superior, kissed the two cheeks of his beautiful daughter, regardless of her blushes and confusion; D'Argenson beckoned Corbé, who prepared to follow the duke, and insure his safe egress; the latter, as he left the apartment, again exclaiming—

"Good day, 'sieur lieutenant; remember, *to-morrow*, noon."

"Monsieur le baron will please sign this paper," observed St. Marc, in a husky voice, at the same time placing the document in the position most convenient for the operation; "it is the writ of exeat."

The baron advanced towards the table, and having examined the document, laid it down, observing—

"I cannot sign it."

"Why not, why not, *sang dieu!*" exclaimed D'Argenson, hurriedly; "it is necessary."

"Because," rejoined the baron, "the document is false; restore my—"

"Oh!" hastily ejaculated the governor, catching D'Argenson's eye, "I understand—I had forgotten—truly—yes, yes!—certainly—the papers—"

Opening a large and deep drawer, or rather, moveable chest, fitting into the table, and running upon small castors, he extracted therefrom, the valuables and the papers, which the baron, had about him on entering the château: handing them to the legitimate possessor, not without sundry covetous glances, which were only checked by the silent hints of the lieutenant of police to the effect that nothing was to be withheld, he placed a pen in the baron's hand.

De St. Auney perceived, with evident satisfaction, that the valuables and papers were intact; he again perused the document, and having affixed his signature returned the pen to the governor. Then rejoining his daughter, he placed a sum of gold in her hands, that, in the event of her being deprived of the comforts of life, she might, at least, possess the means of purchasing them.

St. Marc now affixed *his* signature underneath that of the baron, and D'Argenson countersigned the document, making, as he ended, a long and thick dash with the pen, close beneath the final letter of his name.

At this moment Corbé returned. The newly-signed parchment was folded, and placed within the leaves of the huge book, which was again closed, and deposited within its hiding-place.

D'Argenson spoke not; he stepped forward, making a sign to St. Marc, and handing a slip of paper to Jacques, was on the point of leaving the apartment absorbed in a colloquy with the governor, when Corbé remarked:

"Does the Baron de St. Auney remain, monseigneur?"

"He does not; it is I," responded Julie, ere either D'Argenson, St. Marc, or even the baron had time to reply; and disengaging herself from his embrace with a painful, though partially successful effort to overcome and to conceal her emotion, she said to her father:

"Adieu, dear father; tarry not longer here, I pray thee, lest I regret that I may not accompany thee hence. Adieu! make haste to fetch me?" she continued playfully, smothering a sob—"kiss sister Jeanne, and," here she whispered, "should'st thou see Leon, tell him, tell him Julie hopes he will not," she could say no more, for a flood of tears gushed from their beautiful fountain, deep sobs arresting the passage of her words.

The baron, checking his own emotion, would have replied, other-

wise than by folding her more closely to his heart, but D'Argenson unmoved, testily exclaimed:

"If the Baron de St. Auney is *quite* ready, we are both journeying the same road, that is, as far as the gate of the château."

Unable from excess of grief, to say more to his daughter, the baron imprinted on her lips, a farewell kiss, and bowing haughtily to D'Argenson, prepared to follow him out, Julie attending her father to the door, and suppressing all outward evidence of her mental anguish.

As the door closed upon the governor, D'Argenson and the baron, Jacques rushed forward, and saved Julie from sinking upon the floor.

Corbé, an unmoved witness of this event, shuddered, as though suddenly aware of the coldness of the morning, blew upon the tips of his fingers, turned his back upon Jacques and Julie, and commenced raking together the embers in the hearth.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOWS HOW ST. MARCEL WAS SET AT LIBERTY; AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

It will be remembered, that as a measure of policy, involving the safety of all parties, the worthy commandant placed St. Marcel under arrest immediately on the issue of the duel which so nearly proved fatal to St. Leu. His next step was to report both upon the sick list, not feeling inclined to let the former roam prematurely at large, lest he should, in a fit of inebriety, babble of the affair to such of his brother-officers who, not having witnessed the duel, had no interest to keep it secret. The term of his confinement, however, had now elapsed, which Schwillwein deemed unnecessary to protract, as St. Leu's wound no longer gave cause of apprehension, he therefore returned St. Marcel's sword, and on the evening of the eighth day after the fray that he had so conspicuously figured in, dismissed him, with many injunctions to secrecy on the subject of St. Leu's absence.

On reaching the street, St. Marcel extended his arms and his jaws in a manner to induce the supposition of his having only just awoke from a long fit of drowsiness. Feeling certain, however, that the Rue Traversière had not changed its locality, but still remained on intimate terms of neighborship with the Rue St. Honoré—that consequently he should find the Palace Royal exactly where it stood seven days before, St. Marcel set off, at a rapid pace, in the latter direction, and after indulging in a pedestrian tour around it some dozen times, all at once bethought himself that he had not supped.

Under ordinary circumstances, this discovery would have immediately led to one result, as obvious to every individual as it appeared to our hero; in his present position, however, it brought on a fit of temporary abstraction, for some minutes totally absorbing him in the contemplation of the means whereby might be attained the consummation he so devotedly wished; 'tis true he endeavored to establish the fallacy of a second discovery, effected simultaneously with the first, but, unfortunately, the proofs were not palpable; with an invocation therefore, of a decidedly naughty tendency, upon his own ill fortune, upon the better luck of the commandant, and with a consignment of the dice to a remote region, suppositively, by speculative geographers, placed beneath the earth, he withdrew his hands from his pockets, at once philosophically resigning himself to the firm belief of his being unpossessed of a single solitary *sol*.

Not that the supper itself, be it said, formed an object so difficult to attain—he knew friends innumerable, at whose table his presence would be hailed with unrestrained glee—his old hostess, but especially her coquetish, black-eyed daughter, would joyfully spread a cloth and toss up an *omelette* to welcome his return—the commandant, too, would not be backward in a display of hospitality, but neither of these courses suited his present happy frame of mind; he sought excitement—novelty in his pleasure—a supper with some fresh face—no every-day meal, surrounded and adorned with countenances as familiar to him as his own, seen through a reflecting medium. Being a man of the world, he at once started off in the direction of the Rue St. Jacques, bent upon a voyage of discovery in this, to him, unexplored region.

The *Quartier Latin* at this period held, indeed, still holds, a conspicuous position in the French metropolis, as the abode and favorite resort of the young aspirants to distinction in theology, medicine, or jurisprudence; not, however, that this alone constituted its claim to distinction, based upon the glory of ancient privileges now abolished truly, but associated with the early history of Paris, her regal rulers, her parliamentary despots, her not less arbitrary provost. Against the latter, the heads of the university had always carried on a systematic warfare, owing its origin to the constant tendency of the efforts and intrigues of the provost to curtail the privileges of the university, and to the determination of the university to protect and enforce her acknowledged rights. Not one of the least dangerous of the former was that of affording a sanctuary to criminals, who, once within the precincts of the colleges, could set the officers of justice at defiance, by placing themselves under the wings of the mother-bird.

Continually exposed to the society of this mass of lawless beings; ever meeting with some of them at the numerous *cabarets*, in which the neighborhood abounded; frequenting the same places of public amusement; jostling them in the day, as they hastened, book in hand, to their respective classes; nay, sometimes even competing with one of them for a university degree · in a word, familiarized

with their habits to an extent that rendered them unsuspicious of their baneful tendency; it will readily be inferred, that the disposition and manners of the students were deeply tinctured with the spirit of their associates, and that they, imperceptibly, became assimilate in character; not, perhaps, to a criminal extent, but sufficiently equivocal to excite the close attention of the police.

One prominent feature in the habits of the former, was their joviality, than which, no charm was calculated to operate more potently upon the ardent temperament of St. Marcel; his own dissipated mode of life, congenial to that of the inhabitants of the Quartier Latin, prompted him now, for the first time, to seek their acquaintance, convinced that his rank, as an officer of the musketeers, would ensure him a warm reception; for securing their goodwill, he depended upon his own resources. "Besides," thought he, "I may pick up a few stray crowns; there must be *some* saplings amongst them; so, courage, St. Marcel, my boy! courage!"

The vicinage towards which he now directed his footsteps, perfectly corresponded with the genius of its denizens. From the Fossés St. Victor, eastward, to the Rue de Seine and the Pré aux Clercs, westward; from the Seine to the north, to the extreme boundaries, south of the Faubourg St. Germain, rose a heterogeneous mass of dark buildings, thickly clinging together; by night, silent as the grave; by day, resounding with the buzz of a thousand voices, engaged in propounding the doctrines of the schools of Greece and Rome; in anathematizing the heresies of Luther and Calvin, or in promulgating new systems of philosophy and physics. Here stood the Sorbonne, with its magnificent portico and graceful cupola, whose sombre walls, scarcely a century and a half back, had echoed the eloquence of a Theodore Beza and a Calvin, opposed to the specious dogmas of a Cardinal de Lorraine and a Cardinal de Guisé; surrounding the parent edifice, at irregular distances, the schools and colleges figured next, with an outward appearance of modesty, quite becoming their infant state; whilst two or three, the *College St. Michel*, *De la Marche*, *De Ecossais*, with the splendid cloistered *Ecole de Cluny*, already sent forth disciples, armed in rhetoric and philosophy, at all points, eager to maintain theses, even against the elder, black-capped, grave doctors of the Sorbonne.

St. Marcel attained the *Pont aux Meuniers* (Millers' bridge), which still retained its ancient appellation, and was yet, at each extremity, covered with houses, but had scarcely proceeded over half its length, ere he stopped, suddenly struck with an irresistible desire to contemplate for a moment the scene that now presented itself.

The great city, buried in sleep, was silent; not an echo of life caught his ear, save now and then, the distant, heavy tread of the solitary patrol. The moon, hardly at the full, and fast descending westward, had overspread the clear sky with a broad sheet of gray light, partially eclipsing the lustre of the stars, merrily twinkling

good-night to their brighter rival; to his left, the *Palace de Justice*, with its pointed towers, cast a long shadow upon the *Place* in front and upon the pillory standing in the midst, as if to conceal the evil spot from observation; far before him, the Pont-Neuf, with its long row of arches, abruptly divided his line of vision, branching off from the extensive frontage of the Louvre and the Tuilleries, which, strongly illumined by the moon-beams, stood out in bold relief, majestic as their royal occupant; at his feet rolled the sluggish Seine, swollen by recent floods, and yellow with the washings from the clayey soil of its tributaries; moored to each bank, swung long tiers of barges, now deserted, but in the day resounding with the noisy gossip of countless washerwomen, whose tongues, assiduous as their hands, emulated the clatter of the mill immediately beneath him; peeping over, he could discern a stream of dim light darting forth from one small square window in it—evidence of the miller's eagerness to profit by the flood—now, at each successive stroke, the broad flap of the ponderous water-wheel dashed away a fresh volume of spray and froth, which, refracted in the moon's light, formed a dense bow of mist. Faster and faster sped the stream, and faster and faster turned the wheel; louder and louder grew the murmur of the waters; more and more merrily did they gurgle, and bubble, and froth, ere they sunk again in deep eddies. It was music to the ear of St. Marcel, who almost wished he were the miller, always to hear it, always to be near it. He could fancy it, with syren voice, singing of happiness remote from scenes of dissipation, or mournfully chaunting the death-song of the suicide: he hears the heavy plunge rising loud above the roar of the waters; still they dash cheerily onwards, the white-crested surf dancing and glittering, multiform and transparent. Now, it rises; it assumes a form, a female form; the long hair streams over the pallid features; the half-glazed eyes meet his; the hands are extended; they grasp with the desperate strength of death the fast revolving wheel; scarcely does the weight retard its gyrations; it uplifts the struggling victim; higher and higher it comes; now descends, now again immerses her beneath the dark mass of waters: all is over; no! once more she rises to the surface, but no longer clings to the treacherous plank.

"Help! help!" shouted St. Marcel, aware of the dreadful reality, and, throwing off his hat, cloak, and sword, plunged into the stream.

On rising to the surface, he in vain sought the object that had excited his humanity; his eyes were dizzy, and his ears deafened, whilst the sudden immersion had almost deprived him of the power of respiration. Although embarrassed by his clothing, he manfully prosecuted his search; now breasting the current, now allowing himself to be borne along by it; now traversing it in the direction of the shore. His cry for help had been unheard, for he could perceive no evidence of its being answered. Once, only, he fancied that a broad flash of light gleamed upon him, but it flitted past and vanished, as suddenly as it had appeared. He despaired of saving

St. Marcel reached the boat and dragged the body in after him

the wretched suicide, and made for the shore, when all at once the same pallid form again rose to the surface, and so close to him, his face almost touched it. For a moment the moon played upon the livid features. Strange to add, St. Marcel fancied he recognized them as familiar to him in childhood; to grasp the body as it rolled over, was the act of a second; with renewed courage, though with decreasing strength, he fought his way, and at length, benumbed with cold, attained one of the washing-barges that lined the banks of the river, near the Pont au Change: by great exertion he succeeded in clambering into it, dragging the body after him; here nature could do no more, and he sank exhausted, by the side of her whom he had rescued from a watery grave.

Our hero retained sufficient consciousness to be aware of the necessity of renewing his efforts to procure assistance; he therefore rose, and, lifting his charge attempted to leave the boat; but his limbs refused to perform their office. Thus compelled to forego his intentions, he again deposited her by his side, and began considering what course he should pursue. His meditations were abbreviated by a bright glare of light—the same that so shortly since had dazzled him. This time it flitted in various directions, until at length it rested full upon his face and upon the pale countenance beside him.

"Halloo!" ejaculated a husky voice, belonging to an invisible owner, but apparently proceeding from a dark lantern, elevated some five feet in the air.

St. Marcel was unable to answer the challenge, which, after a momentary pause, again became audible.

"Halloo, I say!" cried the proprietor of the lantern, extending the benefits thereof to the citizens on the opposite side of the Seine, and directing his steps towards the spot where St. Marcel was seated; "where are you?"

"Here!" faintly responded he; "she is dead I fear: quick! let us see!"

"If she is *dead*," replied the new-comer, progressing cautiously, "I need not hurry; if I'm in time to save *thee*, I shall still be in time enough!"

"Nay!" retorted St. Marcel, "thou mayest yet be in time to save her; assist me in bearing her hence; I cannot do it of myself."

The individual was now close to our hero, upon whom he again directed the light, rapidly examining both him and the lifeless form over which he bent. With remarkable alacrity he then extracted from his vest a flat bottle of rather large capacity, and uncorking it, tendered it to St. Marcel, saying:

"Take a good draught; it will keep thy teeth from chattering. Nay, don't hesitate."

Our hero, in obedience to the stranger's direction, subjected the flask to a severe experimental process of suction, during which, its owner slipped his arms from two broad belts by which a large bas-

ket was confined to his shoulders, and raising the female, continued:

"Throw thy cloak over her; 'tis in my basket, with thy hat and sword—I suppose they are thine; I found them on the bridge. There! now take my lantern, clap my basket on thy back and follow me."

With a nimbleness that surprised St. Marcel, as it not only formed an extraordinary contrast with his former deliberation, but appeared in no wise affected by his burden, the man crossed the boats with a sure foot, and gaining the bank, proceeded swiftly over the bridge whence our hero had precipitated himself, continuing his onward course, past the Palais de Justice, over the Pont St. Michel, into the Rue de la Harpe, situated in the very neighborhood towards which St. Marcel journeyed, when the event occurred that brought him into such unexpected companionship.

The streets through which they passed, were deserted, a circumstance favorable to the rapid locomotion of our hero's guide, who ran, rather than walked—his follower (in whom the brandy had infused new life) keeping close in the rear. At length, within ten minutes from the time they left the boat, they reached a large dingy house, on the left hand side of the street in question; St. Marcel, by the light of the lantern, rapidly examined the exterior, and beheld, painted over the windows of the basement story: "*au No.* 53, *Michaulx, Tonnellier.*" In accordance with the instructions of the stranger, he raised the heavy iron hammer suspended at the door, and gave two distinct knocks, then a third, the latter being promptly answered by the drawing aside of a small square sliding-panel, behind the grating of which appeared an eye rolling at our visitors, in a state of single beatitude.

"*Heus! ecquis est?*"* demanded the proprietor of the solitary visual orb.

"*Lutetia!*"† briefly responded St. Marcel's companion, bringing himself within the focus of observation by stepping before our hero.

The magic word was scarcely uttered, than the cyclopian warden closed the jealous parallelogram, and opened a small thick door to which it formed the embellishments; the stranger entered first, closely followed by St. Marcel.

"Polyphemus," said the former, addressing the mysterious guardian, "quick! to the hall! send us female help;" then turning to our hero, continued; "follow me, beau cavalier; fear nothing."

Whether owing to the quantity he had imbibed, or to the quality of the liquor, St. Marcel's strength had gradually returned; still he shivered from the effects of his sudden submersion, and therefore, appreciated the comfort of the large fire that blazed in a recess of

*Ho! Who is it?

† The ancient name of Paris, derived from lutum clay, with which the neighborhood abounds.

the spacious vault into which, after traversing several narrow passages and descending a flight of stone stairs, the individual with the cognomen of Polyphemus ushered him and his eccentric companion.

The latter, on the disappearance of his cyclops, commenced operations upon the body of the female, for the purpose of restoring animation: in these he was assisted by St. Marcel, and being shortly joined by the handmaidens, their united efforts succeeded in producing symptoms of life, upon the appearance of which, the nymphs intimated to their male associates, that their further assistance could be dispensed with.

"Galatea," observed St. Marcel's guide, addressing the most matronly-looking of the females, "let us know how the young woman goes on; and thou," continued he to his companion, "follow me."

So saying he struck the iron-hook of a long stick which he held, into the collar of St. Marcel's cloak, and swinging it over his shoulder, with the dexterity of a proficient in his craft, quitted the vault, followed by his newly made acquaintance, bearing his basket and his lantern. After progressing through divers long passages, they halted at a large door; pushing it open, the friend of Polyphemus descended a second flight of steps leading into a second series of passages, through which the cold wind whistled with considerable force.

"I shall introduce thee at once to the emperor," at length said St. Marcel's guide, continuing his way; "thou shalt then be at liberty to remain with us or to depart."

"If it be a matter of no particular moment to the *emperor*," retorted St. Marcel, "and thy companions have good cheer to offer, I shall claim their hospitality till to-morrow."

"Thou art cold," observed his conductor, remarking the melody produced by the frequent collision of our hero's teeth, at the same moment pushing open a small door in the subterraneous passage.

"I am," replied St. Marcel; "my clothes are wet—and the draughts in this *royal residence* are any thing but revivifying."

"Dost thou know this place then," asked his *cicerone*, surprised at St. Marcel's allusion and hesitating to enter the aperture.

"Not I, indeed," replied our hero; "I am neither a mole nor a rat to burrow beneath the earth with my kind; lead on, friend; thou hast naught to fear from me; and I am too cold, too hungry and too wet to hesitate whether I shall serve Louis Quatorze or the emperor of his subterranean dominions."

His companion made no reply, but allowing the door to swing to of its own accord, behind them, led the way across a spacious vault, from the opposite side of which proceeded a broad glare of light, through a large aperture in the masonry; at this moment a peal of boisterous laughter burst upon them, intermingled with the clash of glasses and the murmur of numerous voices.

St. Marcel followed his guide through the opening in the wall, and found himself in the midst of a motley company, carousing in groups dispersed here and there in a vault of extensive dimensions, of a style of architecture that at once riveted his attention.

CHAPTER XV.

SHOWS HOW ST. MARCEL WAS INTRODUCED TO THE EMPEROR JULIAN, AND HOW HE WAS ENTERTAINED BY THAT MONARCH.

"LUTETIA!" exclaimed St. Marcel's friend, upon their entry, thus commencing a communication to the assembled company, in a dialect unknown to him, but which produced a burst of applause, succeeded by a cry on all sides of "welcome stranger! welcome!"

"Friends!" observed our hero, elevating his voice so as to render it audible to all; "I thank you for this hearty welcome; but I am cold as charity, wet, and hungry, so let me warm myself, dry myself, and eat, then I shall be in better spirits to thank you for your hospitality;" so saying, amidst peals of laughter, raised by his facetious frankness, he unceremoniously crossed to the opposite side of the vault, seating himself in front of a large fire that blazed in a deep niche.

"Here, friend," remarked St. Marcel's guide, who had followed him to his seat; "here is thy cloak."

"And there is thy flask," retorted St. Marcel, returning the same; "replenish it, and I will drink to our better acquaintance."

The individual took the vessel, and having assured himself of its emptiness, saluted our hero with a nod and a glance approbatory of the feat he had accomplished, inwardly satisfied that only he himself besides could have performed it as manfully within the same short space of time. Throwing down his basket and hooked stick, and extinguishing the light in his lantern, he proceeded to instruct a swarthy-complexioned, almost invisible atomy of humanity, whom he illustrated by the name of Æsop, relatively to the speedy production of certain nutritious articles, whereof the custody and delicate preparation for edible purposes, constituted one of the chief attributes of his office.

The culinary official immediately rendered himself invisible, the interval between his departure and his re-appearance affording St. Marcel's guide an opportunity of enlarging upon his qualities, and of introducing a few biographical anecdotes illustrative of a portion of his private history.

"The community of the Lutetians," said he, with a significant jerk of the head in the direction of his companions, who now appeared totally indifferent to their proceedings, "owes me a heavy debt for introducing Æsop to its notice—the only debt that it ever acknowledged. A few years ago, he was a vile fabricator of soups and pottages—an obscure stewer of beef and mutton, in one of the most unclassical neighborhoods;" his companion here eyed the roof.

"His genius exercised itself in the transformation of all kinds of flesh into *à-la-modes*, fricasees, and *fricandeaus;* one night, the officers of the muncipality laid violent hands upon certain casks of Cognac, on which Æsopus had imprudently neglected to pay the dues; but, not content with his spirit, seized upon his body also, intending to treat him to a view of Paris from the pillory. On his way to the Grêve, a band of Lutetians, led by myself—for I owed him a long score—rescued him from the guard; we brought him off in triumph, making good our retreat hither, where he has ever since remained. And now," continued he, as Æsop made his appearance, "that we have discussed his story, let us do the same honor to his dishes. Oh! what delicious repasts would the Lutetians have lost, had they not rescued Æsopus from the pillory."

"The Lutetians are followers of Epicurus, I perceive," observed St. Marcel, commencing operations upon a cold Normandy capon exquisitely roasted—his eyes roaming over the adjuncts to the really sumptuous meal which the diminutive caterer had placed before them.

"We follow no sect in particular," retorted his companion, busily employed in dissecting the remainder of the capon; "but, if any thing, we are Peripatetics. Bacchus and Venus are our divinities, in common with Plutus. We venerate our emperor, respect the laws established by ourselves for the advancement of the weal of Lutetia, and live as joyously as we can, upon such means as chance and our respective avocations assist us to. Pray, what's thy name, friend?"

"St. Marcel le Trouvé," responded our hero, unwilling to withhold his name, lest the circumstance should excite suspicion, yet equally averse to give a fictitious one.

"Marcellus!" observed his friend musingly; "a good name; a classical name! quite Lutetian! mine is Democritus amongst my comrades; we Lutetians abjure *baptismal* registers! Marcellus, thy health; whilst Democritus lives, thou shalt never want a friend in Lutetia!"

The philosopher, pouring out wine into two large crystal goblets, handed one to St. Marcel, and drank off the other at a draught; an example followed by his companion, after a fashion, too, that left no doubt as to his capability of appreciating its very excellent quality.

Although intent upon effecting the disappearance of the dainties provided by Æsopus of Lutetia, our hero took advantage of certain intervals, to examine Democritus and his companions unperceived, as likewise the extraordinary locality to which he had been brought.

The language, manners, and general appearance of the philosopher, formed a striking contrast to his garb; the latter, however, was in perfect keeping with his ostensible pursuit, the emblems of which consisted of a dark lantern, a basket of peculiar form and capacity, and a thick stick, about four feet in length, furnished at the lower extremity with a formidable iron hook. St. Marcel recognized him as appertaining to the class called *chiffonniers*, individuals pursuing, principally at dead of night, a mysterious occupation,

the main object of which is the collecting of old rags, paper, and bones, with indefinite stray articles of trifling value, *likely* to be *lost* or *mislaid* by the negligence of waiters or servants.

Worn, more for use than show, his apparel was not remarkable for uniformity; a gray slouch-hat, originally fitted to a head two or three trifles less than his own—a boot and a shoe that had appertained to distinct owners, the latter square-toed and be-buckled, the cast-off relic of some *maire-d'arrondissement*, the former an invalid, retired from military service—a coat and a waistcoat of antediluvian fashion, entitled to veneration as *holy* relics—these, with equally antiquated buckskin etcæteras, formed, in the aggregate, the extent of his personal wardrobe.

But the locality more particularly attracted his notice. It was a spacious vault of oblong form, apparently measuring sixty feet long by fifty in width, and nearly the same in height. On one side, extending its entire length, rose three lofty arches—the middle one, of greater span and dimensions than its two supporters—dividing the principle hall from a second, evidently smaller, but plunged in darkness and untenanted. On the opposite side, *that* where St. Marcel was seated, several deep recesses were elaborated in the face of the wall, in one of which a large wood fire blazed fiercely, the smoke forming a canopy, and escaping leisurely through a large aperture overhead. Immediately facing the breach in the masonry through which our hero entered, was a small square door, and above it, an opening fashioned like a window, but unfurnished with the usual accompaniments; the ribs of the vaulted roof reposed upon stone brackets mortised in the face of the walls, sculptured in the form of the prow of a ship—a symbol of the ocean—those on the southern side, based upon the arches, being varied by figures of men representative of heathen gods; the arches themselves were supported by fluted pilasters, their span being perfectly semicircular: against them, some half dozen torches were fixed, which throwing a dull light through the hall, brought out in relief the groups of figures assembled around some three or four tables, literally groaning under the united weight of numberless quaintly-fashioned pitchers of wine, and the elbows of the bacchanals.

The assemblage was motly, and diversly arrayed: there sat the exquisite, august in an exuberance of lace frill and ruffle; the student in modest suit of brown, whose demure cut, gave the lie to his jovial countenance; the seminarist, furtively escaped from priestly tutelage, encased in gabardine of solemn black, with clerks of the university, in hanging sleeves, and square-topped cap, boisterously echoing the laugh raised by their own sallies; the pink of fashion hobnobbing with decayed gentility; the laced coat, with the gray hose and jerkin; the learned student with the artisan; the embryo Lycurgus, with the disciple of Galen and Hippocrates: here and there, rudely shaped wooden-benches, turned topsy-turvy; drinking-vessels promiscuously dispersed among the feet of the guests; three or four long tables, partially covered with the rem-

nants of a meal, relieved by huge bowls of flaming spirits; various articles of apparel cast loose upon the floor; dice and dominoes rattling; glasses and goblets clashing; voices intermingling in joyous dissonance; such was the scene which St. Marcel witnessed, and in which he himself figured as an actor of no inconsiderable importance.

"Strange," thought he, "that I should be brought into such company; and in such a manner! this adventure will be productive of results far from agreeable perhaps; but I will be upon my guard. Methinks too I have met some of those faces before; but where? *that* I can't remember. Well! never mind where! I shall be able to recognize them again—that is *if* they ever afford me the opportunity; as for the locality, thy science is at fault, St. Marcel! the geographers surely neglected to lay down this underground kingdom in their charts, and thou must be content to know only that it is called Lutetia."

"Fine ancient domicile, this," remarked Democritus from behind his goblet, causing his dark eyes to revolve around the hall, "and very extensive; thou seemest to be struck with it, friend Marcellus."

"Not less than with its occupants," responded our hero; "pray is the gang numerous?"

Democritus smiled, and with an inclination of the head, replied:

"We form a commonwealth, friend Marcellus—not a gang."

"Let it be a commonwealth, most worthy Democritus, if such be thy wish; may I ask its number?" continued St. Marcel.

"It is both numerous and select," returned the philosopher; "some five or six hundred, perhaps; all united for one purpose."

"Which is?" asked our hero, with a glance at the company, indicative of its equivocal character.

"The secret of the Lutetians," coolly replied his companion.

"Are you not afraid of its being betrayed?" continued St. Marcel.

"We have all a common interest, not to betray it," answered Democritus; "nay! did'st thou know us better, thou would'st tomorrow be a Lutetian."

"And what should I gain by becoming a citizen of this subterraneous community?" inquired St. Marcel; "methinks thy recognition for instance on one of our public promenades, would do me little honor; that is to say, unless thy costume was rather more *distingué*."

Democritus looked intently at his companion, as he responded.

"Yet, friend Marcellus, my hand was stretched out to aid thee in a noble act."

The officer of musketeers blushed, feeling the force of the reproof; extending his hand, which Democritus cordially shook, he replied:

"Thou wilt excuse that speech of mine, my friend; I am not yet a philosopher, but a slave to the usages of society in Paris."

"Which are, that a generous heart," interrupted his companion, "must repress the outward expression of his feelings; that a *roué* would demean himself, did he touch the hand of an honest man, if his garb—" here his eyes glanced over his own—"were not quite a-la-mode; but fear not, Marcellus; a Lutetian's recognition is not to be contemned, and never causes shame to the object of it."

Our hero was sorely puzzled in his attempts to fathom the philosopher's meaning; that he was not what he appeared, he felt convinced, but as he seemed disinclined to satisfy him as to the common interests of the Lutetians, St. Marcel changed the conversation by a remark relative to the locality wherein they were assembled.

"Its age is fourteen centuries," said the philosopher, in reply; "our palace is not elegant, but it has the advantage of being solid."

"A palace for rats as well as Lutetians," retorted our hero, smiling.

"A palace for emperors, say, friend Marcellus; hast thou never heard of the *Palais des Thermes?*" *

St. Marcel started; he *had* heard of it, but only as belonging to the past—as associated with the Cæsars of ancient Gaul—with the mighty revolutions that had strengthened the power of the kings of the first race—with the gradual establishment of the empire of France.

"I had been led to suppose no vestige of it remained," remarked he, observing that the philosopher appeared to expect an answer.

"As the Palais des Thermes, it is known only to a few," responded Democritus; "the rest regard it merely as a convenient resort, where they are safe from pursuit—"

"Then," interrupted St. Marcel, inwardly gratified that the philosopher's incaution had afforded him a clue to the mode of life followed by his companions, "I may infer that the Lutetians have cause to fear the agents of justice."

His comrade burst into a loud laugh, saying:

"Less cause than the agents of justice to fear the Lutetians; but seek not, friend Marcellus, to know more until thou hast seen the emperor; him thou mayest interrogate—do it boldly, and he will boldly answer; 'tis near his time of coming, for midnight must be close at hand." So saying, Democritus completed the disappearance of the capon and its adjuncts, and filling his goblet with wine, pushed the pitcher over to St. Marcel, observing:

"Don't fear the wine, Marcellus; 'tis genuine from the golden vines of Burgundy; here's to the weal of Lutetia, and to the honor of thy introduction."

At this interesting moment, when under the combined influence

* The *Palais des Thermes*, or Thermal Palace, was built by Constantius Chlorus, during the period that he reigned as Cæsar over Gaul, from the year 292 to 306. It was originally destined, as its name indicates, for public baths, but from its great extent, and the many additions made to it, served as the winter residence of his successors; one of whom, his grandson Julian, surnamed the Apostate, so augmented it, that its origin is, by some historians attributed to him.

of the brandy, the wine, and the warmth of the fire, St. Marcel was nearly committing a breach of decorum, by a loud tribute to Somnus, the small door already mentioned was flung back, and the appearance of an individual of majestic stature gave the signal for a general shout of, "the Emperor! the Emperor!"

"Good night, friends," remarked the latter, with a most affable nod, intended as a mark of recognition to everybody, but which struck St. Marcel as directed particularly to *him*. Casting off an ample cloak in which his large frame was encased, as also a slouch-hat in distressed circumstances, he strode to the upper end of the principal table, and took up a recumbent position in a large carved oaken chair, which St. Marcel had not before perceived, his majesty then embraced one of the earthen pitchers that stood before him, and looking fixedly at our hero, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Friends! the health of our new brother, citizen St. Marcel le Trouvé!"

To the worthy citizen so distinguished, this mark of courtesy, but especially the act that prompted the manifestation thereof, appeared far from legitimate; conscious that there now remained open to him one course alone, that of immediate action, and that it was only prudent to yield to the force of circumstances and to a majority of voices, he determined upon propitiating the favorable opinion of his companions by assuming an appearance of perfect freedom, and placing himself at once on an equal footing with them. As soon therefore as the noisy expression of their felicity at having him amongst them had subsided, our hero, closely followed by Democritus, advanced towards the regal chair, and saluting its occupant with an irreproachable obeisance, thus addressed the company:

"Friends! I should say brother-citizens of Lutetia! The honor you have done me is doubtless great; I feel convinced that had you not considered me equally worthy as yourselves of becoming a Lutetian, you would not have conferred it upon me. His majesty the emperor," here he inclined his body towards that individual, "has the advantage of me in being acquainted with my name—a circumstance, I admit, that somewhat surprises me, since I do not at present remember ever having enjoyed his company."

"The Pont-Neuf!" ejaculated his majesty, with an emphasis that appeared to puzzle the neophyte in a most remarkable manner.

"My memory is treacherous on this occasion," replied St. Marcel; "and I must confess your majesty's features could not then have made a *remarkable* impression on me, though I would now be sworn to recognize them at any future time; however, as I cannot, nay, do not seek, to disprove my identity with the St. Marcel le Trouvé known to your majesty, I am content to remain perplexed how you became acquainted with my name and person. With regard then to my induction into this community; I dare say it has been effected according to Lutetian law; one trifling omission, however, has been made, which, in my very humble opinion, militates against my being duly elected: it is that my consent is wanting to the act—"

"We need it not," interrupted the emperor, making an appeal to the pitcher by way of strengthening his decision.

"Will your majesty excuse my doubting that fact?" inquired St. Marcel, in the blandest manner possible.

"Dost thou doubt *that?*" responded the former, in a determined tone, placing before St. Marcel's eyes a small strip of parchment, which the latter had scarcely perused, than he turned ghastly pale, his countenance undergoing so great a change, that even Democritus was surprised, and tendered him a bumper of wine to shore up his falling courage.

St. Marcel drank the wine with an abstracted air, his eyes fixed upon the parchment; as he recovered his self-possession, the chief of the Lutetians arose, and addressing him, said:

"Well, friend, dost thou consent to become one of us? choose! Lutetia, or this!" Here he laid his finger on the fatal paper.

"The Bastile," replied our hero, "is bad enough, I confess—but rather *that* than dishonor! How do I know to what I engage myself, if I choose Lutetia? Answer me, man; and if I can choose, I will!"

"Boldly answered," exclaimed Jacques—for it was he who spoke; "take my guarantee, that thy choice of Lutetia shall not pledge thee to dishonor."

There was something in Jacques so noble and imposing, so open, so manly, that our hero almost unconsciously tendered him his hand, and, waving the other in the air with an animation that threatened serious detriment to the physiognomy of the philosopher, causing him to pour out an involuntary libation, exclaimed:

"I cannot hesitate; Lutetia! Lutetia!"

This announcement was received with louder acclamations than before, the whole assembled company rising simultaneously, and reiterating:

"Lutetia! Lutetia! Lutetia and St. Marcel forever!"

Taking advantage of a partial lull, Jacques again addressed our hero:

"Thou dost not then remember me, friend? yet was our rencounter a remarkable one."

Coupling this remark with Jacques' mention of the Pont-Neuf, a glimmer of the truth flashed across St. Marcel's mind, and he exclaimed:

"Our rencounter? the Pont-Neuf? thou wert the capuchin!"

"No!" replied Jacques, smiling.

"'T was thou, then, who assailed me from behind; no great marvel, truly, that I could not recognize thee. But who was *he?*"

"The Duke of Chartres," whispered Jacques, narrowly watching St. Marcel's countenance, as if anxious to read the thoughts that the communication would suggest.

When it is known that during the week of his confinement—the greater portion of which time had been spent at the bed-side of St. Leu—the latter had made our hero the confident of his love for

Julie—of his projected marriage with her—of his jealousy of the unknown capuchin, for St. Marcel had concealed nothing from his friend, and that he had further commissioned him to prosecute an inquiry into the mysterious transfer of the ring, which he now retained as evidence of his betrothed's faithlessness—it will readily be inferred that, first on the score of his friend's happiness, Jacques' information was likely to engender in St. Marcel's mind reflections anything but agreeable; and secondly, tended to increase the enormity of his own offence, inasmuch as it informed him that he had, by a strange coincidence of circumstances, robbed the royal duke of a mistress, and become the restorer thereof to his rival, the original donor; *his* punishment was imminent, nor could he clearly perceive how his connection with the Lutetians would avert or tend to mitigate it; as this point most nearly affected him, he determined upon acquiring a piece of information so essential to his well-being, and again addressed Jacques:

"Surely his highness did not recognize me?"

"No!" replied the emperor, "or thou would'st ere this have been in the Bastile."

St. Marcel observed that, as he uttered these words, Jacques eyed him, and fingered, in a most provoking manner, the parchment that he still held in his hand.

"May I ask," said he, "what are thy intentions with respect to that very interesting piece of parchment? and how my incarceration in the delightful locality it mentions, may be postponed, or altogether dispensed with?"

"I will show thee," retorted Jacques, "the extent of a Lutetian's friendship; the paper I shall keep as a guarantee for thy secrecy, but the community must be made acquainted with its purport." Here Jacques, by a peremptory sign, silenced his companions, thus addressing them: "Friends! any one of you may gain three thousand crowns by discovering and arresting, in the name of the king, a certain officer of musketeers, accused of having robbed his highness, the Duke of Chartres, of a diamond ring."

Whether owing to the peculiar emphasis with which Jacques delivered himself, giving the company reason to suspect that St. Marcel was the identical officer of musketeers alluded to, certain it is, that the latter experienced a great degree of trepidation on finding suddenly concentrated upon himself the united eyes of the Lutetians there assembled, nor were his sensations more relieved to hear Jacques deliver an elaborate description of his person—a description so vivid and minute, he felt that, had he never beheld his own image reflected in a mirror, he might thenceforth have dispensed with that luxury; the spy terminated his address by reading aloud the inscription on the parchment, which was as follows:

"'*Sieur Jacques!*

"*Fine the individual who robbed his highness in disguise, and convey him to the Bastile, for which this is thy warranty. I leave*

directions with the governor. This done, thou shalt receive three thousand crowns. D'Argenson."

"Do you know the individual?" continued Jacques to his companions.

"St. Marcel!" shouted a score of voices.

"Right, friends!" observed his Lutetian majesty; "but St. Marcel is now one of us; you will therefore give him notice of danger, and if necessary, rescue him therefrom by force."

"Lutetia! Lutetia! Lutetia and St. Marcel!" resounded unanimously through the hall; a manifestation of public opinion in which Democritus particularly distinguished himself.

In the midst of this Jacques retired to the inner hall, first intimating to our hero, a desire of speaking with him on the morrow upon an affair of deep interest.

A few moments sufficed to banish from St. Marcel's mind all thoughts of the past, for with Jacques disappeared the impression that his extraordinary communication had created; abandoning himself, therefore, with his customary elasticity of spirits to the enjoyment of the present moment, and possessing an inexhaustible fund of humor, he rapidly ingratiated himself into the good graces of his Lutetian brethren, notwithstanding that both at cards and at dice fortune favored him to an extent perfectly unprecedented, and which might even have led to a supposition of his having some private mode of assisting himself to the fickle goddess' favor.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO VERSAILLES. MADAME DE MAINTENON. THE SUPPLIANT.

From the *Palais des Thermes*, and Jacques, *alias* the emperor Julian, the reader must convey himself to Versailles—Versailles the magnificent—with her countless halls and galleries; her marble staircases; her gorgeous saloons and boudoirs; her cascades and *chateaux-d'eau*; her parks, with their green slopes, limpid lakes and interminable vistas, thickly planted with teils, poplar, beech and horse-chestnut trees.

In her *boudoir*, situated on the opposite side of the same landing as the suite of apartments occupied by her royal consort, sat Françoise d'Aubigné de Maintenon, attended by her old female servant, Babbien, the former, listlessly sipping chocolate, served in a rich Sêvres porcelain cup, the latter, deeply absorbed in the nice adjustment of her august mistress' tiny slipper.

The great clock of the palace had just chimed noon, but although a clear, frosty day, with a bright sun shining in an almost brighter sky, scarcely a crepuscular light illumined the elegant apartment adorned by her presence.

It was a small square room, having two windows and a couple of doors, one of the latter opening into her private chamber, the other, communicating with the principal landing; the view from the former, commanding the great park and its appurtenances. The walls, as also the cushions and the backs of the elaborately carved chairs, the ottoman and the stool upon which her foot rested, were decorated with the finest specimens of Gobelin tapestry, illustrative of the victories gained by the marshals of Louis Quatorze, and of the principal events of his reign. Before each seat, was placed a small square piece of the same material, bordered with a fringe of crimson silk; guarantees against the slipperiness of the highly-polished oaken floor; a rug of Persia carpet lay in front of the raised hearth, on which blazed and crackled some three or four ponderous logs of wood; the black marble mantel-shelf, supported by fluted pilasters of the same, and surcharged with china ornaments of the choicest kind, and by a magnificent time-piece manufactured by Nicolas Grollier de Serviére, representing the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, was surmounted by a plate of Venetian looking-glass, in a frame richly carved and gilt, and surmounted by an exquisitely wrought marble bust of the *grand monarque*. Flasks of rich perfumes, and numerous nicknacks and luxuries of the toilet, that only French women can appreciate; here and there vases of flowers fresh from the conservatory, culled in the height of their beauty only to be a moment admired, then wither and die; a work-table bestrewed with the emblems of female industry, and a few of its fruits in the shape of embroidery; these constituted the chief embellishments of the chamber in which, as before stated, sate Madame de Maintenon, herself the greatest ornament.

Although she had just completed her thirteenth lustre, time had laid a light finger on her beauty, and increase of years, whilst it had more than matured, had scarcely impaired her personal charms; her symmetrical figure, inclined to embonpoint, was remarkable for gracefulness and elegance, whilst her fine, expressive countenance betrayed few signs of the encroachments of age; her deep blue eyes still sparkled with youthful vivacity; her dark chestnut hair, smoothly plaited in broad bands over her fair forehead, and turned up loosely behind into a *chignon*, fastened by massive gold pins set with jewels, was abundant and unsilvered; her lips, plump and rosy, her teeth too, as she now and then addressed her attendant, peeped up through her well-formed smiling mouth, regular and white, looking, not like two rows of pearls, but like the very whitest teeth that ever adorned the mouth of a young beauty vain of her dental attractions: the expression of her face was thoughtful, nay, even grave; though devoid of any approach

to austerity, a character of benevolence pervading it, that spoke at once to the heart, prepossessing the affections in her favor; still, there existed with it a certain haughtiness of manner, an intensity of gaze, that betrayed the spirit within; the existence of an indomitable will; an inflexibility of decision, which, once adopted, either for a good or a baneful end, would pursue its object in spite of every obstacle opposed to its attainment: such was Madame de Maintenon, the consort of Louis Quatorze.

Many and contradictory are the opinions and reports transmitted to posterity, with respect to her character; but whilst the veil has been raised from her weakness, the same hands have cast a thick mantle over her virtues.

Born within the sombre walls of a prison,* and nursed in the lap of trouble, she appears to have been predestined to experience the frowns and the favors of fortune to an almost unprecedented extent.

Transported to the American continent, when only three years of age, the negligence of a domestic, nearly occasioned her a frightful death;† at twelve, she found herself an orphan, a dependent upon the charity of a near relative, whose harshness caused her joyfully to accept the offer of marriage made to her by Paul Scarron, the burlesque writer and wit. A wife at sixteen—the wife too of a man whose body was as deformed as his mind was noble and elevated, her beauty attracted notice, whilst her talents and superior intellectual attainments, nurtured and matured by her husband, distinguished her amongst the choicest of Parisian society, who sought her company with emulative eagerness: a widow at twenty-five years of age, without fortune, not even enjoying the modest pension of fifteen hundred livres that the King's bounty had conferred upon her late husband—she lived retired, unknown, almost forgotten, for the space of two years, when the monarch, at the request of Madame de Montespan, the reigning favorite, granted her an annuity of two thousand livres, upon which she again emerged into the world, the centre of a select circle of admiring friends.

It is more than probable that Madame Scarron would never have been personally introduced to the notice of Louis Quatorze, but for the circumstance of the Duke du Maine, his son by Madame de Montespan, being born with a deformity of the foot, for the treat-

* At Niort in Poitou, where her father and mother were imprisoned by order of the court. The former was Constant d'Aubigné son of Theodore-Agrippa d'Aubigné, gentleman of the chamber in ordinary to Henri Quartre; the latter, the daughter of a Bordelais, named Cardillac, Governor of Château Trompette, from which prison she delivered the man, who in gratitude made her his wife; he took her to Carolina, on their return from which country, they were, as already stated, imprisoned, at Niort, where Madame d'Aubigné gave birth to our heroine.

† A servant left the child on the banks of the river; during her absence, a large serpent attacked her, from whose fangs she was saved only by a miracle; the domestic returning hastily, startled the reptile, which crept away leaving the infant unharmed.

ment of which he proceeded with him to the Barége spa, where a confidential person was sought, to whom the child might be entrusted: the king remembered Madame Scarron, and through the agency of Monsieur de Louvois, proposed that she should undertake the care and education of the duke; from this period she corresponded, regularly, with his majesty—her letters pleased him—her merit completed her fortune.

In this instance a deformed foot kicks down the formidable barrier between royalty and plebeianism—a sickly infant's hand lifts a pauper girl into the regal marriage-bed.

Strange to say, Louis Quatorze could not at first habituate himself to Madame Scarron, but his aversion faded by degrees, and grew into confidence, his confidence to love. Madame de Montespan daily lost favor in his eyes, Madame Scarron daily gained. Become Madame de Maintenon by right of possession of the estate so named, which she had lately purchased, and convinced of the monarch's passion for her, there sprung up between them an extraordinary interchange of tenderness on his part—of ambition and devotion on hers; in 1683, the queen of Louis Quatorze died; in 1686 he espoused de Maintenon.

Louis appears to have taken this step advisedly; he had attained his forty-eighth year, Madame de Maintenon her fifty-second, both past the age when love rules triumphant over every other sentiment; the fire too, of his youthful passions, was now nearly extinguished; he had in turn adored and repudiated, besides many others, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, Mademoiselle de Mancini, Marie de Mancini, her sister, who afterwards married the Connétable Colonne, the Baroness de Beauvais, Mademoiselle d'Argencourt, the beautiful Mademoiselle de la Valliere, whom he quitted for the blandishment of Madame la Marquise de Montespan, the co-rival of Mademoiselle de Fontange and of the accomplished and fascinating widow of Paul Scarron. The extreme beauty and youth of Mademoiselle de Fontange, coupled with the birth of a son, which she bore the king, for a time distracted his attention from Madame de Maintenon, who although daily gaining favor, to the detriment of Madame de Montespan, was still far from holding the first place in his fickle affections; on the demise, however of De Fontange and her infant, in 1681, she began to assume the ascendency over her remaining rival, who now scarcely possessed a heart, satiated with her and tired of her continual murmurs.

A man on the return of life who has passed his youth and prime in gallantry, and thus deadened the holy fire of virtuous love, no longer experiences, in the society of womankind, that indefinable sentiment of delight, which so mystically holds the sexes in communion, no longer appreciates that poetry of intense feeling, intended by nature, to constitute the everlasting tie between them; no longer seeks a soul congenial to his own; not as it is, but as it was; no longer craves after a kindred spirit, that shall feel, and think, and enjoy, and suffer with him in sweet companionship: his

appetite is palled; the reciprocative vitality of his soul is extinguished; he is become a creature of indefinite wants, of confirmed habits, of active passions diverted by satiety into a new channel; he seeks a friend—a complaisant companion, in whose society he can taste the honey of female tenderness mellowed to suit his cloyed palate; whose presence shall disburden him of his load of cares; whose smile shall illuminate the small world that now remains to him, and from which he has obliterated the traces of every living affection save self!

The secret of Madame de Maintenon's empire over the affections, or rather the habits, of Louis Quatorze, consisted in the charms of her mental acquirements rather than of her person, though the latter were of remarkable potency. Her mind, liberally endowed by nature, had been cultivated by reading, and by frequenting the company of the first literary men of the day; she possessed an exhaustless fund of anecdote, a constant flow of wit and pleasantry, which, directed by her excellent judgment, shone with tenfold brilliancy in sprightly repartees; her conversation, unaffected and insinuating, scintillated with vivacity and sense; she wrote with a peculiar ease and grace, her style, self-formed, being a compound of art and nature, elegantly harmonized; thus, the dissipated monarch found Madame de Maintenon to possess a union of graces that he vainly sought in his other mistresses, and though his infidelities to her were numerous, he always returned to her, more captivated than ever.

Struggling between his ancient attachment to Madame de Montespan, whom he felt some delicacy in openly repudiating, his newly-kindled love for Mademoiselle de Fontange, whom he passionately admired, and the powerful attractions of Madame de Maintenon, whose elegant conversation and society every day exercised increasing influence over him, rendering them every day more necessary, his mind was a continual prey to conflicting sentiments, over which, however, he could not determine upon relinquishing the ascendency in favor of either.

The death of the object of his adoration, and of the pledge of their mutual passion, destroyed the last tie upon his worn-out affections; his grief rendered him thoughtful, and he began to feel compunction on the score of his connection with Madame de Montespan, whose husband, the marquis, still lived. These prickings of conscience had arisen from the moment that he ceased to love the marchioness, and partially owed their origin to the religiousness of her rival, who, perceiving the secret power which she was daily acquiring, conducted herself with the artful reserve natural to women of a certain age, when bent upon conquest, enlisting religion in her service, not, as Voltaire cynically observes, "*to succor her failing charms*," but to supplant Madame de Montespan in the king's favor, by diverting his thoughts into a new channel. Her's was a struggle, not of love against love, but of ambition against the established empire of a rival, whose youth and beauty faded, no longer

possessed the power of influencing the object of her thought. Her acts of piety gave a color to her intrigues; her conduct forming that extraordinary mixture of religion and gallantry, of ambition and devotion, of dignity and weakness, characteristic of the human heart—an inconsistency alike common to Louis Quatorze and to herself.

On the marriage of Mademoiselle de Blois (her daughter by the king) to the Duke of Chartres, Madame de Montespan retired voluntarily from the court, unable longer to support the mortification caused by the king's preference of the new favorite, whom she left, the undisputed mistress of the remainder of Louis Quatorze's affections.

Madame de Maintenon now acquired such ascendency over his mind, and so infected it with religious scruples relatively to the nature of their *liaison*, that the monarch, accustomed to the charms of her conversation, long habituated to see her about his person, and moreover, desirous of alleviating the cares of government by an admixture of the sweets of retirement, determined, by the advice of his confessor, Le Père la Chaise, to unite himself to his mistress; accordingly, in the month of January of the before-mentioned year, the marriage was solemnized in a small chapel at Versailles, by the Archbishop of Paris, Harlai de Chanvalon, in the presence of the king's venerable confessor, one Montchevreuil, and Bontems, the first valet-de-chambre; their union, however, remained an unsolved problem at court, whilst the only public distinction that betrayed her secret elevation to the dignity of king's consort, was her occupation, at high mass, of one of the small state-pews originally erected for his majesty and his late queen. Her religious sentiments, with which she had infected the king, but which she had employed only as a mask to cover her intrigue, became, in after years, sincere and profound, increasing in fervor with increase of age; her exaltation left her ambition little to attain, the uniformity of her life constituting her greatest trouble; and, if there can be adduced one proof more calculated than another to disabuse aspiring souls of their illusions, her own sentiments may be happily cited, when writing to her favorite, one of the cloistered devotees of the convent of St. Cyr, founded by her munificence.*

Her religious enthusiasm did not, however, entirely destroy her love of temporal sway. Having gained the summit of power, she now directed the actions of the monarch, assiduously avoiding every appearance of ruling, but in reality setting in motion the machinery of the state through the instrumentality of its first minister, Chamillart, her creature, who was in high favor with his royal master—first, on account of his unimpeachable probity, and sec-

* "I *have been* young and beautiful; have tasted pleasure; have been beloved by all; have passed my maturer years in intellectual commerce; have arrived at the highest pinnacle of fortune. My child! all these conditions leave a frightful void!" —*Vide Letres de Madame de Maintenon.*

ondly, *because of his great skill at billiards*, a game of which Louis was excessively fond.

There exists not a shadow of doubt, on the score of Madame de Maintenon's sincerity of affection for Louis Quatorze, notwithstanding that she employed religious artifice to secure it; she had never loved Scarron, and on beholding herself the object of the monarch's attentions, sought less to defend her heart against the inroads of a reciprocal passion, than to consolidate its empire over him that had inspired it; whilst her religious hypocrisy may be justified by the character of her admirer, who, had she depended solely upon her attractions, would have repudiated her with as little compunction as he had his former loves, as soon as, like them, they ceased to charm.

Acquainted with Louis' innermost thoughts, and ever on the alert to forestall his secret wishes, her's was often the indirect channel through which they were accomplished, although with a pride that few in her position would not have sacrificed to vanity, she never assumed the credit of the act: in two instances, however, this heroic modesty did not avail. Louis' determination to revoke the edict of Nantes, though mainly due to the intrigues of the Romish clergy, was in a great measure influenced by her zeal against a creed that she had abjured,* whilst her misguided enthusiasm engendered that barbarous law, by virtue of which, Calvinist children of tenderest years, were snatched from their parents' bosom, and compelled, young as they were, to abjure their infant belief, ere almost their tongue could lisp the name of the Divinity.

In the great political question that absorbed the attention of Europe at the period of Madame de Maintenon's introduction to the reader—we allude to the Spanish succession—every eye was fixed upon Louis Quatorze, but no one thought of his consort; yet, whilst the puissant monarch was making a useless show of his right to a share in that immense inheritance, at the same time that he coveted the whole, without daring to demand it, she was covertly laboring to accomplish the desire so near his heart, and to induce, not the King of France to solicit Charles the Second of Spain to bequeath his crown and vast dominions to his (Louis) grandson, but Charles the Second of Spain to solicit his acceptance of them.

The task was stupendous—grand for a woman to achieve, in the teeth of the many difficulties opposed to her success; the weak monarch was at the point of death, the European powers already, in anticipation, devoured his vast heritage, consisting of the empire over Spain and half of the Western Hemisphere; each possessed agents, dispersed over the continent, exerting their utmost diplomatic skill to strengthen the influence of their patron. First in the field stood Louis Quatorze, lineally descended, in a direct line, from Philip the Third of Spain—his sire, Louis Treize, having married that monarch's *elder* daughter, renouncing all right and title to the

* She was of a Calvinist family, and followed the tenets of the sect, until the period of her marriage with Paul Scarron, when she repudiated it for Romanism.

Spanish crown—an example followed by Louis Quatorze himself, on his marriage with the *eldest* daughter of Philip the Fourth; this abjuration, be it said, prevented the union of the two crowns on one head, and neutralized the preponderance such a union would give to the possessor, in the scale of power in Europe. In the second rank figured Leopold, the Emperor of Germany, also lineally descended from Philip the Third, whose *second* daughter, his sire, Ferdinand the Third, espoused in 1631; he himself marrying Philip the Fourth's *second* daughter; thus the royal brothers-in-law had each, by right of descent, a claim to the inheritance of the heirless Charles; but Louis Quatorze had renounced his, and could not therefore enforce it, whilst the same policy that would not suffer the same head to wear the crown of France and Spain, operated to prevent the union of the latter with the imperial diadem; thus Leopold also found himself excluded from the succession. This was the position of the two rivals at the conclusion of the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, whilst the interests of England and Holland consisted in the maintenance of a balance of power between them; the fact was then unknown of Charles the Second having, by the influence of his consort, Marie Anne of Bavaria Neubourg, made a will in favor of the house of Austria, to which she was devoted, being the Emperor Leopold's sister-in-law; as Charles' demise appeared proximate, the European powers the more anxiously awaited that event, in the anticipation of important results.

The pretensions of Peter the Second of Portugal were too absurd to deserve mention here; nor is it necessary to detail the complicated intrigue, by which, in 1696, the weak Spanish monarch was induced by his mother to will away his crown and dominions to his great nephew—Maxmilian Marie, son of the Elector of Bavaria—to the prejudice of the house of Austria, and to which she belonged; nor the counter-intrigue, set on foot by his wife, and by which he was persuaded to reinstate that house, in the secret will already mentioned. A knowledge of the simple fact is requisite, notwithstanding, in order to a clear comprehension of the diversity of interests which Madame de Maintenon had to combat; she stood alone, struggling against Europe, to consolidate the greatness and glory of her husband.

Whilst matters remained in this state of suspense, a new project was set on foot by the English ambassador to the court of France, which gave a fresh spur to the spirit of intrigue, and nurtured cabals in every court throughout Europe; this was the dismemberment of the Spanish empire, an arrangement favoring the interests of France, England, and Holland, to the almost exclusion of Austria. William the Third had espoused the new project with much eagerness, in the hope of strengthening the interests of Great Britain, and assuring peace to a part of Europe; it was proposed to allot Spain and the West Indies, as the share of the young Prince of Bavaria, Charles' great nephew, now in his fifth year; the Dauphin of France was to have Naples, Sicily, the province of Giupuscoa, and sundry

cities and towns in Spain, whilst the Arch-Duke Charles, Leopold's second son, was to content himself with the Milanais. But this political project failed; for the dying king, learning that the European powers had disposed of his monarchy amongst themselves, even ere the breath had left his body, became frantic with rage and vexation, and it was expected that he would, in consequence, openly appoint, as his successor, either Leopold or one of his sons, as a recompense for the house of Austria's non-participation in the project; but he disappointed the interested parties, by making a second will in favor of his great nephew, the young Prince of Bavaria, whom he nominated sole heir to all his states.

However satisfactory this decision to the Spanish nation—averse to a dismemberment of the empire—and however pacific its tendency, both France and Austria regretted it, especially the latter; but the sudden death of the heir-elect, at Brussels, once more kindled their ambition. Again did Madrid, and Vienna, and the Hague, Rome, Versailles, and London, become the theatre of intrigues; and again did William and Louis dispose of the Spanish monarchy, by allotting to the Arch-Duke Charles, the portion they had at first set aside for the child lately dead, the dauphin's part remaining intact, augmented by the province of Lorraine, the duke of which was to be installed in the Milanais, in the place of the Arch-Duke Charles.

This succinct account will suffice to show, that, in the important question of the Spanish succession, the will of that nation had never been taken into account, nor her wishes consulted—a circumstance, which, though all-important, had never occurred to the rival candidates, accustomed to consider the people only as passive instruments—as slaves, whose sole duty was to bend to the yoke of despotism. But the fact had not escaped the keen observation of Madame de Maintenon, who resolved upon enlisting the nation's sympathies in behalf of France, and of gaining those sympathies by the same influence she had once before employed to conquer Louis—the only influence she could command—that of the church.

To see Madame de Maintenon, as she sat in her boudoir, and to hear her chat with her waiting-woman upon the relative properties of pomatums, cosmetics, perfumes, scented waters, and other luxurious trifles, as though her only study were the toilet, one could hardly suppose her to be the woman who was silently directing an intrigue intended to counteract the united diplomacy of Europe, converting a state affair into a case of conscience, by engendering religious scruples in the weak mind of a dying monarch.

Here she was, in her dishabille, consisting of a morning wrapper of the finest textured cambric, elaborately embroidered down the front, the hem being further enriched by a double flounce of exquisite Venice lace, as were the sleeves, which, large and hanging, left her arms bare to the elbow, displaying their symmetry and dazzling whiteness.

"Well, Babbien!" exclaimed she, addressing her domestic, and

at the same time casting a side-glance at her foot; "how dost thou like the pattern?"

"Madame la Duchesse de Chartres," replied Babbien, "says that she shall introduce the fashion of wearing embroidered velvet slippers for morning visits and carriage-promenades."

"Indeed!" responded her mistress, smiling; "then we shall soon have embroidered toques and coifs; the Marquise de Beauvais will introduce *them* from a spirit of opposition; their rivalry always shows itself in extremes."

"The Marquise is a coquette," observed the domestic, tossing her head contemptuously.

Babbien, in obedience to her mistress's injunctions, closed the curtains against a stray sunbeam, which had inadvertently cast a reflection upon two or three scarcely perceptible wrinkles in her mistress's face.

"Madame has a red spot on her chin," observed she, after accomplishing her task; "shall I cover it with a patch?"

"Do!" replied de Maintenon, subjecting her face to the operation.

The confidential domestic extracted from a small box a number of pieces of black sticking-plaister, of divers magnitudes and forms, and selecting one from among them, adjusted it over the offensive pimple with a dexterity that savored of long practice.

"Well!" remarked she, when she had fixed the artificial *beauty-spot*, "I must say that a black patch looks better than a red pimple, but they never will become madame, unless she consents to wear powder."

Her mistress shook her head, and smiling, answered:

"Powder, Babbien, suits young complexions best; but I am of thy opinion, that patches ought to go with it. No one thought of wearing them though, until poor De Fontange's charming little mole came into repute; then everybody patched, because she had a black spot on her face; had she been born with a wart on her nose instead, I do believe our coquettes would have paid a premium to possess its fellow."

At this moment a knock came at the door, and Babbien admitted a domestic.

"A young lady desires to speak with madame," said he, bowing.

"Who is she?" asked his mistress.

"A stranger to me, madame; she says she comes from Paris, on very important business."

"See who it is, Babbien," said Madame de Maintenon, "if 'tis no one particular, I am not visible this morning."

The domestics withdrew, but very shortly after the female attendant returned, followed by a young girl enveloped in a travelling cloak of black velvet, the hood of which, thrown back, left her bare head exposed; advancing with great trepidation towards Madame de Maintenon, who rose as she entered, she exclaimed, at the same time casting herself at her feet, and conveying to her lips the hand extended encouragingly to greet her:

"Pardon this intrusion upon your privacy, madame, and condescend to grant me a brief audience."

"Rise, my child," soothingly responded Madame de Maintenon, "and tell me what has brought thee to Versailles?"

Babbien placed a chair for the stranger, and courtesying low, retired into the inner chamber, closing the door after her, but immediately applying her ear to the key-hole.

"Now, my child, be seated," continued Madame de Maintenon, setting the example, and drawing the maiden's chair near her own; "thou hast come hither from Paris, they tell me. What is thy name?"

"Jeanne De St. Auney," tremblingly replied the visitor.

Madame de Maintenon reflected a moment, then shaking her head, responded:

"De St. Auney! I don't remember the name; yet I know every noble family in Paris."

"You may perhaps remember the name of Debourges," observed Jeanne; "Constance Debourges!"

"The companion of my younger days!" exclaimed Madame de Maintenon with sudden animation.

"My mother, madame," said Jeanne, the tears filling her eyes as she spoke.

"Thy mother!" ejaculated the former; "come, my child, let me embrace thee;" here she kissed her affectionately on both cheeks, continuing; "'tis more than thirty years ago since we parted from each other; is she still alive?"

"She has been dead these seventeen years, madame," replied Jeanne; "but my father is living, and I have a sister; but"—she could say no more, for sobs and a gush of tears choked her utterance.

"And what of thy sister, my charming girl?"

"Oh, madame, they have taken her to the Bastile," continued Jeanne, hysterically, reclining her head upon Madame de Maintenon, who, affected by the maiden's sorrow, had clasped her to her bosom.

"To the Bastile!" exclaimed she; "but that is horrible! who imprisoned her, and what is her offence?"

"She was forcibly carried off from our house, at night, and conveyed thither, madame," replied Jeanne, "but she voluntarily consented to remain there, as an hostage for my father."

"Did they then arrest him, also?" inquired the other. "But, tell me; how camest thou to seek *me*?"

"These letters, madame, which I found some years ago, amongst my mother's effects, informed me of your early intimacy; see! here are two, from yourself to Marie-Jeanne Debourges, and here is one written by my mother and addressed to me. I have treasured it as her dying gift."

Madame de Maintenon took the letters and perused them.

"Thy mother was right, my child," said she at length; "our friendship was indeed sincere, although circumstances removed me to a sphere unsuited to her retired habits; she quitted Paris for the

province; we lost sight of each other, or rather I lost sight of her, for this letter proves that I was in her thoughts, even at the hour of her dissolution. But in thee she lives again, and I *will* be thy protectress, my child, and thy sister's; so dry thy tears and tell me thy troubles."

Encouraged by the kind tone and manner of Madame de Maintenon, Jeanne ventured to return her embrace, and proceeded to detail the adventures that had happened to her and her sister since their arrival—the particulars of her father's arrest and incarceration—the scene that took place in the Bastile, in the presence of the Duke of Chartres—her father's return home—his despondency at the insuccess of his measures to place himself beyond the pale of D'Argenson's persecution—and lastly, her resolution to solicit, unknown to him, the assistance of her mother's early friend.

The consort of Louis Quatorze listened with profound attention to the maiden's recital, but a frown darkened her brow, and she shook her head, on hearing the name of D'Argenson coupled with that of the Duke of Chartres.

"D'Argenson," said she, as her *protègée* made an end, "is a base and wicked man; he is a man to be hated, but he is a man to be feared. Philip D'Orleans is an unprincipled debauchee; he is to be despised; but rest assured, my child, that I will strive to serve thy sister's cause, and to procure her liberation. Let me see thee a week hence, and accept this as an earnest of my sincerity."

So saying, she drew from off her own finger a ring set with brilliants of the first water, and placing it on Jeanne's, affectionately embraced her. The maiden was too much affected to thank her patroness, who, ringing a small silver hand-bell, summoned Babbien.

As Babbien emerged from her observatory, Madame de Maintenon again embraced Jeanne, saying: "Adieu, my child! adieu! and remember, come to me in a week from this time!" She then arose, conducted her to the door, and bidding her attendant to see her into the ante-chamber, waved her hand to Jeanne, who departed, too much overpowered to utter a word.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE CONVERSATION THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN JACQUES AND ST. MARCEL, AND WHAT ENSUED.

Extended at full length, upon the bench before the fire, St. Marcel, from being perfectly aware of everything that was going forward in the hall amongst his Lutetian brethren, unconsciously reverted to the tragic occurrence which had been the means of

bringing him into their company; but, whilst he retraced the features of the would-be suicide, fancy associated them with scenes of earlier days; one after the other, these flitted before his eyes, broken and confused; here light, here darkness: faint pictures they were, truly, of what had been; pictures real and tangible, though indistinct, of which he had for years lost sight.

At last, St. Marcel sunk into a deep sleep, from which he suddenly awoke, shivering, and stiff with cold; he beheld Jacques standing over him.

The spy held high over his head the flaming stump of a [illegible] and appeared intent upon examining the features of the sleeper, his dark eyes gleaming with an expression of extraordinary interest in the scrutiny. As St. Marcel leaped to his feet, instinctively [illegible]ing up his sword, which lay on the ground by the side of the bench, Jacques smiled at the suspicion which had prompted the movement, and making a sign of silence, said, in a low [illegible] voice:

"I have changed my mind."

"Indeed!" retorted St. Marcel, placing his hand upon the hilt of his sword, as if doubtful of the spy's intentions.

"Yes!" resumed Jacques; "I told thee that I wished to speak with thee, to-morrow: I have changed my mind."

"And was it to tell me so whilst I slept, that thou camest?" demanded our hero, thrusting his half-drawn sword into its sheath.

"I came to wake thee," replied the spy; "what I have to tell thee, I will tell thee to-night; to-morrow may not come, for some of us."

St. Marcel felt uneasy at this last remark, but made up his mind that to-morrow should not come for the speaker, if he perceived any symptoms of foul play against himself; as he again addressed his midnight visitor, he clutched his sword more firmly, pressed the ground with his feet, as though he would fix them there if he could.

"What dost thou mean?" said he; "art thou mocking me? or have I been brought here to die by ruffian hands?"

"Bah!" responded the spy, with a derisive and impatient jerk of the head; "art thou awake, or dreaming, or pot-valiant only? dost thou think I saved thee from the Bastile, to murder thee, here? Bah! I told thee I had something important to communicate to-morrow, but——"

"To-morrow may not come, for some of us," remarked St. Marcel, meaningly.

"Wilt thou answer for its coming?" asked Jacques; "May we not all die ere another hour has waned? Come! I am thy friend."

As Jacques uttered the last sentence, two large tears rolled down his cheeks; St. Marcel watched them fall, but was at a loss to account for the emotion that had excited them; he could perceive nothing in the spy's discourse of a nature to cause him to shed a tear, and therefore attributed his perturbation to the reminiscence

The Spy held high over his head the flaming stump of a torch.

of some by-gone event that had suddenly intruded itself upon his mind, although he did think it singular it should recur under such peculiar circumstances; this silent testimony, however, of what was passing within his breast, partially disarmed his suspicion; in spite of himself, he felt that he must trust him.

"Is thy communication," said he, addressing the spy, "of such a nature, that thou canst not impart it to me, here? We are alone!"

Evidently offended at St. Marcel's want of confidence in him, a dark shade overspread Jacques' countenance; the expression was one of wounded pride and sorrow, which, however, he soon subdued; he made no reply, but looking quickly at our hero, raised the blazing stump of the torch so as to cast its light into the niches around the inner hall; it flickered upon groups of figures, lying in different postures, apparently sleeping, indicated by a sign, that he was ready to follow him.

Jacques led the way across the inner hall already mentioned, treading cautiously, as though anxious lest he should awake his companions, one or two of whom, as they passed, half raised themselves on their elbows, greeting them with a sleepy nod of recognition; opening a small door on the opposite side, the pair continued their way through a narrow, tortuous passage, arrived at the end of which, Jacques pushed open a second door, and St. Marcel found himself in a kind of cell, about sixteen feet square, the lofty roof arched, and of the same style of architecture as the halls they had just quitted.

In one of the small niches of the cell, only recently appropriated to its present use, the remains of a wood fire still crackled cheerfully; against the wall, over the chimney or projection of modern masonry that served as such, hung a gigantic oil-lamp, shedding only a red, smoky light into the apartment, and glimmering fitfully upon sundry arms, some rusty, some bright and glittering, arranged promiscuously, though not without an eye to effect; in another recess stood an iron bedstead, the bed undisturbed and clean; a common oak table, on which lay a few books; here and there an unwieldy chest, surmounted by three or four smaller ones; two wooden stools, and a large pile of logs in one corner—these completed the interior embellishments of the spy's apartment.

"*Now* we are alone," said he, closing the door after them, as they entered; "take a seat," he continued, throwing the remainder of the torch into the embers, together with a log or two of wood; "draw up to the fire; thou art cold."

St. Marcel complied, hesitatingly, his companion seating himself on the opposite side of the low hearth, gazing in silence, but earnestly at him.

"I brought thee hither," resumed his host, "lest thy affairs should become as well known to thy Lutetian brethren as they are to me; I have reasons why they should not."

Our hero could not help thinking that his mysterious friend was

very considerate, especially as he had no business, unless he dealt with supernaturals, to know anything at all about *his* private affairs; nor could he comprehend the motive for so much solicitude on this score; when he mentioned the word "affairs," too, he felt uneasy. Tailors' bills, debts of honor, long sums in compound addition for indefinite benefits received in the shape of board, lodging, and doing for, expired bonds unredeemed, small acknowledgments for property mortgaged on large interest, inclusive of unpaid epaulets and etcæteras, rose in array against him, compressed into and comprised in that small word "affairs;" oh! what would he not have given to see "settled," miraculously appended thereto!

In the present state of "his affairs," then, the robbery of the duke and sundry other peccadilloes considered, he did not feel over-anxious to render himself a subject of conversation amongst his brethren, for although it might be Lutetian moral philosophy to owe as much as possible to everybody, and pay as little, and to laugh at creditors to boot, still, this was a point of heroism at which he had not yet arrived, nor could yet desire to attain, having a position to lose, which, according to his own system of reasoning, based upon outward evidences, he fancied that his Lutetian companions had not.

These thoughts passed through his mind too swiftly for any visible expression as to their precise nature to arise, although he could not repress the slight movement of astonishment which escaped him, when Jacques betrayed so intimate a knowledge of his domestic concerns.

"Friend St. Marcel," resumed the spy, "thou owest three thousand crowns to the community of the Lutetians!"

"Was it to tell me that, thou didst bring me hither?" demanded St. Marcel; "if so——"

"And," continued Jacques, interrupting him, without taking notice of his remark, "twenty thousand more, to a certain notary and usurer of this city, by name——"

"Etienne Quinault," interrupted St. Marcel, in turn; "what of that? has he commissioned thee to recover the debt? The villainous old miser!"

"Just or unjust," remarked Jacques, "should'st thou be prepared to liquidate his claim, were he to enforce it within twenty-four hours hence?"

"No!" replied our hero; "why dost thou ask that strange question?"

"Because," retorted the spy, "it is necessary to thy safety, that I should know."

"My safety! thou art deeply interested in it, then," observed his companion.

"I am," responded Jacques, "much; more than I can express, or thou canst conceive."

"Indeed!" ejaculated he, in reply to Jacques' observation; con-

tinuing, in a tone that betrayed much anxiety; "may I learn the reason of thy solicitude in my behalf?"

"I have an end to gain," responded the other.

"What dost thou seek?" asked St. Marcel, impatiently.

"Money!" exclaimed Jacques.

"Money!" reiterated his companion; "why, thou knowest that I do not possess even the skeleton of a crown piece."

"And didst thou not too, consent and give thy bond to the 'Sieur Quinault, for the sum of twenty thousand crowns?" asked Jacques.

"True! I did!" replied our hero, "the bond expired three days ago, and is still unpaid: what then? can I not renew it? that as well as others before it?"

"Thou must first evade the officers of the supreme court," answered his host, "the 'Sieur Quinault has obtained summary judgment against thee, and even now thou art in the power of the law."

"Thou seemest well informed, forsooth; and yet, knowing all this, thou askest me for money. I had better have chosen the Bastile than Lutetia; I should at least have saved three thousand crowns!"

"Yet," remonstrated the spy, "to a Lutetian, the 'Sieur Quinault's clerk, thou art indebted for this timely warning; whilst to others of our unknown community was intrusted the execution of the judge's mandate against thee; so fear not; thou art safe from pursuit, and shalt be revenged upon Etienne Quinault."

As Jacques made an end, St. Marcel abruptly rose, his face flushed, his brow contracted, his eyes gleaming with indignation. When introduced to the community of self-styled Lutetians, he had not, in spite of all his efforts, succeeded in divining the mysterious interest which united them, nor their peculiar avocation; Jacques' words, however, suddenly opened his eyes; rapid as the electric spark, the truth darted across his mind; and simultaneous with his perception thereof, came the deep blush of shame that overspread his countenance; nor could he, but by an extreme effort, control his anger, when he once more addressed his companion:

"'Sieur Jacques," said he, looking proudly at that individual; "when thou gavest me to choose between the Bastile and Lutetia, thou did'st guarantee that I should not be pledged to dishonor, if I chose Lutetia; I revoke my choice; for the office of a spy ill befits an officer of his most christian majesty;" here he made the military salute, in token of respect, and stood awaiting Jacques' reply.

"Thou canst *not* revoke; but know, that when Jacques of Beauvais pledges his word, 'tis never pledged to falsehood!"

"Yet," asked St. Marcel, "what is it but dishonor to be leagued with a community of spies—*mouchards*."

"Call the Lutetians *mouchards* if such is thy fancy," replied Jacques hastily; "we will not quarrel about terms; but thou must confess—" here a sarcastic smile played about his mouth—"that a *cut-purse* and a *mouchard*, are very fitting companions."

The sarcasm was too biting, too bitter, too well founded in truth to fall powerless—St. Marcel sunk into his seat, annihilated with shame.

In vain he strove to crush the feelings of mortification that overwhelmed him, as he thought of the nature of his fellowship with the Lutetians—the sentiment of self-preservation ruled paramount over every other—and failing in an attempt to degrade himself to their level—in spite of Jacques' quiet hint, to the effect that he was not any better than they—he detected himself endeavoring to elevate the community to which he belonged, in the hope of reconciling his mind to the step he had taken in becoming a member thereof.

One consolation remained to him; although pledged to Lutetia and her sons, he had been forced to make the compact; and whatever consequences such a compact entailed, he argued, that the coercion would tend to mitigate what he considered to be, only a momentary dereliction from the path of honor.

He perceived also that Jacques was no trifler; nor could he banish a secret desire to become better acquainted with him; there was in his manner and his speech something so candid and sincere; he had befriended him, likewise, or expressed an intention of so doing; nay, even given some proofs of his ability to do it: this was one reason the more why he should trust in him; his motives were selfish, no doubt, but so he profited thereby, what did it signify? thus, there now remained for him only to learn at what premium the spy's protection was to be purchased, over and above his (St. Marcel's) association with the Lutetians, and the bonus of three thousand crowns which he had promised to pay to that respectable fraternity.

Jacques himself was perfectly prepared to witness the effect that his sarcasm against St. Marcel had produced, but waited until the emotion of the latter had somewhat subsided, ere he again ventured to address him; this he at length did, saying:

"Come, friend St. Marcel, let us understand each other! Thou hast chosen Lutetia instead of the Bastile; dost thou feel desirous of revenging thyself upon Etienne Quinault? 'Tis easily done."

"If *that* could be done," replied the other, with unrestrained glee, "it would be rare vengeance; but how, without compromising myself more?"

"Leave that to me," resumed Jacques; "meanwhile, how dost thou propose to pay the three thousand crowns for which I am thy respondent?"

"I will leave *that* also to thee," retorted St. Marcel, laughing heartily over his own jest at the expense of the spy; "perhaps Etienne Quinault will lend thee *that!*"

"Ay," responded Jacques, nodding his head significantly; "and more to boot."

"More!" ejaculated our hero.

"More!" re-echoed his host; "if *thy* pockets are empty, the coffers of Etienne Quinault are full; thou must lend me thy assistance to diminish their contents."

"*If* I must," observed St. Marcel, "thou must first point out the way."

"Thou art the most fitting agent," responded the spy, "and therefore I have chosen thee; *why* thou art such, is known to myself, and must yet remain a secret to thee. But tell me, at what price dost thou estimate the services which I have this night rendered thee?"

"'Tis my custom," answered our hero, haughtily, "to repay services in kind; but upon thine, thou did'st thyself set a price—three thousand crowns to the community, and myself to become a Lutetian. Hast thou already repented of thy bargain. If so, and seekest higher pay for what thou hast done, value thy services thyself."

"I must have one hundred thousand crowns," replied Jacques; "nay! start not! for the money must be forthcoming ere to-morrow night."

"One hundred thousand crowns," exclaimed St. Marcel to himself, in a half whisper; "how," continued he, addressing the spy, "is that sum to be procured, unless by ——"

"I know thy thoughts," interrupted Jacques; "but fear not, we are neither cut-throats nor cut-purses. That *thou* hast not the money, is clear, but Etienne Quinault *has;* and since thou canst not give it, *he* must."

"Go to him, then," retorted our hero, impatiently.

"I will," observed the spy; "but not unprepared. I seek not to rob him, only to borrow of him. Here," continued he—"here is parchment—there pens and ink. Give him bond for one hundred thousand crowns;" and he laid before St. Marcel a piece of parchment, already engrossed with spaces in blank, to be filled up according to the usual form.

He attempted to read the document before him, but could behold inscribed thereon, nothing save "Bastile;" he trembled at the thought of the responsibility he was about to incur, but his thoughts ultimately resolved themselves into the one tremendous climax, the "Bastile;" seizing the pen, he commenced filling up the bond.

"One hundred thousand crowns," ejaculated he, half aloud; "for one twelvemonth! How can I hope to raise, between to-day and a year hence, a sum sufficient to meet it? Where shall I seek it?"

"At the gambling-table," replied Jacques; "thou mayest, perhaps, find one of the many patrimonies that have been lost there; who knows? Besides; canst thou not hope to win a hundred thousand crowns with as much certainty as twenty thousand?"

"I can," replied St. Marcel, and replenishing his pen was about to append his name to the parchment, when Jacques laid a hand upon his arm and arrested its further progress, saying:

"Not St. Marcel—not thine *own* name; some other; *St. Angin* to wit: don't hesitate; it shall never rise in judgment against thee."

More astounded at this proposition than at any that had preceded it, St. Marcel remained irresolute; but matters had attained a crisis, when to recede, appeared to him more dangerous than to progress; besides, under existing circumstances, far from having anything to

lose, he had everything to gain; and however much his nature repudiated the act of appending an assumed name to the bond, he shrunk more from the thought of incarceration in the Bastile, which rose before him in all its horrors; he incurred no actual responsibility, argued he, by complying with the spy's request; no one that *he* knew bore the name of St. Angin, which was for the purpose required, as good a name as St. Marcel—nay, better, because Jacques liked it better—any thing, in fact, was preferable to the Bastile; he had taken the first step from the strict path of honor—he had robbed—and to cover his crime, durst not shrink from the deeper evils it entailed. A moment more of irresolution, and without making any remark in reply to Jacques' observation, he added, in a bold, firm hand, the name of St. Angin to the document, handing it over to his companion, with the air of a man who knows he has taken a hazardous step, but, at the same time, made up his mind to meet the consequences.

"There!" he exclaimed; "we now understand each other; art thou satisfied?"

Jacques took the parchment, and perused it with care; the inspection appeared satisfactory, for he folded it up, placed it within his vest, and nodding his head approvingly, answered:

"I am! so shalt thou be to-morrow."

"Am I now free to depart hence, 'Sieur Jacques?" asked St. Marcel.

"Thou art," was the brief reply; "or to remain, if it suits thee better."

"What is the time of day?" again asked our hero.

"It wants two hours of day-break."

"Then I will go, 'Sieur Jacques. But how shall I obtain admission here to-night?"

"The pass-word," answered the spy, "will be *Julian;* come not to the door by which thou did'st first enter; go to the cabaret in the Rue des Mathurins, kept by Maitre Chopin; he is one of us."

"He keeps the *Cep-de-Vigne?*" observed St. Marcel, inquiringly.

"The same," responded Jacques; "he will conduct thee hither."

"Good!" exclaimed our hero; "and now 'Sieur Jacques adieu!"

"The same to thee, friend St. Marcel; remember! at twelve to-night. Let me lead the way."

"I know what thou would'st say," remarked the spy, apparently enjoying St. Marcel's astonishment; "and did Monsieur d'Argenson know as much as thou, he would, like thyself, seek to learn more. Go thy ways, friend, and meet me to-night as we have agreed; adieu!"

Waving his hand, Jacques was about to depart, when his companion suddenly grasped him by the arm. Until then, the latter had forgotten the melancholy event which had led to his induction into the community of the Lutetians, for the later occurrences had succeeded one another so rapidly—were of so extraordinary a character—and had left so vivid an impression, that, coupled with the

mode of his dismissal from the subterranean palace of the Roman emperors, his senses had, up to that moment been bewildered; his vicinity, however, to the scene of his late exploit, all at once brought back the remembrance of the unfortunate whom he saved, nor was it without a slight twinge of conscience that he addressed himself to the spy, in order to gain some information respecting her present condition.

"Stay a moment," said he; "canst thou give any tidings of that young girl—"

He was interrupted by Jacques, who replied:

"She lives! thanks to thy courage! Know that thou hast saved *two* lives instead of one;" and gently disengaging himself from the hand that withheld him, he stalked away, leaving St. Marcel half puzzled to comprehend his meaning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF D'ARGENSON'S INTERVIEW WITH MAITRE ETIENNE QUINAULT, THE NOTARY; AND HOW JACQUES GOT THE MONEY FROM THE LATTER.

Towards noon, of the same day that St. Marcel quitted the Palais des Thermes, a man might have been seen wending his way amongst the sinuous streets of the Marais, taking the direction of the Rue Vieille du Temple.

It was a gloomy morning; the north-east wind blew cold and fierce; but it was neither colder nor fiercer than that man's heart, nor half so withering as the thoughts that troubled it. Wrapped in a thick military cloak—his three-cornered hat jammed down over his brows—he strode along, plunged in evil reflections; now and then knocking away with his cane the pebbles in his path, or striking the dogs that obstructed it, laughing to himself as they scampered howling away. Apparently, he was agitated, for his gait was irregular; now slow, now quick; now he stopped short; then darted off swifter than before; his sallow face, too, alternately flushed and grew pale; his thin, compressed lips trembled, as he muttered to himself, a few indistinct sentences; and his eyes gleamed evilly, wandering restlessly around, glancing at every body and at every thing, but resting upon nothing. Presently, a huge mass of clouds hanging ominously over the Bastile, opened, bursting downwards and sideways, as though forced apart by some crushing weight; a stream of fire, white and blinding, darted from the opening, and fell hissing upon the towers beneath; with it—even whilst it des-

cended—came a terrific crash—no echo followed—it fell all at once on the ear—dead, ponderous, distinct: no other noise could have resembled that crash, unless, indeed, the foundations of the entire building had given way, and the edifice itself suddenly fallen down, all of a heap; *that* would have been something like it; but not half so awful. Still, the cloud remained, and so did the little knot of persons that were looking at it.

"'Tis a judgment on the wicked old place," said a shopkeeper to his affrighted partner; "if it were burnt, or razed to the ground, Paris wouldn't lose much: curse it."

Here a strange man looked at the speaker, and chuckled again, and again the neighbors looked at him, astonished; they began to think him out of his mind.

"I don't see there's much to laugh at, friend," said the shopkeeper, angrily eyeing the man; "thou deservest to be sent there for thy pains." All eyes were now directed to the Bastile.

"Perhaps he's been there," observed another, "and has come to tell us how he likes it!"

Still the man said nothing; he only scowled at the speakers from beneath his hat, and hung his head down lower, as if to avoid recognition.

"'T is a pity that all who belong to and have to do with it," once more remarked the shopkeeper, "are not sent there to starve in company."

He would have added something more, but his wife pulled him by the arm, for she caught the eye of the strange man upon her husband; at the same moment, too, a neighbor came up and whispered something in his ear, at which he changed color, but instantly recovering himself, exclaimed:

"Ah! bah! what of it? No harm can come to me for expressing an opinion. God save his majesty! He doesn't know half that's done in Paris."

"*Jean-Baptiste Poisson!*" slowly ejaculated a voice in the midst of the group; the name was pronounced in a low tone, as if the speaker were committing it to memory, and had, involuntarily, spoken aloud; the shopkeeper started, for it was his name.

The strange man had not moved, but stood looking at the Bastile as before; he read their thoughts, and pushed aside one or two of the group in order to clear a passage for himself; they saw his face—a whisper went round—he was recognized; for his was a face, which once seen, could not be mistaken; still the man took no notice, but resumed his walk towards the Bastile, no one attempting to stop or to speak to him. The nearer he approached the sombre building, and the more its grim proportions became distinct, the better pleased he seemed to be; at last he came up to it, when he smiled, and nodded his head, as if he recognized some old and valued friend; he stopped short in his walk to look at it, scanned the height of the walls, and chuckled again as he thought of their thickness, of the thicker ones which they encompassed, and of the

broad ditch between them; he reached the outer gate; the guard was being relieved; when the officer saw him, he saluted him, and the sentry presented arms.

"Where did the lightning fall?" said he to the officer.

"On the platform, monseigneur," answered the latter; "over the Tour de la Liberté."*

"*Tonnerre dieu!*" exclaimed the other, half alarmed for the safety of the towers; "did it do any damage?"

"Little or none to the building, monseigneur," replied the officer; "but it killed the sentinel on duty."

"Oh! is that all? good!" ejaculated D'Argenson, who has doubtless already been recognized as the man in the cloak, and turning abruptly on his heel, proceeded down the Rue St. Antoine.

Once more he reached the Rue Vielle du Temple, but this time seemed to know where he was, for he examined the houses as he went along, till he stopped at a dirty-looking old-fashioned door, opening into a great court-yard, at the bottom of which was a flight of stone steps, leading up to an old wooden porch, all worm-eaten and blistered.

"Maitre Quinault!" growled he, scowling at the old porter as he passed by his lodge; "I suppose he's at home."

"He never goes out, at least by day," replied the porter, sharply, at the same time eyeing the lieutenant of police from top toe.

D'Argenson crossed the court-yard, and mounted to the second story; there was no mistaking the door, for "*Etude. Quinault, Notaire Public,*" painted in large black letters, stared him in the face.

The house in which this worthy public functionary dwelt was a very large house, six stories high, but although his own, he occupied only a very small portion of it; namely, half of the second floor.

There was in that little, dirty office of his, ranged upon sundry rows of shelves, a vast assortment of boxes, all lettered alphabetically, from A to Z, and labelled with dates more than half a century old; there were cupboards also, tall narrow cupboards, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, full of pigeon-holes, crowded with old parchments and dusty papers tied round in bundles, with red tapes, and black tapes, and blue tapes; and some not tied at all, but lying about loose and scattered in drawers that stood half open; two three-legged wooden stools; one for the notary, the other for his clerk, stood on each side of the desk, and in the middle, near the chimney, a chair for visitors."

D'Argenson turned the handle of the door, and pushing it open, walked in without ceremony, greatly to the astonishment of the notary, who was alone, and unprepared for so abrupt an entry.

* In December, 1699, a thunderbolt fell upon the Bastile; the electric fluid killed the sentinel on the platform, fused the metal of one of the great guns, and finally descended into the ditch, displacing on its way some of the masonry of the Tour de la Liberté. (*Vide "Anecdotes sur la Bastille."*)

Maitre Etienne Quinault was a little, mean-looking, meagre, sallow-visaged man, now on the verge of three-score, and had looked as old, when only thirty-five; his features were sharp and prominent; his nose bony; his brows angular and knotty; a few gray hairs were scattered about his temples and around the back of his head, whilst his long eye-brows bristled out over his deep-set eyes, like so many crooked wires.

A stranger, meeting Maitre Quinault in the street, hobbling along at night-fall, would have given him a couple of sous, and thought he had done an act of charity; he looked so abject, so poverty stricken; and had Maitre Quinault met with so charitable a stranger, he would have laughed in his sleeve, pocketed the donation, and humbly thanked the donor.

When the lieutenant of police entered, the notary turned yellower than usual, and started from his seat; he was poring over a bundle of dirty parchments, had a greasy black silk skull-cap upon his head, and was encased in an old dirty morning gown; he recognized his visitor, and advanced a step or two to meet him.

"No ceremony with me, Maitre Quinault," said the latter; "thou canst see I make none with thee."

"This visit, monseigneur," replied the notary, "is as unexpected as unusual; it does me very great honor; I am delighted to receive you." If he was he did not look so.

"No doubt! no doubt!" retorted the other, seating himself opposite to the notary; "thou hast often come to *me*, but, 'tis a long time since I paid *thee* a visit."

"'Tis—let me see," observed Maitre Quinault, musingly; "ah! 'tis nearly five and twenty years ago, since monseigneur honored me so; time passes very rapidly—very."

"I believe it *was* about five and twenty years ago that I came to thee here," responded D'Argenson, gloomily; "dost thou remember under what circumstances?"

"Perfectly, monseigneur," answered the notary, trembling violently; "my prosperity dates from that period."

"We both have prospered since then, Maitre Quinault; more than we deserve." You notaries, live by roguery, and therefore should entertain a good opinion of a rogue; ergo, *Maitre Quinault, think well of thyself!*"

"I have ever entertained a great opinion of monseigneur," retorted the notary with an ironical distortion of his countenance, which he could not, in spite of all his efforts, writhe into a smile; "he was always my superior."

The gloomy lieutenant of police laughed outright at Maitre Quinault's sally, but although he laughed so, not a muscle of his face moved; it made the notary shudder to hear him, who, to conceal his tremor, stooped down, and raked together the embers of the scanty fire, wondering what his visitor would say next.

"I knew we understood each other," observed he at last, with peculiar emphasis; "we are old acquaintances enough for that;

thirty years, Maitre Quinault; thirty years! 'twas I made thee rich; 'twas I made thee what thou art; thou owest everything to me; wealth, position, life——"

The notary turned yellower still—his knees smote together—his jaw dropped—he remained nailed to his seat, staring wildly at his tormentor, who appeared to take a savage pleasure in increasing his embarrassment.

"Ah!" continued the lieutenant of police; "it was a black affair enough, that first of thine: but thy second was worse; very fortunate thou wert in having a friend at court; convenient place the Bastile, for a dangerous witness; is it not, Maitre Quinault? 'tis a long while since, but I dare say he would know thee, even now."

"Does he still live, then, monseigneur?" enquired the trembling notary; "has not five and twenty years' confinement killed him? oh! horrid! horrid!" here the wretched man buried his face in his hands, his breast heaving convulsively.

"Well, well," observed D'Argenson, derisively; "since thou dost so commiserate him, thou canst take his place if thou wilt; or, thou art not too old to hang; the hand of monsieur de Paris* is well in; I find him plenty of work."

"No! no! no!" ejaculated the other; "I have endured the tortures of remorse, *so* many years—I can endure them longer—let me die in my bed—not on the gibbet—not in the Bastile—I cannot live many years more—let me not die before my time."

The anguish of the hoary culprit became positively appalling; the cold sweat stood out in large drops, from every pore; his teeth chattered; his long bony fingers clutched the sides of his seat, and his whole frame shook; any other but D'Argenson would have shrunk from the sight; but *he* did not; he still looked at him in silence, and unmoved; inwardly chuckling at his hideous contortions.

"Why? monseigneur," gasped the notary; "why, for the first time since it occurred, do you now revert to that horrid transaction? Have you another deed like it to propose? oh! oh!"

"Did I tell thee to forge thy dying master's will?" asked D'Argenson, sneeringly; "perhaps I did; I think I did; I think I can *remember* telling thee to do that——"

"No! not that, monseigneur; but the other—the other—yes! that was done for you——"

"For me! I a provoker to murder! calumny! calumny, Maitre Quinault; rank calumny; *mort dieu!*"

"But your letter monseigneur——"

"My letter! ah! ah! True I expressed a wish that he might die suddenly, but was that telling thee to——to murder him; that's an ugly word, Maitre Quinault; and an uglier deed."

"The deed was your's, monseigneur! 'twas done at your instigation; 'twas done for you! by heaven it was!"

* The hangman of Paris went by this name.

"'Twas done by thee, say, to secure my favor; *sang dieu!* because I saved thy neck, five years before; ah! ah! thou thoughtest to put mine in the same noose; a convenient place the Bastile, 'Sieur Quinault!"

A short pause succeeded, which was interrupted by the notary.

"No more, monseigneur; no more on this subject; yet, I repeat, that deed was done to serve your interests; had I secured his papers, our position now might have differed."

"Well, well, Maitre Quinault! 'twas not thy fault that he brought only the copies of the deeds with him; he was too cunning for us there. Thou hast them still in thy possession?"

"They are safe, monseigneur. I have not touched them since."

"Good, good!" replied the lieutenant of police, rubbing his hands; he then drew close up to the notary, and leaning forwards, looked steadfastly in his face for a few moments, when he again broke silence:

"That name was well written at the foot of thy master's will, Maitre Quinault, and might have passed as his own hand-writing, had I alone not known better; but I kept thy secret, and saved thy neck, Maitre Quinault."

"'Twas a service I never forgot, monseigneur."

"Nor I, *mort dieu!* it served to bind thee to my interests, and thou hast ever since remained a willing instrument in my hands. Nay! don't tremble, I scruple not to give thee thy due, nor to own my obligations; why shouldst thou tremble to hear truth from my lips?"

"It comes so seldom," retorted the notary, with a bitter smile, "and always inopportunely."

"Good, good!" ejaculated D'Argenson, "but like thyself: bitter, bitter; ah! ah! I am glad thou art growing less gloomy."

"Speak, monseigneur, speak;" said the other, hurriedly, and gasping painfully; "what have you now in hand?"

"I was observing," resumed the lieutenant of police, without appearing to notice the notary's agony, "that the signature at the foot of thy old master's will, was perfect, perfect!"

"Well, monseigneur?"

"Well! Maitre Quinault! one name is as easy to sign as another; look! 'tis easily done;" here he exhibited an engrossed document which he placed into the notary's hands, continuing; "dost thou comprehend me?"

"I do, monseigneur! But the real will——"

"I knew we understood each other," exclaimed D'Argenson, interrupting his companion; "thou wilt then do me this little favor, eh? thy reward shall be ample."

"Monseigneur! I am rich already: what will money avail me? And what do you ask me to do, monseigneur? To forge a murdered man's signature! take all I possess, but leave me innocent of this crime; I dare not."

"'Tis not money I will offer thee," continued D'Argenson, heed-

less of the notary's appeal; "but the post of first judge of the Cour Royale of the Seine, now vacant; 'tis an appointment which I can command for thee. It will, at any rate be better than the Bastile."

The latter paused awhile ere he replied; he knew the character of the man he had to deal with, and that his life was at his mercy; but a new sentiment had suddenly been awakened in his breast; a sentiment more potent in its effects than the pangs of remorse; it was ambition, to which he had early sacrificed his probity; and though avarice had since disputed the palm with his dormant passion, and for many years ruled paramount over his heart, now that he saw an opportunity of gratifying it, beyond his hopes, and of rendering it the means of adding to his stores of ill-gotten wealth, it once more assumed its empire, and to it he again sacrificed his new-born repentance.

"I consent, monseigneur," said he, his eyes glistening at the bright prospect so unexpectedly opened before him; "when shall I enter upon the duties of my new office?"

"I will this very day procure the minister's assent to my nomination," replied D'Argenson; "within a week, at latest, expect the official letter from the interior; let the document before thee, be ready by then."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, monseigneur."

"And now of the Baron de St. Auney," continued the lieutenant of police; "remember my instructions to thee yesterday; not an hour's grace, not a moment's respite."

"But, monseigneur," said the notary, interrupting his visitor; "this course is most unusual; the time allowed him by the supreme court, has not yet expired; it yet wants three whole weeks of the term."

"*I* am the supreme court, 'Sieur Quinault; I command it."

"He will not be prepared to pay the sum, at so short a notice, monseigneur."

"I know it, 'Sieur Quinault; I know it; I expect it; I don't want him to be prepared, *tonnerre dieu!* not a moment's grace must thou grant him, though he should even offer thee a part of the sum!"

"'Tis well!" replied the notary; "I will prepare the writ for his arrest. Is not that what you desire, monseigneur?"

D'Argenson nodded his head, approvingly; his companion again broke silence:

"May I ask," said he, "why monseigneur has decided upon pursuing so unusual a course?"

"Why?" retorted the other, frowning hideously; "that brat is alive; dost thou hear that, Maitre Quinault? the brat is alive I say; should the baron by any chance discover him, my plans would be frustrated; dost thou comprehend?"

"It is monseigneur's aim that he should not have that chance; I comprehend perfectly; 'tis a most politic step. But, the—the—"

"The brat?" asked the lieutenant of police.

"Exactly, monseigneur; do you know where he is to be found?"

"*Sang dieu!* no! he is in Paris; that much I know, and it shall go hard but I discover him."

"What then?" inquired the notary.

"What! why the Bastile, Maitre Quinault; there he shall rot; he shall! and *his* fate shall be thine, Maitre Quinault, if my commands are not obeyed; so beware."

Whilst he spoke, D'Argenson's face became livid with passion; he had risen from his seat to clutch the notary by the arm, who stood, appalled at the demoniac expression of his countenance; at length the latter quitted his hold, and pointing to the table, on which Maitre Quinault had thrown the document in question, nodded significantly at him, and laying his hand on the handle of the door, added:

"A good morning to thee, Maitre Quinault; remember!" another moment, and his heavy footsteps resounded down the old stairs.

As soon as he was fairly gone, and the notary had, in a measure, recovered from the trepidation which the late scene had excited, he proceeded to fulfill the conditions of his infamous bargain with the lieutenant of police.

Opening one of the secret drawers of his bureau, he selected a bundle of papers therefrom, having perused which, as also the parchment that was to be signed, he reseated himself, and commenced a series of experiments in penmanship, in order to perfect himself in counterfeiting the signature of the deceased individual.

Now, generally speaking, Maitre Quinault's hand was steady; remarkably so, for an old man's; but contrary to custom, it suddenly began to shake in such a manner, that he could scarcely hold the pen; he attempted over and over again, to write the name, but every time he did it, his hand trembled more violently than before; it appeared stricken with palsy all at once; he then tried his own name; he thought that might bring him more into the way of it; QUINAULT, there it was, distinct and bold enough; more like print than writing; not a line out of proportion; up-strokes clear, down strokes ditto, capital letters perfect; he attempted the other name again; same result; he could *not* get over the first letter; he kept looking across his shoulder too, just as though he fancied somebody was watching him; he had never felt so uncomfortable, since the night he first essayed to counterfeit his master's signature; the night that the latter lay speechless, dying; in the adjoining chamber. Maitre Quinault thought of all this, and of the large fire he made up, in that very hearth, to burn the original will; and looked over his shoulder a great many times, but still kept on trying his skill at the name; at last he hit it; not a shadow of difference; he held his hand, with the pen in it up to the light; it did not shake; he listened, looked over his shoulder again; again at the dead man's signature, and in less than a minute a fac-simile of it appeared at

the foot of the parchment before him; he compared the two; one was not to be distinguished from the other. He did not hear the door open, nor the footsteps of the man, whose eyes met his, when he looked up after completing his labors.

"What's the matter?" said the intruder, abruptly; "what makes thee stare at me in that manner? I'm no ghost!"

"Where—where didst thou come from? how camest thou here?" gasped the notary, trembling, and gazing wildly at the new comer.

"I came from the street, and through the door," retorted the other; "dost think I could come through the key-hole? Why dost thou shrink from me! I'm flesh and blood like thyself!" so saying, the visitor bounded to the side of Etienne Quinault, and taking him by the collar, shook him rudely for the space of half a minute, when he loosed him, observing:

"Art thou satisfied? Come! I have no time to lose: to business!"

"What *is* thy business?" asked the notary, slowly recovering from his terror, though the restorative had nearly driven the breath out of his body.

"Why! I am poor—thou art rich; and I am come to borrow money from thee."

"I rich!" screamed Quinault; "I am poor as thyself! I have no money to lend, friend; go!"

"I shall not," retorted the intruder. "See! I can give thee security for the loan."

"Ah! let me look, let me look," quickly responded the notary; "what sum?"

"A trifle! only a hundred thousand crowns!" answered Jacques, for it was he.

This announcement was received with a yell of astonishment, which, however, produced no effect upon the spy, who maintained his coolness, and his position near the table of the legal official.

"A hundred thousand crowns!" exclaimed the latter; "thou art mad! go! go away man, thou art mad; mad! stark mad! A hundred thousand crowns! where am I to get such a sum?"

"From yon inner room, to be sure!" replied Jacques; "if thou keepest thy money in a chest, thou must go to a chest for it."

A long pause followed, for, as Jacques spoke, the countenance and manner of the notary underwent a sudden change; he gasped for breath—clutched the desk—staring, apparently horror-stricken at the speaker, and cowering beneath his gaze. Again he stared at Jacques, making a sign that he should keep off, and sunk into his seat, sobbing convulsively; still Jacques spoke not. At length, the old man looked up once more; he knew it was all fancy; that he was betraying himself to a stranger, yet could not suppress the thoughts that agitated his breast; with a violent effort he broke silence, saying, in a hollow voice:

"Man, who are you?"

"My name is Jacques," replied that individual. "You don't know me, but Monsieur D'Argenson does. I am in his service."

The spell was broken—the notary was himself once more; he arose, wiping the streams of perspiration from his brow and head, and resumed the colloquy.

"Excuse this agitation, 'Sieur Jacques; but I am old, and subject to—to—"

"Qualms of conscience," said the latter, interrupting him; "that's not my business."

Maitre Quinault perceived the uselessness of disguising the truth from the spy, who was peremptory, and apparently well acquainted with his habits.

"You spoke of security," observed he, tremulously; "of what kind?"

"This is it," answered Jacques, tendering the bond he had obtained from St. Marcel.

Etienne Quinault perused it attentively, but started when he came to the name appended at the foot thereof; of all others it was the last he expected to find there, though the very one he could most have wished for.

"The name is good, but where shall I find this 'Sieur St. Angin?"

Jacques was, in turn, astonished; he had not anticipated such ready acquiescence; but, controlling his feelings, answered, evasively:

"I am only commissioned to receive the amount; since thou findest the security good, give me the money."

"I cannot on such conditions," responded Maitre Quinault; "nay, I will not!"

The spy was not unprepared for this refusal; indeed, in the anticipation of it, he had retained the *lettre-de-cachet*, which, as will be remembered, had produced such an effect upon St. Marcel; coolly withdrawing it from his vest, he exhibited it to the astounded notary, saying:

"Then thou shalt come with me to the Bastile. Read that, Maitre Quinault."

The latter considered awhile, when, recovering his self-possession, he replied, with a sarcastic laugh:

"*Find the man*—ay! but *I* am *not the man*, 'Sieur Jacques."

"Tell that to St. Marc," retorted the other, derisively; "perhaps he will believe thee! I will, at any rate, at once apprehend thee on suspicion! ah! ah! ah! 'tis thou who wilt be the victim of the mistake, not I."

No alternative remained, save to accede to the spy's demand; even had he refused the proffered security, the *lettre-de-cachet* was evidently intended to be employed as an instrument of coercion, against the immediate execution of which there was no appeal; but, he had expressed himself satisfied with the security, and the spy's menace had effectually set aside the only objection he had himself raised against advancing the sum demanded.

Perceiving the effect his threat had created Jacques again addressed him:

"I have no time to lose, 'Sieur Notaire," said he; "is thy choice made?"

"Thou shalt have the money—thou shalt have the money," hurriedly responded Maitre Quinault.

The old man tottered into an adjoining apartment, leaving Jacques standing by the table. The latter had not recovered from his surprise at the notary's ready acceptance of the bond, and in vain attempted to fathom the secret; suddenly his eye fell upon the paper to which Maitre Quinault had appended the forged signature; he turned deadly pale as he ran his eye over its contents; a glimpse of the truth flashed upon him; his rage knew no bounds; but, without much difficulty, he suppressed it, and ere the old man returned, the cloud had passed away from his brow.

The latter had now made some five or six journeys, each time returning loaded with two well-filled bags, which he placed on the table; his face had become livid and distorted with the efforts he made to control his grief at parting with so much of his wealth.

"Thirty thousand crowns," said he; "all in gold—good gold; oh! when shall I ever see it again!"

"No whining," said the spy; "it ought to be a relief to thy conscience to get rid of it."

The old man again stared vacantly at the speaker, and made another journey.

"Forty thousand!" said he, placing two more bags near the others.

"Stop!" suddenly exclaimed the spy; "I would save thee from farther trouble, Maitre Quinault!" The latter looked inquiringly at Jacques, who continued: "thou hast a claim against the Baron de St. Auney for sixty-five thousand crowns. Nay! don't start, but listen to me. Thou must give me a quittance, in full, for the amount of his debt to Monseigneur D'Argenson, and I will in exchange give thee this bond, and take the balance."

The notary was mute; D'Argenson's injunctions and threats recurred to him, but remonstrance, he knew, would be uselessly opposed to the determination of Jacques, who, doubtless, was equally prepared to enforce compliance with this as with his former request, therefore, determined to obey him, but inwardly resolved immediately to lay the whole transaction before the lieutenant of police, hoping not only to recover his money from the spy, as also the acquittance he demanded, on the part of the baron, but still to retain possession of the 'Sieur St. Angin's bond. But the alacrity he manifested excited Jacques' suspicion, who, whilst the notary completed the receipt, stood pondering on the means of baffling any treachery on his part.

"There, then, 'Sieur Jacques," said Maitre Quinault; "there are the baron's bonds, and there is his acquittance in full; give me the 'Sieur St. Angin's security."

The spy examined the papers very minutely, and finding them correct, placed them in his bosom; he then drew, from beneath his cloak, a large bag, in which he deposited the notary's gold,

casting the ponderous mass across his shoulder with the greatest ease and non-chalance.

"There is the bond," exclaimed he, placing it upon the table before Maitre Quinault; "art thou satisfied?"

"I am," was the brief reply, as the speaker perused the precious parchment.

"And so am I, 'Sieur Quinault! and safe!" ejaculated Jacques snatching up the document to which the notary had attached the forged name, ere that functionary could prevent the act. "Breathe but my name, and—" here he shook the paper triumphantly, "there shall be hanging at the Greve." So saying, he gained the door and disappeared, leaving the terror-stricken Etienne Quinault too agitated to make any effort to stop him.

CHAPTER XIX.

ST. MARCEL FULFILS AN IMPORTANT MISSION, AND BECOMES SUDDENLY ENAMOURED OF SOLITUDE.

It yet wanted two whole days of the time appointed by Madame de Maintenon, for the next visit of Jeanne de St. Auney; an event which the maiden awaited with feelings of intense anxiety. The nearer the period approached, the more agitated she became, although in the presence of her father she succeeded in suppressing all outward show of mental anguish.

But, the old man's heart was heavy; it yearned after his other child, to whose self-devotion he was indebted for his liberty.

His efforts, as also those of Jeanne, to procure an interview with the young victim, had proved ineffectual, and though permission was accorded them to write to her, their letters remained unanswered; daily he wandered around the hated walls of the Bastile, looking anxiously towards the platform on the towers, in the hope of catching a glimpse of her person, but only to return disappointed. He doubted not that Louis Quatorze, to whom he had forwarded a memorial of her case, would command her liberation, whatever the issue of the suit pending against him in the supreme court.

In anticipation, then of the decision of his venal judges—at whose hands experience had taught him not to expect justice—he had resolved upon appropriating from the accumulated revenues of the property which he held in trust for the heir of his deceased friend, a sum sufficient to meet the amount of the bonds in the possession of his adversary's legal agent, Maitre Quinault, whom he now more than suspected of treachery; the step was one which his high sense of honor repudiated, but it was his last, his sole resource,

to save himself and daughters from inevitable ruin, and the property itself from ultimately falling into the hands of his persecutor.

With regard to the accomplishment of the former event, however, his hopes had gradually grown less sanguine, so many years having elapsed since the disappearance of the object of his solicitude; yet, he did not consider the case wholly desperate, and acting upon a friendly hint, determined, being resident in the capital, to adopt measures, in the prosecution of the inquiry which now for some years had been suffered to lay dormant.

All irresolution vanished on the receipt of an unexpected missive from the supreme court, commanding him, within the space of three days, to pay Monseigneur D'Argenson, the sum of sixty-five thousand crowns, or, in default, to surrender his person to his most christian majesty's governor of the Bastile; he at once perceived from what quarter this command emanated, and that no time was to be lost, if he hoped to counteract this last treachery of his old enemies.

Meantime Jeanne had kept her visit to Versailles, a profound secret from her father, lest, in the event of Madame de Maintenon's intercession proving ineffectual, she should increase the anguish of a disappointment; she had not confided even in old Prévôt, whose babbling propensities would in case of success, certainly mar the pleasure of a surprise.

And now the morning was clear and mild; one of those genial mornings in December, which are often wont to hang upon the skirts of the autumn, as though striving to drag it back to keep winter away as long as possible; no frost, no fog, no damp, but bright, crisp, and dry; one of those mornings, when the buoyant air gives wings to the spirits, and the body feels as though it could quit the earth with a bound, and sail amongst the fleecy clouds above: when, involuntarily, the eyes wander towards the brilliant firmament, and the heart follows the same secret impulse, travelling swifter than the wind, until it reaches the footstool of Nature's Author, there to sink enraptured with indefinable delight, and acknowledge the almightiness of the Power that called heaven and earth, and all things into existence.

Such were Jeanne's sensations; such her thoughts; Prévôt expressed her's too.

"A *re*-markably fine morning, to be sure! how I love to walk out in such weather! it does one so much good! when a girl I used to be *re*-markably fond of walking, and so I should be now"——she stopped short, and clinging to her young mistress' arm, gave a shudder, staring vacantly straight before her.

"Why, Prévôt! what's the matter?" exclaimed Jeanne, much alarmed.

"Oh! *the* horrid face!" ejaculated the matron; "I saw it in amongst the trees there, in front of us."

"Pray let us return, good Prévôt," responded Jeanne; "thou hast quite alarmed me."

"Perhaps," remonstrated the nurse, "I was mistaken; for though I have been looking at the same place ever since, I have n't seen anything of it again; a most *re*-markable circumstance, certainly."

"I should say it was fancy, nurse," observed her young companion; "that goes a great way sometimes; and I must confess I cannot see anything like a face."

"Well, it might have been fancy, child; yet I can hardly believe fancy would make a tree make faces at me; ugh! and such a face! *re*-markably frightful to be sure."

They had now reached the grand avenue, at the western end of which rose the stately palace of the Luxembourg,* with its white frontage, and countless windows. Prévôt was in ecstacies; stopping short, she withdrew her arm from within Jeanne's, pulled on her mittens, adjusted her spectacles more firmly upon her nose, and throwing up her hands, opening her eyes at the same time, exclaimed—

"Beautiful! *re*-markably beautiful, to be sure!"

"Come! nurse," said Jeanne, advancing a step or two without her; "thou wilt be remarked!"

The matron hastened to rejoin her companion, turning her head this way and that way to admire—now a statue, now an urn, now the divers cariatides, placed here and there along the avenues, and at the corners of her walks; everything she beheld met with her approval. Not far off was a young man, elegantly attired, who appeared to her to be watching her movements; although, once or twice, she fancied that his dark eyes were bent more intently upon her young mistress. They walked on, and so did he; now he would be before them, then behind; then on one side; then before them again. Jeanne pulled her hood more over her face, for she too had perceived him, and felt uncomfortable when she met his gaze; twitching Prévôt by the arm, she said, in a whisper, as they turned into another walk:

"Nurse, 'tis time we returned."

Prévôt heard the appeal, but answered not, being absorbed in the contemplation of a grotto at the end of an avenue they had just entered.

Finding that the avenue had no outlet, they turned back for the purpose of regaining the principal walk. They came to a wooden

* This palace was originally called the Palais de Luxembourg, after the Duke of Epinay-Luxembourg, who, in 1564 purchased a house with gardens attached thereto, built in the middle of the fifteenth century, by one Robert de Harley de Sancy. In 1583, the duke added several gardens, contiguous to the Hotel de Sancy, and called the latter after himself. On the 2d of April, 1612, Marie de Medicis bought it for the sum of 90,000 francs, appending to it a farm situated to the eastward, and called the "Ferme de l'Hotel Dieu," or more commonly, "Pressoir de l'Hotel Dieu." In 1613, she further added twenty-five acres of land situated on the Boulevard side, and subsequently, a superficies of about 15,000 feet, being the gardens belonging to one Antoine Armand, together with several portions of the "Clos de Vignerai," appertaining to the Chartreux monks and others.

bench, fixed beneath a tall birch, upon the former of which the matron's eyes no sooner rested than she ejaculated:

"Let us be seated."

To indulge her old companion, Jeanne readily assented, being moreover in that pensive state of mind, when the will is no longer an active but a passive agent, and seating herself by her side, resumed the conversation.

"Is it not very singular, nurse," said she, "that we have never heard any tidings of poor Julie's lover, St. Leu? I almost fear some calamity has befallen *him*, too!

"*Re*-markably singular, child! for my part, I should not be surprised to hear that he had got into the Bastile."

"The Bastile, nurse? what makes thee think of that place, above all others; what could he have done to be sent there?"

She was delivering herself of this last remark, when the same elegant young man approached them from an opposite direction; he passed by them once, looking fixedly at Jeannie, and then returned; when, stopping immediately in front of her, he doffed his beaver, saluting her with a bow that would have done honor to the oldest noble of the court.

"*Re*-markably fine young man," observed Prévôt, in a whisper, as he drew near; "I wonder who he is?"

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," said the young man, in a soft, polite tone, "but, have I not the honor of addressing Mademoiselle de St. Auney?"

"That is my name, indeed, monsieur," replied Jeanne, blushing deeply, and drawing her hood more over her face, to conceal her confusion.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," answered he; "the likeness to your sister is really striking."

At the mention of her sister's name, Jeanne turned pale, and was so moved she could not speak. The stranger observed her embarrassment, and seeking to afford her time to recover herself, continued:

"I am sorry you left her at home; she would have—"

"At home!" ejaculated Jeanne, bursting into tears; "Oh! monsieur, then you do not know——"

"What is it—what has happened?" said the stranger hurriedly, his changing countenance betraying his anxiety.

"Oh! they have taken her to the Bastile!" sobbed the maiden.

"Gracious heaven! poor St. Leu!"

"Do you know St. Leu, then, monsieur?"

"Know him! We were comrades—officers of the same corps. My name is St. Marcel le Trouvé; you may have heard him mention my name. He commissioned me to deliver this letter to Mademoiselle Julie; but, under circumstances, I had perhaps better retain it."

"No; give it to *me*, monsieur," returned Jeanne, taking the letter; "it is better you should; for perhaps we shall find an oppor-

tunity of sending it to her. But why was not Monsieur de St. Leu his own messenger?"

"He—he is indisposed," stammered St. Marcel; "he is, for the present, confined to his chamber. If you will permit me, mademoiselle, I will conduct you home," continued he, seeing that Jeanne had arisen to depart.

"I cannot refuse your escort, monsieur," answered Jeanne, courtesying; besides, a friend of the Chevalier St. Leu will be always welcome to our hospitality; but my father is from home."

With this, Jeanne offered her arm to Prévôt, and directed her steps homewards, St. Marcel walking by their side.

"I will, with your permission, mademoiselle," returned the latter, "pay you a visit to-morrow; I mount guard at the palace to-day at twelve, and it is already past eleven. But I have yet another message; 'tis to request you will give this packet to monsieur le baron. Tell him that a friend commissioned me to deliver it."

So saying, he placed in her hands a sealed packet, addressed to her father; and having brought them by a different path, to a small gate which opened into the Rue d'Enfer, immediately opposite the baron's residence, bowed an adieu to Jeanne, motioning the sentinel on duty to open the gate; an order which was peremptorily obeyed, the soldier presenting arms to him as he passed through, conducting Jeanne and her nurse.

As St. Marcel once more turned into the avenue where he had first caught sight of Jeanne, he met D'Argenson, face to face, who, looking inquisitively at him, bowed, and passed on, the former returning the salute in silence. There was nothing very extraordinary in the circumstance itself—the encountering the lieutenant of police in a public garden; yet St. Marcel felt an involuntary shudder. However, with the disappearance of the individual, his equanimity returned, and he laughed to himself as he thought of the manner in which Jacques had deceived his employer, with respect to the execution of the *lettre-de-cachet* against the Duke de Chartres' midnight assailant.

On the night preceding the foregoing events, according to appointment, St. Marcel repaired to the *cabaret* called the "Cep-de-Vigne," kept, as will be remembered, by Maitre Chopin, who, on his making himself known, conducted him into his cellar, and thence, by a secret door opening into the subterraneous passages of the Palais des Thermes, straight to the apartment of the spy, who was already in waiting to receive him.

The interview was brief, but important. It put St. Marcel in possession of the dreaded *lettre-de-cachet*, and of the sum which Jacques had extorted from the notary; but which, for obvious reasons, he was compelled to leave, taking away only a sufficiency for present purposes. It did more; it inspired our hero with confidence in his mysterious friend, whom he had not quitted that morning without suspicions of his sincerity; and, in consideration of the secret pro-

tection that it afforded its members, reconciled him to the idea of belonging to the community of which Jacques was the head.

As he was on the point of leaving, the latter gave him a sealed packet, addressed to the Baron de St. Auney, requesting our hero either to deliver it, himself, into his hands, or into those of his daughter, and not to delay executing the commission. This, St. Marcel undertook the more readily, that he had not yet acquitted himself of a similar errand with which St. Leu had charged him to Julie de St. Auney. He was on his way to the baron's house, when he unexpectedly fell in with Jeanne and her old nurse, in the manner already described.

CHAPTER XX

THE COMMANDANT MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLY AT HOME—HIS PRIVACY IS INTERRUPTED BY AN UNINVITED GUEST—ST. LEU'S ARREST.

DURING the whole period of St. Marcel's constrained sojourn under the hospitable roof of Commandant Schwillwein, the latter personage was a prey to anxiety—an emotion, be it said, that had never manifested itself so unmistakeably but once before, when, during the Dutch wars, he had been taken prisoner by the enemy, and shut up in a dungeon, with the assurance that at the end of an hour he should be marched out and shot. Yes, he had felt anxiety on that momentous occasion—an anxiety to get away.

In the present instance, he knew that he was a *particeps criminis*, not a victim; having, moreover, under his very eyes the living proofs of his guiltiness—St. Leu, and St. Marcel. Nor was it policy to dispense with the presence of the latter, until the former should be so far recovered as to baffle inquiry respecting the true nature of his malady.

For the first two days, St. Leu was dangerously ill; dame Dorothy redoubled her attentions. On the third, the fever abated; the commandant swore an oath, implying his determination to allow his satanic majesty to kidnap him if St. Leu did not recover under her treatment. On the fourth day, the patient sat up in bed, of his own accord, and complained of hunger; Schwillwein placed the contents of a most plethoric larder at his command; but, overruled by the matron, whose opinion was diametrically opposed to his forthwith emptying the same, St. Leu was compelled to comfort his inward man with a cup of broth. On the fifth, the patient remained long closeted up with his friend St. Marcel, the results of which were, the letter to Julie, and an inability on the part of her lover

to eat the very whitest slice of the breast of the fowl dame Dorothy's own hands had dressed. On the sixth day, the fair Æsculapius pronounced him completely out of danger; in the fulness of his heart the commandant swore another oath, to the effect that she was at least fifty times deeper in the mysteries of doctoring than his old friend Schwipps, the veterinary surgeon of the regiment, who, to his knowledge, never cured but one man in his whole course of practice, and that was by administering to him, in a mistake, a pill originally intended for his horse. But, not to detail the progress of the cure from day to day, suffice it to add, that on the eighth morning St. Leu joined his host at the breakfast-table, where he afforded abundant evidence of being in a fair way of recovering, at least, a portion of his appetite. On that evening St. Marcel regained his liberty; the use he made of which, and the consequences it entailed, have been already shown.

On the same bright morning that had tempted forth the beautiful Jeanne—nay, almost even whilst St. Marcel was holding converse with her, the noble commandant might have been seen making most ominous preparations for an attack, *secundum artem belli*, upon a formidable army of viands, which the ever attentive Dorothy had marshalled, rank and file, on purpose to provoke his long dormant appetite; a complete *dèjeuner à la fourchette;* hour, noon—the commandant just returned from parade, and military exercise; nothing could be more opportune.

Off went his sword and belt; away flew his beaver and his gloves into one corner, his large boots into another—one of them had been squeezing his gouty toe most unsympathizingly all the morning; in the excitement of the moment he whipped off his stock, threw open the breast of his coat, to the danger of the lace *jabot* which the matron's own hands had got up, tucked up his ruffles, and, with an "ouf!" an unctious "ouf!" sunk into that easy chair, over-topped by the facetious griffin, and forthwith began making himself *comfortable;* comfortable, in the true English acceptation, *not*, let it be understood, in the French sense of the word, which is decidedly negative, and whose existence, in connection with the established domestic usages of the country, offers an example of perfect anomaly.

From the small ivory ring within whose embrace it was enfolded, the commandant first withdrew a very white napkin, which he carefully disposed of under his chin, arranging the same so as to form a bib, the lower part depending upon and enveloping his Falstaffian person; then again did the eye and a half wander restlessly over the viands, and crystal drops hang about the corners of his mouth; the sensation that summoned them causing even his mustaches to curl downwards towards his plate. It was a moment of delicious suspense, to prolong which amounted to positive felicity.

Oh! that breakfast *à la fourchette!* A fat truffled capon, offering his white breast to the knife; a Périgord pasty, all crimped and shiny, with a couple of the tiniest red feet sticking out from the top

that a partridge ever ran away upon from the parent nest; a Bayonne ham, just prime in cut, juicy, pink, and smoky. Then the olives; and the cresses so green and crisp; and the delicate pats of butter, molded into the shape of a heart by the indefatigable matron; and the white rolls; the wine, too, those two bottles of Chablis, uncorked, and ready for hand.

Perhaps that identical portion of the noble Schwillwein's comparative anatomy *was* touched; it seemed like it, for the tears trickled down his cheeks, as the oysters disappeared one by one, till not a shadow of them remained, save their under shell; bumpers of that same Chablis washed them down, in the proportion of one to every half-dozen, the disappearance of each being accompanied by a loud smack of the lips, which fully indicated the high relish it added.

The truffled capon was dismembered—or, rather, about to be—for the commandant had stuck his fork into it, when a voice from behind observed:

"That's a glorious breakfast, 'sieur commandant! A good appetite to thee."

Schwillwein looked round—for he sat with his back to the door, and had not heard it open; the eye and a half fired off cannon-balls of anger at the intruder, who, however, took no notice, but bowed deferentially, and stepped into the middle of the apartment.

"Damn—" no! he did not say *that*, but he made use of another word equally significant in the language that he spoke, and addressed it to the new comer, continuing: "thou art the man that dogged me so this morning. What's thy business?"

"We will breakfast first, if you please, 'sieur commandant," replied the other, with perfect coolness; "after that, we'll to business!"

Without waiting for his host's consent, the uninvited guest assisted himself to a copious draught of the Chablis, and then deliberately seated himself at the table and completed the operation upon the truffled capon, which Schwillwein had begun. "Make no stranger of *me*, commandant; see! I am quite at home."

Now, the commandant was one of those whose bile, being of very effervescent quality, bubbles up and froths with a suddenness only to be matched by the rapidity with which it subsides, the gaseous particles flying off in the form of round oaths, demonstrations, and such like; but if his anger one minute at a hundred, fell the next to zero, the fact might be regarded as a proof of the generosity of his nature, which was apt, from its very super-excellence, to burst from its usual bonds, and, like the Chablis he so loved, when wrought up by the vine-growers to champagne pitch, fly up in the face of him who the next minute might test its virtue.

The self-possession of the stranger did much towards cooling down the red-heat of the commandant; for no atmosphere is better qualified to check the rise of an irate man's mercury, than that of perfect *sang-froid;* thus, his unbidden guest no sooner began "making

himself at home," than Schwillwein found himself irresistibly impelled to follow his example, wondering what would be the end and aim of so strange a visitor. Fear of the stranger did not for an instant enter his breast; and, regarding him in a military point of view, the commandant inwardly confessed that his most christian majesty's corps of musketeers could not boast of a soldier such as he would make. Soon he began to apprehend that his guest had sought him for the purpose of enrolling himself amongst the devoted defenders of his most christian majesty; and, under this impression, once more seated himself in his easy chair.

"'Sieur commandant, your health," observed his companion, tossing off a bumper.

"Thine, friend," replied Schwillwein; "had I expected thy company, better fare were provided."

"You do injustice to it," retorted the other; "I fear I have spoilt your breakfast."

"I *am* rather surprised at the intrusion, friend," answered the perplexed host; "how did you obtain admission?"

"Your lacquey is a friend of mine," replied his guest, deeply absorbed in the investigation of the contents of the Périgord pasty. "Have you any more wine handy?"

Probably the commandant considered this too good a joke not to laugh at it; for the truth must be told, that laugh he did, nor hesitated, whilst he laughed, to open a very snug little cupboard in the wall, thence withdrawing a second loving gemini of the self-same Chablis as that which had just refected their thirsty palates. These he placed upon the table, his eye and a half twinkling all the time with the greatest good humor; for he was, in the main, a good humored man, although an irascible one.

"Good wine," exclaimed the latter, applying his very prominent olfactory organ to the nose of the fourth bottle; "your glass, commandant."

"Thank you, friend," responded Schwillwein, holding it out; "I'll propose a toast: his most christian majesty's service."

This sentiment was, of course, hazarded by the proposer with an eye to business.

"His most christian majesty's service," replied the other; "and the most noble corps belonging to it—the musketeers."

This was meeting the matter half-way—at least the commandant thought so; he felt certain his first impression was correct, and determined to follow up the excellent opportunity afforded him.

"Ah!" said he, smacking his lips, and winking the eye and a half, "'tis a most noble corps, and a most noble service."

"I should say so," retorted his companion, cracking between his white teeth the juicy drum-stick of a partridge; "it must be, to enable you to live so well! You have been many years in it, commandant."

The remark was made neither interrogatively, nor affirmatively; merely, as it appeared, to court an answer.

"I *have* seen *some* service, friend," responded Schwillwein.

"About thirty years of it," observed his guest.

The commandant started.

"You appear well informed," said he; "may I ask the favor of your name?"

"Certainly!" retorted the unknown, replenishing the glasses; but without appearing to think that the permission to ask the question involved the favor of an answer.

"Eh, hem! Your name, friend?" resumed the latter, after a pause.

"Jacques! 'Tis very much at your service."

Schwillwein scratched his ear a great many times, as though, having lost his memory, it had concealed itself behind that organ, and he was wheedling it out from its hiding-place by titillation. However, finding that it was proof against coaxing, and obstinately refused to return to its proper locality, he looked very hard at the speaker, repeating his name over to himself.

"Jacques! Jacques! Hum! Can't say I remember that name; nor do I recollect ever having seen your face before, friend."

"Perhaps not," replied Jacques; "my face is mostly an unwelcome one; though 'tis pretty common about Paris! Your's is altered, commandant, almost as much as your name."

Had a bomb-shell, with its lighted fusee, by any marvellous chance fallen at the commandant's feet, as he sat over his breakfast, he would incontestibly have felt uncomfortable; but it is doubtful whether he would have turned half so pale, or started half so far back from that formidable missile, as he did from Jacques, when the latter so unexpectedly discharged, full into his very teeth, the secret with which he had mysteriously loaded himself for the occasion.

There followed a brief pause, which the spy advantageously filled up by renewing his attack upon the fourth bottle.

"Don't be alarmed," said he, addressing his host; "it is my interest to keep the secret."

"But," asked Schwillwein, interrupting him, "how came you to know it?"

"Never mind how," replied Jacques; "I have not time now to tell you; but you see I do know it. Come! we have fared sumptuously; let us to the subject that brought me hither."

"Well, 'Sieur Jacques, what *has* brought thee hither."

"Simply this," retorted that individual; "to collect a few facts, connected with your last journey from Tours to this city. 'Tis now rather more than twenty-one years since you quitted the former—is it not, 'sieur commandant?"

The latter nodded assent, adding:

"It was after the Peace of Nimeguen; I went to visit my father."

"Monseigneur D'Argenson was, at that period," resumed Jacques, "lieutenant of the bailiwick of the province."

"He was; at Tours I first became acquainted with him."

"Exactly! you became very friendly, and he promised to exert

his interest, when you returned to Paris, to procure your advancement: he kept his word; for although you left Tours a non-commissioned officer, you had not been a month in Paris before you obtained a sub-lieutenancy."

"I see you know all," replied Schwillwein, with some trepidation; "do not interrogate me further."

"I do know *something*, but not *all*," replied Jacques; "yet, lest you should doubt me, I will, with your permission, continue. He commissioned you to take charge of a young male child?"

"He did," responded the commandant, interrupting him; "it was his own; a child, whose mother he had seduced, and—"

"Liar!" muttered the spy, grinding his teeth with rage; "liar! to invent so foul a tale! *His* child!"

"Do I understand you?" asked Schwillwein, reddening; "would you assert it was *not* his? Whose then?"

"That is the secret I am now striving to fathom," resumed Jacques; "the object of my visit is to learn what became of that unfortunate?"

"My instructions," replied the commandant, "were to leave him at a certain house in the faubourg St. Antoine, where, I understood he was to remain, until his father came to Paris. This I did, and have never since heard of him, for I was told subsequently, that both the child and the woman in whose charge I left him, had suddenly disappeared."

"Worse and worse," ejaculated Jacques; "do you remember her name, or the number of the house?"

"Her name was Gertrude Leroux; a midwife; she lived somewhere about the middle of the street, but I forget the number; besides which, they have been altered."

"Could you take me to the spot?"

"Certainly! at any time."

"Then I will call for you, commandant, as soon as I am prepared. For the present, let the matter rest between ourselves. Your secret shall remain safe here."

The spy placed his hand on his heart as he spoke, and bidding his host a "good morning," departed forthwith, after exacting a promise from him, that he would obey his injunctions.

"Where is Monsieur de St. Leu?" asked Schwillwein of the domestic whom he had summoned to clear away the remnants of the feast.

"He went out, about two hours ago, commandant. I have not seen him since."

He had sallied out into the garden of the Tuilleries.

St. Leu had early embraced the military career; as much from hereditary predilection, as in obedience to the will of his late father; who, besides being a widower, (he had lost his wife in the second year of his marriage,) had no patrimony to leave his son, save an unsullied name, and the sword of his ancestors. At the early age of fifteen, the young St. Leu followed the Chevalier to the siege of

Mons, then invested by the troops of the celebrated Marshal de Luxembourg;* here his sire fell. Burning with ambition to distinguish himself, the youthful soldier headed his dying father's corps, and with an impetuosity, far beyond his years, rushed forward to the assault, and succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the enemy's works. The fame of this precocious act of valor soon spread through the army, and reached the ear of the Duke of Chartres, then only seventeen, who, like himself, had made his military *début* at the same siege. The prince felt interested in the young hero, appointed him one of his aide-de-camps, and finally, on their return from the campaign, procured him a captaincy in his royal uncle's corps of musketeers.

A journey to Tours—undertaken for the benefit of his health—was the means of bringing him into the company of the Baron de St. Auney and of his beautiful daughters. This event took place about a year before the commencement of this tale, nor was it long before a mutual passion sprung up between the handsome chevalier and the baron's younger daughter, Julie. More anxious to secure her happiness by marrying her to a man of her choice, than to raise her to superior rank and fortune, by sacrificing her affections, the doting father, at the earnest request of the fond couple, gave his consent to their union, conditionally, on the plea of Julie being still too young to marry, that one twelvemonth should elapse, from that time, before it took place. It wanted but a few weeks of the period, when the events occurred which necessitated his journey to the capital.

The chevalier was a slightly built, fair complexioned young man—with dark hazel eyes, and bright chestnut hair, worn, according to the prevailing fashion, in long curls, hanging down over the shoulders; a slight mustache—a mere feather, twisted into a point at each end—ornamented his upper lip; his features were remarkably fine—his countenance open and frank, with a somewhat melancholy cast; his costume, was that of the corps to which he belonged.

He had reached the Rue St. Honore, on his return to the commandant's, when an ill-favored individual accosted him, whom, he recognized as an agent of police; the man was accompanied by two others, who kept a little in the rear, though near enough to render their object suspicious.

"I am sorry, monsieur le chevalier," said the man, saluting St. Leu with some show of deference, "very sorry to—to—interrupt your walk; I have an unpleasant duty to perform."

"What is it?" asked St. Leu, turning pale.

"I am compelled to arrest you," answered the man, beckoning to his two satellites, who drew nearer.

St. Leu echoed the man's words, adding that he must be laboring under some mistake.

* On account of the number of colors which he took from the enemy and sent to Paris, in 1690, 1692, and 1695, the Prince de Conti gave him the brilliant nickname of "*Tapissier de Notre Dame*:" Upholsterer of Notre Dame.

"There is none, I assure you, chevalier," resumed the latter, adding in an under tone; "it is a *lettre-de-cachet.*"

"Is it possible?" ejaculated the unfortunate victim; "of what am I accused? and by whom?"

"My duty is to arrest you in the king's name, chevalier," replied the man, "I cannot tell you wherefore. If you will step into the Rue St. Nicaise, I will procure a coach."

St. Leu knew that remonstrance or resistance would be useless, and with a heavy heart resigned himself into the custody of his captor, and was quickly borne away to the Bastile.

CHAPTER XXI.

MAITRE QUINAULT VISITS D'ARGENSON.

For some time after Jacques had taken leave of Maitre Quinault, the worthy notary remained in a state of stupor, from which he only recovered, to break out into a violent rage, discharging at the heels of the spy, a volley of oaths, that would have set up even D'Argenson himself, for a twelvemonth at least.

"Oh! my gold! my gold! my bright, yellow gold!" said he, clutching the bag that Jacques had modestly declined taking away; "never shall I see it again! Thirty-five thousand crowns! oh! that he had their weight in mill-stones, hung about his neck, and I could see him cast headlong into the Seine! Robbed! cheated! swindled of my gold!"

With an exhaustless flood of such exclamations as these, accompanied by sundry shakings of his fist at the door, the old notary endeavored to allay the excitement that the late scenes had occasioned, and having partially succeeded, began to take a legal view of his position, allowing himself all the advantage of his experience, in the management of knotty cases like the present; the result of his cogitations was a determination to pay a visit to the lieutenant of police.

That evening, as the clocks of the neighboring churches chimed nine, Maitre Quinault might have been observed, creeping along the Rue St. Denis, tenaciously keeping the wall-side, although at the imminent danger of being knocked down by the multitude that thronged that busy thoroughfare. But Maitre Quinault was not a man to be jostled out of his place with impunity, and many were the strokes he dealt about him right and left, with his cane, in his attempts to maintain his right to the wall. At length, by dint of elbowing, and pushing, and cursing, and swearing—he *could* swear

—and falsely too sometimes—he reached the house he sought—Monseigneur D'Argenson's place of business—and making the best of his way into the apartment already known, as his Cabinet Noir, saluted that virtuous functionary with a low bow and an humble apology for intruding.

"I fear that I am interrupting your labors," said he, with an obsequious smile, and a leer that said, as plainly as a leer could say, "I should like to know what you are doing with that great book!"

"You are, *sang-dieu!*" exclaimed his friend, with a delightful contraction of the eye-brows; "what has brought thee?"

"Important business, monseigneur. 'Tis a long tale."

"Wait then," resumed D'Argenson, looking down again at the book; "I'll attend to thee presently: wouldn't to-morrow do?"

"No, monseigneur!"

"Hum! Jean-Baptiste Poisson," ejaculated the latter, entering that name in his book of reports, and apparently unconscious of the notary's presence. "I deserve to be sent there to starve, do I? we'll teach thee how to starve his majesty's officers! *ventre-bleu!* and to speak so disrespectfully of the Bastile! Thou shalt try its diet thyself! ah! ah! ah! demagogue! 'Tis such men as thou, that bring governments into disrepute! Scum! What right has the mob to an opinion? eh, Maitre Quinault?" he now turned towards that individual; "what sayest thou?"

But Maitre Quinault only looked at his interrogator, as much as to say that, if it made no difference, he would rather be excused from giving any opinion at all.

"I say," continued D'Argenson, apparently regardless whether the notary answered or not—"that the rabble have no right to express their opinion on such grave matters, Maitre Quinault! all they have to do, is to work—to pay their imposts—and to hold their tongue! *sang-dieu!*"

But not until D'Argenson had exhibited some few energetic symptoms of impatience, could Maitre Quinault muster up sufficient courage to tell his tale, and when he did begin, he stammered so, one would have said the words were elbowing each other in the corners of his mouth in a vain attempt to sneak out edgewise. To increase his embarrassment, the lieutenant of police fixed his keen eyes upon him, very intently; and he must have been a very hyena at a stare, who could return that gaze without blinking; this was not the case with the notary, who had rather more of the fox in his composition than of any other animal, unless it was a dash of the jackall; however, having broken the ice, he went swimmingly on through the aperture, D'Argenson never once attempting to stop him, nor even betraying by the least sign that he took the slightest interest in his recital.

At length Maitre Quinault came to a full stop, giving a side-long glance at his companion, as though he expected him to make some observation; in this he was disappointed, for he maintained the same obstinate silence, not even appearing to know that the notary

had left off speaking; observing which, the latter personage took up his last words, by way of giving the cue to his friend.

"Yes! monseigneur! *there shall be hanging at the Grève;* he said *that*, and left me."

"Is that all, Maitre Quinault?" asked D'Argenson, after a pause.

The notary bowed, and with some show of surprise at the question, confessed that it *was* all.

"He was right," resumed the lieutenant of police, "quite right," —he meant Jacques—"to say that there should be hanging at the Grève, Maitre Quinault; but I fear it is not Jacques' turn yet."

The notary began to think he had made a mistake in throwing himself upon the clemency of D'Argenson, and already experienced an uncomfortable tightness about the throat, accompanied by an indefinite sensation of suspension; but he had made up his mind before he came, not to be hanged; no, but to hang the spy if he could, and doubted not being able to secure the protection of the lieutenant of police; his surprise may be conceived when he heard him indirectly reiterate Jacques' menace, but his surprise once got over, he assumed an air of dogged determination and sullen defiance, that failed not to produce a marked effect upon his companion; to look at him, one would have said that he was positively asking to be hanged, as a favor.

"Perhaps, monseigneur," said he, with the greatest deliberation, making at the same time, an ugly attempt to look facetious, "perhaps your turn will come first; who knows?"

D'Argenson turned his head aside, his lips quivered, and his brows knit together convulsively; he was evidently taken aback by the retort, and saw that he had gone too far—further, indeed, than he intended.

"I did not mean thee to infer, 'sieur notaire," he observed, with an abortive laugh at Maitre Quinault's repartee; obviously risked with a view of swindling that individual into a belief that he, D'Argenson, considered it a smart joke; "I did not mean thee to infer, I say, that *thine* was come; I merely hinted that this was an awkward affair."

"What hast thou to propose?"

"Simply that your agent be forthwith arrested and imprisoned, and hanged as soon as possible after we have regained possession of that document."

"A good, a ready plan, truly," answered D'Argenson, after a few moments' reflection; but it is impracticable, 'sieur notaire; impracticable."

"Wherefore, monseigneur?"

"He is invaluable to me, Etienne, I have need of his services! Besides, I am not so sure that to imprison him first, and hang him afterwards, would be the best means of regaining possession of that document."

"But threats, monseigneur!" suggested the notary, anxiously.

D'Argenson laughed, echoing with great emphasis the word

"*threats*," accompanied with a look that said, "*they* may do very well for such as thou, Maitre Quinault, but not for a spirit like Jacques'."

"Thou dost not know that man," he replied; "*I* do not! He is one of those whom it is dangerous to offend, and hardly less dangerous to deal with! I need his services yet; therefore, Maitre Quinault, we must think of some other plan!"

"I can think of *no* other," said the notary, once more disagreeably alive to a sensation of vertebral dislocation, and losing the self-possession he had so recently assumed.

"Wait a moment," ejaculated the lieutenant of police; "let *me* think? Perhaps I may discover a way of turning this untoward circumstance to our account! Answer me! Art thou sure Jacques did not see thee sign that parchment?"

"I am, monseigneur."

"Good, good," exclaimed D'Argenson; "so far, good; dost thou not then perceive, Etienne, that there is no witness to prove 'twas thou, eh? Besides, is not the will drawn in *my* favor, eh? Shall not *I* be suspected before thou art, eh? Let me alone, Maitre Quinault; let me alone; 'tis *I* must bear the brunt of this! 'Tis not against *thee* so much as against *me*, that Jacques has aimed this blow! Canst not thou see *that*, eh?"

"I do see it all now, monseigneur," said he, holding his head up at least an inch higher; "but that is only one reason the more why you should put him at once out of the way."

"*I* am not afraid of hanging, 'sieur notaire," replied D'Argenson, with a hideous chuckle that sounded like the death-rattle; "why, monsieur de Paris would think it sacrilege to lay even a finger on me; *tonnerre dieu!* No! no! the forgery of that will will never come home to thee, nor to me, unless we should quarrel, Maitre Quinault; which I think thou wouldst rather not do, eh, Etienne?"

"Certainly not, monseigneur," replied the latter, flattered by the cordiality of his friend, nor less by the condescending manner in which he placed a hand upon his arm; "we can do much, united, especially if the post of First Judge of the Cour Royale—"

"Ah! yes! I promised thee that, Quinault; I saw Chamillard, this morning, and although we are not friends, he has consented to thy nomination."

This was good news! glorious news! Quinault would fain have fallen down and worshipped at D'Argenson's feet; he did not, however, get lower than his hand, which he took within his own, and squeezed in the most fraternal manner possible, growing more into importance every time he spoke.

"What ought I to do for such a distinguished mark of esteem, friend D'Argenson?" said he; "how return such a service?"

"Why! didst not thou buy it for a forged signature," observed the lieutenant of police, freeing himself from the grasp of the notary; "I have only performed my share of our bargain, nor do I, at present, want thee to add any more to thine! I am not sorry matters have taken this turn; I must only alter my plans, that's all."

"What are your intentions with regard to the Baron de St. Auney, monseigneur? Do you think he has had a hand in this bond?"

"I will forfeit this right hand, 'Sieur Quinault, if he is not ignorant of the whole proceeding! *Mort dieu!* The baron do a dishonorable action! No! no! I know him better than that. Had he been less honest, he should not have baffled me so long! But I am sorely puzzled to comprehend why this man Jacques has taken up arms in his cause? I thought him friendless!"

"You could at once render him so," again suggested Maitre Quinault, edging towards the lieutenant of police; "imprison Jacques, and—"

"*Sang dieu!* no! I will not!" exclaimed the latter, fiercely; "I tell thee I need Jacques' services."

"It was a mere suggestion, monseigneur," observed the notary, perceiving that D'Argenson was firm; "evidently he is in league with the baron, or he would not have paid; no, not paid; I mean that he would not have extorted—"

"Nay, nay! *paid* is the word, 'sieur notaire; thou hast given up the bonds and a full receipt for their amount; so paid is the word, *morbleu!* I shall look to thee for sixty-five thousand crowns!"

"But, monseigneur! I have not received a single crown of the sum!—a crown, said I, not a livre! not a sol!"

"What is that to me, Maitre Quinault?" Give me back the bonds, or give me the money! *Ventre-bleu!* 'Tis a sum I can find good use for!"

"But monseigneur," remonstrated the disconcerted notary, "consider the circumstances! Have some regard for friendship—remember that I have received no consideration—"

"And the bond, then, 'sieur notaire! dost reckon that for nothing?"

"Nay, monseigneur; the security is doubtful at best."

"One reason the more why I should have thy money," retorted D'Argenson; "so make up thy mind to pay it to me when I require it; as for the security thou holdest, 'tis no affair of mine."

"What is monseigneur's opinion upon it?" asked the notary.

"'Tis a forgery," answered he; "no doubt of it. A mere trick to extort money from thee, and save the baron. A trick, I tell thee; a mere trick, friend Etienne. A deep fellow is Jacques; ah! ah! ah! I like him all the better for that; *sang dieu!* I could not have done it more cleverly myself."

"Hast thou the bond with thee?"

"I have."

"Let me look at it, Maitre Quinault."

The notary handed him the parchment, which the lieutenant of police, having minutely inspected, returned, saying:

"A mere trick! a forgery! a trick, Maitre Quinault! But keep thine own counsel on this matter, and leave the rest to me."

"Could you not take sixty thousand crowns, monseigneur?" ob-

served the notary, after a pause, and with a most rueful expression; "the remaining five thousand are bare interest for a twelvemonth, upon such questionable security too!"

"Not a livre less than the whole sum," replied the lieutenant.

There was another pause, when the last speaker looked up once more at his companion, and again addressed him:

"I wish to be alone, friend Etienne; a good evening to thee!"

The old man bowed and moved slowly towards the door, evidently reluctant to leave the apartment without another attempt upon the generosity of his patron; he fumbled at the lock a moment, and turning half round, said, with a whine that would have been a fortune to a mumper—

"Say sixty thousand, monseigneur; I will agree to pay the remainder when the bond expires."

He did not finish the sentence, for striking his clenched fist upon the table with a force that caused the huge book to rebound, D'Argenson cried:

"No! no! *sang dieu!* Did I not tell thee so before! Leave me!"

"There's nothing lost by trying," muttered Maitre Quinault to himself, as, after effecting a precipitate retreat, he groped his way out into the street; "but perhaps my turn will come next, and then—" He did not say what; no doubt it was something very desperate, for he struck his cane very hard upon the foot-way, and was so intent upon picturing to himself what he would do when his turn did come, that, without observing him, he brushed past the individual who had first watched him into the lieutenant's cabinet, and remained hard by in a doorway on purpose to watch him out again.

When the virtuous notary was fairly out of sight, the man emerged from his hiding-place, and made the best of his way into the cabinet of D'Argenson, who started a little on his entrance, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"Thou here, 'Sieur Jacques!"

"Ten was the hour appointed, monseigneur," answered that individual, with a vast amount of coolness.

"Ten! is it ten, already Jacques? I did not think it. Well! what news? hast thou discovered anything more? Hast thou seen the capuchin again?"

"I watched him into Monsieur Chamillart's hôtel, monseigneur; and have ascertained that the stranger comes from Madrid."

"Madrid!" muttered D'Argenson, entering the remark in his book; "Madrid, eh! there is something beneath that, Jacques! If Chamillart and de Maintenon have set any intrigue on foot—*tonnerre dieu!* I will foil them! I can depend on *thee*, eh, Jacques?"

The spy bowed.

"Good, good! here are twenty louis for the information thou hast already brought me. 'Tis a large sum, but I would have thee know I can reward handsomely."

Jacques deposited the money in his pocket, but still observed silence.

"I hear there is much discontent amongst the people, Jacques," remarked D'Argenson, after a pause; "hast thou heard or perceived anything of the sort?"

"I have, monseigneur," replied the spy, sternly; "you may affect to despise the people, monseigneur, but beware how you trample on their feelings—"

"Bah!" ejaculated the former, apparently endeavoring to divest himself of the idea that this portion of the community possessed such a commodity—"the scum!"

"Hold, monseigneur!" exclaimed the spy, glowing with anger; "I am *one* of the people."

"This to *me*, 'Sieur Jacques!" observed D'Argenson, astounded at that individual's boldness.

"Why *not* to thee?" resumed the latter, with animation; "wouldst thou deny me freedom of thought and speech? I have only told thee truth!"

The lieutenant of police strove to conceal his displeasure at being thus lowered to the same grade as his agent, but could not altogether succeed. He, a patrician of Venice*—a knight of St. Marc—a noble of France—the most powerful minister of the grand monarque to be '*theed and thoud*' by one of the common herd!

"I have known the truth prove a sure passport to the Bastile, 'Sieur Jacques," said he; "*mort dieu!* We *have* arrived at something indeed."

"'Tis quite a matter of taste," retorted that unimpressionable individual; "the Bastile, where one may speak the truth, to walls that can't *hear* it—or liberty, without the privilege of speaking it at all—or only to those that *wont*. I don't think there's a pin to choose."

This was said with an air intended to imply an opinion, on the part of the speaker, that the turn of the scale, if any, was rather in favor of the Bastile, and his conviction that it was a very comfortable sort of place, of which he was perfectly ready to become an inmate, if it would at all accommodate the views of the functionary in whose presence he stood.

The theory propounded by Jacques, startled D'Argenson, not less than his tacit defiance of a power which he wielded to the terror of all classes—from the haughty noble of the magnificent court, down to the lowest citizen of that heterogeneous capital—and which, on account of its peculiar character, and secret influence, invested him with an authority far more despotic than that of the grand monarque himself, whose very will even, he could at pleasure counteract. He never had had reason to suspect Jacques' fidelity until now, when the unexpected disclosures of Maitre Quinault opened his eyes to the fact of Jacques being leagued with the Baron St. de Auney, and thus to a certain extent against himself also.

* He was called "Marc," after the patron of the Venetian Republic, which stood sponsor to him.

"Well, well, Maitre Jacques," continued D'Argenson, "we differ both in taste and political creed; but I would caution thee not to make open confession of thine."

"I have, monseigneur; and I do. I would not conceal my opinions, even from his most christian majesty."

"Maitre Jacques, thou art going too far," resumed D'Argenson, very rapidly noting the spy's words; "thou must keep that democratic spirit within bounds, or the worst of punishments, short of hanging, will ultimately be thine."

"And what may that be?" asked the spy, with an ironical smile.

"The Bastile, 'Sieur Jacques, the Bastile; *sang dieu!*"

"It has no terrors for me, monseigneur; I have nothing to lose. By the worst of punishments, I thought something even worse was in store for me!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the lieutenant of police; "*worse* than that? worse than hanging, or than the Bastile! Worse than the Bastile, Maitre Jacques? *ventre-bleu!*"

"Well, monseigneur; I know of two punishments, that to an honest man, are worse than either hanging or the Bastile." He paused.

"Name them! name them!" exclaimed D'Argenson, impatiently.

"The first, monseigneur, is the being an honest man, and in the pay of his most christian majesty's lieutenant of police! The second —" again he paused.

"Well, 'Sieur Jacques," observed D'Argenson, growing pale: "and the second?"

"Is the being his most christian majesty's lieutenant of police," retorted Jacques, bowing; and gathering his large cloak about him, slowly quitted the apartment, leaving his disconcerted employer foaming with indignation.

"The Bastile is not bad enough for thee, eh? nor hanging! ah! ah! ah! thou art difficult to please, *sang dieu!* but I have not done with thee yet!" and easing his mind at intervals, with such exclamations as these, D'Argenson resumed his labors, nor ceased them, until long past the hour of midnight.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW JULIE FARED IN THE BASTILE; AND HOW ST. MARC AND CORBE COMPORTED THEMSELVES TOWARDS HER.

Leaving D'Argenson to brood over his plans of vengeance against Jacques and the Baron de St. Auney, let us return to the fair prisoner in the Bastile.

On recovering from the swoon in which she fell, upon her father's departure, she found herself in the chamber of sister Bridget—situated in a remote part of the prison—the matron to whose care she had been confided—assiduously engaged in applying to her nose and temples, the contents of a vinegar bottle, for the purpose of restoring her to consciousness.

"'T is all over now," exclaimed the latter; "you will be quite well in a few minutes. I'm sure, I thought I never should have got you *to!*"

It was some consolation to the maiden, to know that she should have a companion—an indulgence, which the interest of her father's powerful persecutor had been instrumental in obtaining—although sister Bridget's last observation led her to conclude, that in becoming the partner of her solitude, she yielded less to her own sympathy than to the will of her stern superiors.

"We are going to put your new apartment to rights," resumed she, after a pause: "'tis the one over that in which you slept last night; the prisoner has been liberated to-day."

"My father!" sobbed Julie.

"Oh; *was* it!" observed the matron; "the people about are so close, one never knows what's going forward. Your father, was it, mademoiselle?"

"I suppose, mademoiselle, you did not come provided, did you? But that's of no consequence: I can furnish you with everything you want in the shape of linen; though to be sure I must do it out of my own stock."

"I will endeavor to repay your kindness, good dame," observed the maiden; "that is, as far as the money I have at my disposal will allow me."

"Oh, don't talk about paying me, my dear, good young lady," resumed sister Bridget, brightening up at the prospect of the golden harvest before her; "I would do anything in the world to make things as agreeable as I can, only for the pleasure of doing it."

Julia gave her two *louis*, notwithstanding, nor did the latter appear at all affronted: rather the contrary; indeed it was astonishing to see the sudden effect which the knowledge she had obtained of the state of her fair prisoner's finances, produced upon her sensitive heart.

"I am much obliged to you, Bridget—" observed Julie, as soon as she found an opportunity of slipping in a word—"but I hope that I shall not long trouble you; I dare say my father will succeed in obtaining my release within a very few days."

Bridget did not say any thing in reply; but looked as though *she* did not feel quite so sanguine on that score.

"You observed, just now, dame," remarked Julie, again, "that you *must now* be with me: what am I to understand by this? are you compelled to remain, whether you like it or not?"

"Why, mademoiselle, we are not our own masters, here, or perhaps things might be a little more pleasant; but the truth is, that

as long as you remain, I must keep you company: it is the rule of the *chateau*."

"Then does every person who is confined here, have some one for company, dame!"

"On the contrary, mademoiselle; very few do: only the favored ones! then if the cells are too full, and two prisoners are lodged together, they are never separated afterwards; which makes it very cheerful for them. Of course you won't repeat what I tell you, mademoiselle."

"If I did, dame, there would not be any harm in it."

"Oh, but the governor would make harm of it; and then I should be shut up for, heaven knows how long, in one of those horrid places below, ugh!"

There was no affectation of horror in the shudder which followed the matron's allusion to the dungeons of the ditch—a shudder which produced its effect upon Julie, who promised, even if interrogated, to observe strict silence with regard to any conversation she might have with her companion.

Having no reasons for concealing the story of her troubles, Julie confided them to sister Bridget, omitting, however, to mention D'Argenson's name in connection with her father's affairs, but giving her to understand that she remained as an hostage for his return.

Sister Bridget might have been born with a turn for thinking, or acquired the habit thereof since she commenced her duties in the Bastile—seeing that there existed no law against it—but whether natural or acquired, certain it is that she remained buried in meditation for some time after Julie came to an end. The tale made a deep impression upon her—that was evident—the very white cap and very white plaited border upon it seemed aware of the fact, and that the head they enfolded was hard at work, attempting to discover something more at the bottom, than floated on the surface.

"May I ask to be made acquainted with your thoughts, dame?" remarked Julie, observing, with some uneasiness the matron's silence and the ominous shakings of the head by which it was occasionally diversified.

"'Tis a very singular story," replied she, "very; and I can't make it out! Monseigneur d'Orleans—the lieutenant of police—and that man Jacques! all in it! I can't make it out!" and as though she did not wish Julie to perceive the disagreeable impression she had conceived, the matron took refuge in a large cupboard, whence, after a loud gingling of glasses and the rattling of bottles, she shortly emerged, bearing in her hand a small, but apparently well-filled basket, which she placed, side by side, with the mysterious little bundles, and quitted the apartment, with an intimation that she would return ere long.

After a lapse of two hours she again made her appearance, accompanied by Ru, who, loading himself with the little bundles and the small basket, made the best of his way to the chamber lately

occupied by the baron, whither he was closely followed by sister Bridget and her fair prisoner.

"Here we are, installed!" observed the former, as they entered, looking around her with admiration; "we shall be as gay as larks, and as happy as the day—"

"I'm sure," continued she, "'tis quite a little palace—fit for a queen to live in."

Sister Bridget's notions of the aggregate amount of domestic luxuries that befit a queen, were necessarily rather limited—inasmuch as she never could have had an opportunity of acquiring so peculiar a piece of information.

Considering that she was deprived of her liberty, Julie's position was as tolerable as it could well be; nor did her spirits suffer so much, at first, as might have been anticipated; for sister Bridget—entertaining no fear of being betrayed—gave full scope to the conversational powers with which Nature had liberally endowed her, and which, though they were chiefly engrossed by trifles, served to beguile the weary hours.

Although prohibited from verbal communication with the exterior, St. Marc intimated to Julie that she would be permitted to correspond with her friends—a boon of which she gladly availed herself, and accordingly penned a letter to her sister, informing her that she was well—wanted for nothing save the pleasure of embracing her—and hoping that her father would speedily settle his affairs and fetch her away. But this first epistle remaining unanswered—a second was despatched, with complaints; this met with no more attention than the former; still, a third and a fourth were sent, but with the same result; and for a very good reason; since the said letters were no sooner entrusted to sister Bridget for delivery to the proper officer, than the latter transmitted them, without loss of time, to St. Marc, who in turn forwarded them to D'Argenson, who opened them, ascertained their contents, and burnt them.

A similar system of confiscation was carried on with respect to the epistles which the baron and Jeanne daily sent to Julie under cover to St. Marc; and these were the most interesting to the lieutenant of police, who, through their medium, became acquainted with the proceedings of his unsuspecting victims, without the practicability of their discovering the cheat, although each party remained equally at a loss to ascribe a reason for the silence of the other. At length, Julie expressed her doubts to sister Bridget, who then, and apparently for the first time, became aware of the possibility of letters being intercepted, but, to ensure their safe delivery in future, volunteered to enlist Ru into their service, who she was sure would do anything she wished, provided, of course, that mademoiselle made it worth his while to run a little risk. To this plan Julie eagerly consented, and having written another letter, wherein she gave a detailed account of everything that had occurred to her since her abduction, of her treatment, her jailers, the impression she had conceived of the Duke of Chartres and of the other

personages, her suspicions respecting the interception of her letters, the plan she and sister Bridget had adopted to baffle the treachery of the higher functionaries of the Bastile—omitting nothing in fact—the epistle was placed into the hands of Ru, together with a handsome bribe, and Ru, *for Bridget's sake*, readily agreed to serve the young lady's interest; putting his own out of the question—of course.

Amongst other indulgences, Julie was next permitted to walk out, twice a day, either upon the platform at the top of the towers, or upon the bastion of the fortress, but on such occasions was always accompanied by the governor or his nephew—more frequently by the latter; indeed, he appeared extremely solicitous to ingratiate himself into the maiden's good graces, often prolonging the time usually granted to *the airing of* prisoners, namely, an hour, expressly to afford him opportunities of conversing with her. Julie, however, shrunk from his approach, and would gladly have declined the privilege accorded her, rather than be constrained to enjoy it in such company; but sister Bridget informed her, that as the governor and his nephew acted under orders, they would, if she refused, be compelled to enforce her compliance; thus was the enjoyment of even partial liberty rendered irksome to those who most sighed after it.

But not Corbé's company only offended Julie—although that of itself was sufficiently repugnant to her feelings—his attentions became of a nature to alarm her delicacy, for, whilst affecting to pay her the greatest deference, he would address compliments to her which, under any other circumstances, she could not have listened to without indignation, but now found herself constrained to hear with dignified silence.

On one occasion, during the temporary absence of sister Bridget, he entered her apartment accompanied by a second personage, whom he introduced as the chaplain of the establishment, and then withdrew, leaving her alone with the "holy man."

The object of his visit, he observed, with great show of humility, was to offer his daughter the consolations of religion. It was customary, he continued, for the prisoners to hear mass in the chapel by turns, but, as she was not regarded exactly in that light, the formality had been dispensed with hitherto; yet it was his holy duty to exhort her to observe the rules of the church of which she was a member, and he would, therefore, wait upon her every morning, and read her a homily.

Julie gladly assented to the saintly man's proposition, and already looked up to Father Riquelet as she was wont to do to Father Anselm, the family confessor; the poor child even wept as she listened to the holy man's consoling words, nor shrunk from the fatherly kiss which he imprinted upon her brow, after patting her head and invoking a blessing upon it.

Considering that he was only discharging a part of his religious duties in saluting the maiden, it appeared singular he should start

back so hurriedly on seeing sister Bridget enter the chamber; but start he did, and grew confused, and slunk away out of her presence as though he felt conscious of having been detected in the commission of some crime.

His visits, however, were subsequently repeated—always, be it added, during the absence of sister Bridget, whom he appeared to avoid—but Julie experienced no uneasiness at being alone with the reverend father, although his paternal salutation became every day more cordial.

There was, however, a secret sorrow which preyed upon the maiden's heart, blighted the rose upon her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her eye! In the long, dark hours of the night, her thoughts dwelt upon the idol enshrined in her bosom! bright visions of happiness would flit before her, which, in another moment, resolved themselves again into the darkness whence they came. Still his image remained ever present; waking she cherished it; sleeping she held communion with it; if she wept, it was not because she doubted him, but because her love overflowed, and could find no other issue.

She was not without entertaining fears for the safety of her lover, when she remembered the scene in the council chamber, and the tone of the Duke of Chartres, on learning that the ring had been St. Leu's gift to her, but looked forward to her liberation as the means of resolving the mystery that appeared to enshroud the whole transaction. She was at first sanguine as to the result of the duke's interference on behalf of her father, but as day after day wore away, and she received no intelligence either from him or from her sister, her spirits began to droop, notwithstanding sister Bridget's attempts to revive them.

Matters had reached this crisis, when, about noon-tide one morning, St. Marc and Corbé entered her apartment, the former of whom, after a few preliminary remarks, observed that he had been commissioned by Monseigneur D'Argenson to inform her that her father and sister were well, a mark of favor that it was unusual to show to a prisoner, and which she ought to regard as an especial distinction.

"I am much obliged to monseigneur," answered Julie, sobbing, "but has there been no letter for me?"

St. Marc shook his head.

"Is there anything you wish for, mademoiselle?" asked Corbé, with an attempt to smile good-naturedly; "if there is, you have only to speak."

"Save my liberty, and the society of those I love," replied Julie, "I have everything I desire."

"It is Monseigneur D'Argenson's wish," chimed in St. Marc, "that it should be so; he also desires that we should do all we can to amuse you; so we have come to show you over the fortress."

Julie received this announcement with a shudder, exclaiming:

"Oh! no! I have seen quite enough of it; I would rather remain here with sister Bridget."

"But you can't remain here with sister Bridget," growled the governor, "when my orders are to show you the fortress."

"Orders!" ejaculated the trembling maiden; "surely if I decline accompanying you, you would not be rude enough to compel me?"

"It would be very disagreeable to do that, to be sure," observed Corbé, with a look that seemed to say he should find a pleasure in doing it notwithstanding—"very disagreeable; but—monseigneur must be obeyed."

"And what, in heaven's name, can be monseigneur's motives?" asked Julie, haughtily, "for commanding me to be dragged over the horrible dens of this *chateau*."

"We never inquire into motives," retorted the governor, surlily; "we only look to orders; if they are properly authorized, all we have to do is to obey them."

"I'll go with you, mademoiselle," said sister Bridget, wiping her eyes with a loose end of her tucker; "that is, if *Monsieur le Gouverneur* will allow me."

"*Monsieur le Gouverneur* won't allow you then," answered that individual, with a most ferocious grin; "keep thy tongue quiet, or I'll gag thee, and put thee into the cage; beldam! Are you ready, mademoiselle?"

This last sentence was addressed to Julie, who, finding that remonstrances would prove unavailing with so hardened a monster, summoned all her resolution, and followed her jailers with trembling steps, until they reached the basement story, when Corbé exclaimed:

"We'll take her into the dungeon first. I'll fetch a torch."

Whilst he was absent, Julie made another attempt to move the governor, but he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, not even deigning a reply.

"Now," observed Corbé, opening the heavy door, "I'll go down first. You follow me, mademoiselle."

In this order, St. Marc bringing up the rear, they descended into the living tomb beneath the foul structure whose walls enclosed them; the noisome exhalation, even now, struck like the dew of death upon the face of the maiden, who could scarcely maintain her firmness, and clung for support to the slimy walls on each side of her.

"You slept in the chamber above this dungeon," remarked Corbé to Julie, as he unlocked the door, "the first night you came. This is the dungeon of the ditch of the Bertaudière tower."

So saying, he pushed open a small square door, which opened inwards, and stepped down into the dungeon, beckoning to Julie to follow.

It was an arched vault, about twelve feet square, reeking with mephitic vapors, with only the smallest possible aperture to admit air; the stones under foot were covered with a layer of slime, half an inch thick; the walls, too, dripped with moisture, and large un-

sightly masses of fungii grew from them, luxuriating in the unwholesome atmosphere, and mingling with it their own pestilential breath.

"He's only been here twenty-five years," observed Corbé, elevating his torch, and pointing with his finger to a certain part of the dungeon.

"Who?" ejaculated Julie, in a scarcely audible voice; "no one can live here."

"*He* does," again remarked Corbé; "look yonder!"

Impelled by a feeling she could not resist, the affrighted girl followed the direction of her guide's hand, but no sooner beheld the spectacle that presented itself, than she uttered a suppressed scream of horror, and covering her face with her hands, attempt to re-ascend the stairs leading from the dungeon.

"Go on further," exclaimed St. Marc, barring her egress; "he won't hurt thee."

There was no alternative, for he advanced to the door of the den, and effectually closed the passage against her.

The light from Corbé's torch fell full upon an object—human in form—that sat huddled up, all of a heap, propping up his face with his hands, in a remote corner of the den; two planks, placed transversely across a couple of iron bars cemented into the wall, served him for a bed; a litter of straw, wet and rotten, for a pillow; an old rug, for covering; his feet and legs were bare, as likewise his arms, whilst the remainder of his body was enveloped in a coarse blanket that scarcely served the purpose for which it was intended.

He was an old man—with gray hair, which hung over his shoulders in long matted locks, and his beard had grown to such a prodigious length, that as he sat, it reached nearly to the ground. His eyes were hollow, but bright—although nearly concealed by the shaggy brows above them—and remained fixed in one direction, nothwithstanding the attempt Corbé made to attract his notice, by waving the torch so as to cast its light upon him.

By his side stood a pitcher, and a crust of bread, on which a troop of rats had just been feasting, for two or three still remained, in spite of the governor, who in vain tried to scare them by stamping his foot and striking his cane upon the ground. Had he known they were the prisoner's daily companions—that he had accustomed to feed from his hand—he would have killed them outright—but he did not, and so they burrowed in the straw beneath their master.

The feeling now uppermost in Julie's breast, was compassion, not horror; she could even bear to look at that unfortunate, and the large tears fell from her eyes as she gazed upon his emanciated form.

"You may speak to him," said St. Marc; "he won't understand you; he has not spoken to any body for years; besides; he's mad."

The man looked round, his eyes flashed, but that was all the notice he took of the group, until Julie, stepping forward addressed him:

"May God in his mercy," said she, "forgive thy persecutors, and soon call thee to his bosom! This shall be my prayer for thee."

The light fell upon an object all huddled up of a heap

The man listened to the gentle tones that fell upon his ear, and two large tears rolled down his cheeks; he heaved a deep sigh, muttering in a voice that was hollow, but distinct, at the same time bending his gaze full upon Julie.

"Heaven then, has come at last! Oh! I have prayed for it night and day! no! all night—there's no day here! Sweet Angel! God's messenger! Back, back! Don't come nearer! I am of earth! thou art of heaven! a spirit from Paradise! Ah! ah! ah! they thought to keep me here for ever! but I prayed to die! and heaven has come at last! Twenty-five years! A tale of blood! my poor master! But I know where they buried him! Yes Old Jacques Morin knows! ha! ha! ha!"

The state of surprise into which this unexpected speech threw both St. Marc and Corbé, was probably the reason that neither attempted to stop him; but perceiving that he was likely to make some awkward disclosures, the governor took Julie by the arm, and pushed her out of the dungeon, leaving Corbé to close the door upon the old man, who was still muttering when they quitted his presence.

They found sister Bridget at the outer door leading into the great inner court. As soon as Julie saw her, she fell upon her neck, and overcome by the foulness of the atmosphere below, nearly fainted; a flood of tears came to her relief; to revive her, the matron led her into the court, the governor and his nephew remaining in the door-way, deep in mysterious conference.

At this moment an officer approached to inform St. Marc that the prisoner they expected had arrived, pointing to a file of soldiers that now made its appearance, guarding a young officer of musketeers; the party drew nearer; there was a loud shriek; the young man suddenly bounded from the midst of the guard, and in another moment clasped Julie to his throbbing bosom. Scarcely, however, had St. Leu embraced his affianced bride, who swooned in his arms, than, by the orders of the governor, he was torn from her, and in spite of his struggles, overpowered and cast into the chamber, already known as No. 1 La Bertaudière, being the same as that in which Julie passed the first night of her imprisonment; sister Bridget followed them, assisted by Corbé, bearing the senseless maiden into the apartment above.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CEMETRY OF THE ST. INNOCENTS; THE MIDNIGHT RENCOUNTER.

The baron's astonishment may be conceived on opening the packet which Jacques had forwarded through the medium of St. Marcel, to find it contained the bonds that he imagined Etienne Quinault still held as security for the sums advanced to him by that individual.

A brief letter, a few words in fact, accompanied the packet; they were to this effect: the baron was not to scruple to retain the bonds, as D'Argenson's claim was liquidated—a fact for the truth of which he held vouchers—but immediately seek that individual, and demand the liberation of Julie; to be on his guard against the Duke of Chartres was the next injunction; he was not to quit Paris, under any circumstances, nor delay seeking the protection of Louis Quatorze; not by memorials, as these were all intercepted by the lieutenant of police; in conclusion, secresy was enjoined as to the mode whereby the bonds came into his hands, and he was urged to continue his exertions for the discovery of the heir of the late Comte de St. Angin.

Notwithstanding the mysterious character of the epistle, the singular manner in which it had reached him, and his scruples at being made a party to so dark a transaction, the baron felt it incumbent upon him to follow the advice of his unknown friend. The possession of the bonds secured him, at least for the present, against further persecution from his cunning adversary, and his joy was unbounded, as he reflected, that by abridging the term at first granted him for the payment of D'Argenson's claim, the supreme court had likewise shortened the period of his daughter's imprisonment, whose immediate release he should now be enabled to demand, without constituting himself a prisoner in her place.

Once more happiness reigned in his heart; it beamed in his eyes, it played upon his lips, it betrayed itself in every action, extending its genial influence to all around.

Jeanne observed the change, and was joyful too; and old Prévôt declared herself "quite another woman, to see monsieur le baron look so much like himself again; she never *could* accustom *her*self to be dull, she said, although she sometimes gave way when she thought of her poor dear Julie; but now the sweet child was coming back to them, there would be an end to this moping all day, which was really quite dreadful, and worse than always having the nightmare."

The baron's endeavors to obtain an interview with D'Argenson, proved fruitless; he followed him, without success, from one quarter of Paris to the other, ever in his track but ever too late to meet him, though never discouraged.

On his return to the *cabaret*, after one of his bootless journeys in quest of the lieutenant of police, he found Jacques seated in a corner, opposite the one he had himself chosen, as offering the best look-out. He started on perceiving the spy, but this mysterious individual did not appear in the smallest degree surprised to see *him;* on the contrary, he seemed to expect him.

"Do not be astonished, baron," said he, "to find me here. I know your errand, and can assist your search. You know *me!* My name is Jacques."

"And who art thou, mysterious man?" asked the baron. "Thou didst once render me a service, but thou didst also steal away my daughter."

"It was better thus," resumed Jacques, interrupting the speaker; "had I refused to obey my employers, your daughter might now have been the mistress of a royal duke. You seek D'Argenson?"

The baron bowed.

"You will not see him until night; he is gone to Versailles. Perhaps you may not see him at all; but if he comes, he will pass through the cemetery of the St. Innocents; 'tis his usual route either to his *bureau*, or to his hôtel; you must await him there."

"Why can I not watch for him from this place?" asked the baron, somewhat surprised; "dost thou not perceive that he cannot pass into his *bureau* without my seeing him?"

"He might cross the cemetery, on the opposite side," observed Jacques, "and gain the secret entrance without your knowledge, baron; but if you take up your position in the western arches, he cannot pass you unnoticed."

"I perceive thou art well acquainted with thy employer's habits," resumed the baron; "I will take thy advice, friend Jacques, and here is a trifle of money for thy information."

The spy declined the proffered gift, with some show of being offended, saying:

"No, monsieur le baron! no gold from you! to serve you is a sufficient recompense."

"But what reason hast thou to serve me, friend?"

"A love of justice, baron; a desire to protect the innocent and the weak against the oppression of the strong."

"Thy calling is unworthy of thee, Jacques!"

"I am not linked to infamy because my calling is infamous," retorted the spy; "did it not exist, you would perhaps be in the Bastile, and your daughters in the power of your enemy! Good day, monsieur le baron. Ten o'clock is D'Argenson's usual hour. Be punctual."

The baron watched Jacques depart with regret; he ought to have questioned him; he felt that he should like to know more of him;

who he was, whence he came, why he followed an avocation so generally desecrated—*he*, possessed of such sentiments, and who was evidently fitted to better things. He reproached himself for not detaining him; he was the very man, who, by his position, was most likely to assist his efforts to discover the heir of his late friend.

Would not to-morrow do as well? To-morrow! and Julie to be left another night in the Bastile! No; to-morrow would not do; she could be liberated that very night, late as it was; he would not leave her there one moment longer. Jeanne, too, was so anxious to embrace her sister. Her father had communicated to her the contents of the mysterious packet, and she, in her singleness of heart, secretly thanked Madame de Maintenon for her promptitude; no one but *she* could have accomplished so much in so short a time; to-morrow she would go to Versailles with her sister, and both could then express their gratitude to their mother's generous friend. As soon as they returned from the Bastile, she had made up her mind to tell Julie and her father the great secret which she had so long, for a whole week, treasured up all to herself, in her own little heart. Even now it fluttered, and trembled, and throbbed, as if that same secret knew it ought not to be kept a prisoner, and was determined upon forcing itself out somehow, from its confinement; with what difficulty did her lips press down upon each other, when, after escaping from her heart, that secret was nigh slipping out so slily between them; but the beautiful jailers remained true to their trust, although they had a hard struggle for it, especially when the baron kissed her so affectionately, and said he would give the world to know their benefactor. Never eyes beamed so brightly as hers, when she heard her father say that; never smile was half so sweet, nor joy so pure; but no, the lips were inexorable; and the secret, in spite of its desperate struggles to break away, was again compelled to sink back into the little fluttering heart whence it had come.

At length, the baron, having waited the time designated, departed, and slowly bent his steps in the direction of the cemetery.

He reached it some time before the appointed hour, but hurried backwards and forwards through the galleries notwithstanding, as though fearful that the object of his search had got there before him, and he was desirous of overtaking him. There were a great many persons going to and fro when he first went in—for ten was not a late hour—who, on seeing him peer so anxiously into every face that passed, looked back at him, wondering whom he could want; but every minute their numbers diminished; now two or three dropping in together—then one—then a long interval, when a third would hurry by, crossing himself as he went, without looking behind him. At last, eleven o'clock struck, bringing the patrol, who wished him good night, and continued his rounds. Where could D'Argenson be? A quarter past eleven; half-past; not a soul—all silent—with the gray moonlight shining amongst the white tombs, making them look, in the distance, like so many corpses completely concealed in their shrouds—some sitting up with arms extended, some lying down

The midnight meeting in the Cemetry of the St. Innocents.

at full length upon the grass, some seated in clusters; but all immoveable. Was that a step? Hark! it clatters through the opposite gallery! He hastens towards the spot—the step leaps over to the side he has just quitted! 'Tis the echo of his own. He hurries back, and again listens long and anxiously; nothing—all still silent.

A few minutes more and there *is* a footstep! it comes towards him! 'Tis a heavy but firm tread. How it echoes through the vaulted gallery, and amongst the tombstones! Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! nearer and nearer! From pillar to pillar it flies, multiplied by its own quickness! leaps over the graves; is beaten back, and forwards, and sideways, and bounds over to the opposite arches, where 'tis heard again—tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! One would think that one footstep had suddenly raised a legion of ghosts, booted and spurred, from their silent tenement, all emulous to join in the *danse macabre*, to greet the evil spirit of Paris on his passage through these regions of the dead.

As the baron withdrew behind a pillar, the better to await, unobserved, the arrival of his enemy, he fancied that the moonbeams played a moment upon a second figure, now concealed in the dark side of one of the arches. It might be fancy, for a glimpse was all he obtained of the man—if man it was. He looked again, but all was dark and deathlike; pillars and monuments, graves and tombstones, and, in the middle of the grave-yard, the solitary lamp, raised upon its obelisk-shaped column, glimmering red and fitfully, like an evil meteor in the midst of the thick atmosphere; nothing else.

Had D'Argenson also beheld that same shadow? His footsteps no longer resounded beneath the vaults! But hark! they come, stealthily and slowly. He must have seen something; for he turns his head quickly from left to right, from right to left; now stops, now again resumes his hurried pace, occasionally darting through one of the arches into the cemetery, as if in pursuit or in search of some object; then regains the sombre gallery. He has passed the pillar behind which the baron stands concealed; the latter steps cautiously out from his hiding-place, in an instant he is at the side of the lieutenant of police, and stops him by laying a hand upon his arm.

"Stay, Monseigneur D'Argenson; I have a word to say! 'Tis I, the Baron de St. Auney."

"Thou, 'sieur baron! *ventre-bleu!* here! and at this hour?"

"I sought thee yesterday," resumed the former speaker, "but unavailingly; to-day, also, I have watched for thee, and up to this moment with little better success. The object I seek, thou canst doubtless conjecture! Where is my daughter?"

"Where thou didst leave her, 'sieur baron," retorted D'Argenson; continuing in an under-tone, "and where thou shouldst be if I could now have my will."

"I have sought thee to demand her liberation, 'sieur lieutenant. I have obeyed the mandate of the supreme court!"

"Yes, I know it! *tonnerre dieu!* Meet me to-morrow, at noon, at the Bastile; I will—"

"To-morrow will not do!" exclaimed the baron; "my child must be restored to me this night! this very hour! She has already inhabited that infamous retreat too long."

They had halted in the broad shadow of one of the pillars; the moon cast its pale light through the arches before and behind them, upon the white tombs to their right, and upon the urns and graven tablets that stood fixed in the walls to their left; it shone, too, upon the marble slabs beneath their feet, showing the names of the occupants of the vaults under them, and resting upon the inscriptions that the hand of affection had traced, and the hand of time respected. One stone in particular, appeared more conspicuous than the rest; it lay immediately before them, right in their path; they must pass over it. Upon it were traced these words:

"*Cy gysent les ossemens du 'Sieur Ignace Noël, prestre de l'esglise des Sts. Innocens, lesquel fust ycel assassiné dans ce lieu sacrè, le treize febvries, l'an de grâce mil cinq cents soixante-quinze, par un monstre sacrilesge, dont le nom sera à jamais execrè, savoir, Pierre Thomas Jardine, et lesquel fust pendu à la Gresve, le douze du mois de mai suivant, et son cadasvre jesté parmi les ordures au Mont-faucon! Passant! Priez Dieu pour le repos de leur asme.*"*

D'Argenson returned no answer to the baron's demand; for his eyes had become suddenly riveted upon that tablet, his whole frame shaking violently as they wandered restlessly over it. He knew the spot well; often, by day and by night, early and late, at all hours, had he passed it; yet it seemed as though that tomb had all at once started up in his path. Why should it now, for the first time, so forcibly arrest his attention? Why did he tremble so, as he read that word, "assassinated?" D'Argenson nervously clutched his sword; he half drew it from its sheath, looking at the baron with hollow eyes, and blanched cheek, and quivering lips; whilst a deadly, clammy moisture, stood out in large drops from every pore of his agitated frame.

As the baron advanced nearer D'Argenson, for the purpose of again addressing him, the last sentence inscribed on the tablet caught his eye; he stepped round, to avoid trampling over the remains of the murdered priest, and raising his hat, as a tribute of respect to the dead, exclaimed:

"Sleep in peace! and may thy murderer find grace in the sight of heaven!" the sign of the cross accompanying the latter words.

D'Argenson heard the prayer, and saw the sign: he shuddered; his sword glided noiselessly back into its scabbard; he made up to the baron, and said to him in a husky, half-choked, guttural

* Here lie the bones of 'Sieur Ignatius Noel, priest of the church of the Holy Innocents, who was here assassinated, in this sacred spot, on the thirteenth of February, in the year of grace one thousand five hundred and seventy-five, by a sacrilegious monster, whose name shall be for ever execrated, namely, Peter Thomas Jardine, who was hanged at the Grève on the twelfth of the month of May following, and his carcass thrown amongst the ordure at Mont-faucon. Passer by! Pray to God for the repose of their souls.

voice that the prevailing silence rendered awfully distinct: "Follow me!"

And now again those heavy footsteps reverberated through the charnel gallery! tramp! tramp! tramp! more distant each time! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! from pillar to pillar! from tomb to tomb! further and further still! hush! they are gone! the regions of the dead are again silent! the evil spirit of Paris has passed away from amidst their murky solitudes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

D'ARGENSON AND HIS VICTIMS: THE LISTENER.

As the figures of the baron and the lieutenant of police retreated, a third figure stole from behind a pillar, near the monument erected to the memory of Ignatius Noel; it was that of a man, closely enclosed in a cloak, who had been an attentive, though unseen, witness of the late scene.

That man was Jacques; he followed the baron and his guide, from the cemetery into the Rue St. Denis; from the Rue St. Denis to the Rue de la Verrerie; and thence, through the place St. Jean, into the Rue St. Antoine, to the great outer gate of the Bastile, keeping always at such a distance in their rear, as to prevent either from observing him.

Midnight struck some time before they reached the sombre dwelling, which could be seen from afar, casting its broad shadow and dismal gloom over every object, darkening the houses, and frowning upon the two or three citizens whose way homewards lay within its circle. The sentry on duty outside, lowered his musket as soon as he saw strangers approaching, and challenged them, but immediately upon recognizing D'Argenson, presented arms, summoning the sentinel within, to open the gate, which he did, forthwith, the lieutenant of police passing in first, closely followed by the baron; as they disappeared, the gate closed upon them, leaving the spy crouched in the angle of a door-way near by.

A few minutes elapsed, when the dull, heavy sound of the first drawbridge being lowered, broke upon the dead silence of the night: another pause; the great drawbridge was let down, and all again became quiet, save the dull chimes of the bell on the roundaway, ringing the half hour, immediately followed by the clink of the sentinels' metal checks, as they dropped into the box appointed to receive them.*

* The night-watch on the roundaway, which was relieved every two hours, consisted of four sentinels, who, each in turn, struck the hour at every quarter, upon a

Jacques remained in his hiding-place, until a suitable time had passed, when he emerged therefrom, and boldly advanced towards the sentry at the outer gate, facing him as he turned round to resume his walk.

"Thou knowest me," he said, disclosing his features; "Jacques."

The man inclined his head, and, as before, summoned his comrade within the gate.

"Who goes there?" cried the latter.

"A friend," responded Jacques.

"Thy name?"

"Jacques! In the name of the king, and of Monseigneur D'Argenson, open!"

Once more the door revolved upon its heavy hinges to admit the new comer, who, being recognized by the second sentry, was allowed to pass into the first outer court.

Crossing the drawbridge, which, as he expected, had not been raised after the passage of the lieutenant of police, he experienced no difficulty in cheating the vigilance of the sub-officer on duty at the corps-de-garde, to whom he was personally known as D'Argenson's agent.

The spy boldly continued his march through the second inner court, and thence over the standing-bridge built across the great ditch, and over the principal drawbridge that fell upon it, and which, like the first, thrown across the smaller ditch, remained lowered, in readiness for the departure of the lieutenant of police. As before, the sentinel on duty challenged him, but on his making himself known, permitted him to pass through the first corps-de-garde, where, at the second entrance, he met Monsieur de Joncas, who was going his rounds, with a picket of soldiers.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said the latter to him, in a half whisper, at the same time motioning to the guard to advance, in order to place it out of ear-shot.

Jacques assumed a look of unmistakeable profundity, which was intended to intimate his being laden with a valuable cargo of information, bearing immediately upon the object of the visit alluded to, but which he could not conveniently discharge, at that precise moment. De Joncas appeared to understand that the knowledge in question would be reserved for his future enlightenment, and nodding, as much as to say, "Oh! very well!" was about to follow the picket, now waiting for him within the doorway of the corps-de-

bell. As a means of ensuring their vigilance, each sentinel was furnished with eight round pieces of metal, perforated in the centre, and numbered, which were ordered to be dropped, one at every quarter of an hour, into a box constructed to receive them; as the latter contained a tell-tale index, it rendered impossible for the sentinels either to miss their turn, or to deposit two or more checks instead of one, without a certainty of detection; at the expiration of the watch, the officer on duty inspected the box, and reported accordingly. This curious piece of mechanism was destroyed by the mob, at the taking of the fortress.

garde, when the spy, beckoning him closer, put the following questions to him, in a whisper:

"Where's St. Marc?"

De Joncas pointed in the direction of the council chamber.

The spy seemed pleased, and continued:

"And Corbé?"

He received the same silent, expressive intimation as before, and appeared still better pleased.

"Is the baron with them!" he continued.

De Joncas nodded.

"How long have they been there?" asked Jacques.

"St. Marc and Corbé have but now passed through," answered De Joncas.

"I am in time," observed the spy, with still greater satisfaction, and without further remark, abruptly quitted the side of the king's lieutenant, and made direct for the council chamber, leaving the latter personage somewhat mystified by his abrupt departure, although far from suspecting the motives which had urged his interrogator to question him so closely respecting the whereabout of the individuals mentioned.

And here it will become necessary to retrograde a little, in order to obtain a clue to the movements of the spy.

When Jacques left the *étude* of Maitre Etienne Quinault, on the morning that he obtained from him the thirty-five thousand crowns, together with the baron's bonds and the forged document, he entertained a suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, that the notary would not fail to communicate the transaction to the lieutenant of police, notwithstanding the threat impending over him; he therefore remained in the neighborhood to note his movements, following him to D'Argenson's bureau, in the evening, unobserved, and watching him out again, when, as will be remembered, he waited upon the latter functionary, according to appointment.

Now, although the lieutenant of police did not even hint at Maitre Etienne Quinault's visit, nor at the possibility of Jacques having stumbled, as he entered, against that individual, nor at his knowledge of the circumstances under which they had met and separated that morning, the spy was too well acquainted with his employer not to be perfectly aware of the nature of his recent conference with his friend of the Marais, and was therefore neither astonished at his silence nor deceived by it, although he perceived that D'Argenson imagined *him* to be ignorant of Quinault's visit, and likewise of its object. This very unwillingness on the part of the lieutenant of police to betray his acquaintance with the transaction, satisfied Jacques that he contemplated some plan of mischief, whose accomplishment he intended to carry out without assistance, and to which the Baron de St. Auney and his daughters would probably fall the first victims, Etienne Quinault the second, and perhaps himself (Jacques) the last, as soon as D'Argenson could dispense with his services.

However, for his superior's enmity, Jacques cared little, as far as he himself was concerned, relying upon his many secret resources to enable him to counteract his machinations: but if he cared little for himself, he cared still less for Etienne Quinault, and absolutely nothing at all for any consequences that D'Argenson's malice might entail upon that worthy baron and his daughters.

To warn the baron of an impending evil, then, was his next thought; but how to set him on his guard against an evil that he could not himself define; of which, in fact, he knew nothing; and which might, after all, be imaginary—although of its positive character he entertained no doubt. The idea was in turn abandoned for another, upon which he forthwith commenced acting; it was to subject the lieutenant of police to surveillance, as likewise the baron, and, if possible, bring them together in some locality where he might become an unobserved witness of their interview. In this plan, chance marvellously assisted him; for D'Argenson receiving an unexpected command to wait upon the Duke of Chartres, at Versailles, whither the latter was gone for a few days, left him more at liberty to watch the baron, whom he knew to be on the look-out for the lieutenant of police. How and where he met with the former, and the result of their colloquy, has been shown.

His next step was to choose a place where the baron could meet D'Argenson, and he, Jacques, conveniently overhear their conversation unobserved. For this double purpose, the *Cabinet Noir* was ineligible, inasmuch as a thick door would divide him from the parties, obstructing not only his vision but his hearing also. In this dilemma, he fixed upon the western gallery, or *charniers* of the Cemetery of the St. Innocents, through which he knew D'Argenson must pass, either on his way home, or to his *bureau*, in the event of his returning from Versailles that night—an event in nowise unlikely—his important duties rendering his daily presence in Paris indispensable.

Before the appointed hour, Jacques arrived at his post; he saw the baron approach, and watched him pace the gallery, every moment shifting his position for fear of being observed. As the hours advanced without bringing D'Argenson, he almost suspected that he would not return to Paris that night, and twice or thrice was on the point of disclosing himself to the baron, for the purpose of appointing another rendezvous for the morrow.

At length Jacques heard his well-known footstep echo through the hollow gallery of the cemetery; he witnessed the trepidation of the baron as he met his enemy, and heard the short colloquy that ensued between them. The issue is known.

Having then watched them to the Bastile, and heard the falling of the drawbridges, he knew he could venture in after them, without risk of being seen by D'Argenson, whom he desired to avoid. The boldness of his plan, not less than that of its execution, insured him the success he anticipated.

Upon reaching the door of the council chamber, he listened at it

very attentively, but heard nothing save a great shuffling of feet; forthwith he ensconced himself within the secret closet in the wall which has already been mentioned, and there impatiently awaited the result of his undertaking.

"So! 'sieur baron," said a harsh voice that Jacques instantly recognized; "thou hast found means to pay my claim!"

"I have already told thee so," was the answer.

"Hast thou the papers about thee, to prove all is correct, 'sieur baron?"

"I have, monseigneur."

"Good! good!"

There followed a long, low chuckle, and a short pause, after which the door was opened, and the footsteps of Corbé resounded along the passage in the direction of the corps-de-garde.

During his absence, the silence was broken only by a crackling noise, as though the leaves of the large folio were being rapidly turned over; the pause was brief, for Corbé very shortly returned.

He was evidently not alone, as other footsteps than his became audible, although the strangers stopped short outside the door, the lieutenant-governor observing in a whisper, ere he again entered the apartment:

"You will know when."

"Well, nephew," growled St. Marc, as the latter made his appearance.

"Thy orders, uncle, are obeyed. We are ready!"

Here D'Argenson burst into a vociferous laugh, and addressing the baron, said, in a tone in which malice and exultation appeared struggling for the mastery:

"Now, 'sieur baron, we are again equal! Ah! ah! ah! Thou wouldst have overreached *me;* but—thou shalt find that I am not so easily deceived."

Here the laugh was renewed more vociferously than before.

"What is the meaning of this, monseigneur?" asked the baron, as soon as he could make his voice heard; "I have not attempted to deceive thee! I hold my bonds and Maitre Etienne Quinault's receipt! what more dost thou require?"

"How didst thou obtain them? *tonnerre dieu!*" shouted D'Argenson; "tell me that! Was it through thy friend Jacques?"

The baron was evidently taken by surprise, for his voice appeared to falter as he answered:

"Thou knowest well the money has been paid, for Quinault would never have delivered up these bonds without it! As far as I know, 'Sieur D'Argenson, Jacques was only an agent for some other friend who is as yet a stranger to me!"

"Thou liest, baron," retorted the lieutenant of police; "here I can tell thee so to thy face; thou liest, I say!"

"Villain!" replied the baron; "villain! to insult me when I am in thy power! But what could I expect from thee! I sully my tongue in answering thee! Restore my daughter, and let me go!"

"Go?" exclaimed D'Argenson; "go? ah! ah! ah! trapped, baron! trapped, I say! trapped! ah! ah! ah! Without there!"

The door flew open, the heavy tread of soldiers resounded through the apartment, together with the clank of muskets being grounded.

"Seize your prisoner," again shouted D'Argenson; "secure him; hold him fast! ah! ah! ah! trapped like a rat! ah! ah!"

The groans of the baron cut Jacques to the heart, who had not dreamt of such a result. To attempt a rescue would be madness; he could only devour his remorse, and swear vengeance against D'Argenson.

"Search him, Corbé," exclaimed St. Marc.

"Oh! monsters!" ejaculated the unhappy baron, struggling in vain to liberate himself from the firm grasp of the soldiers; "will the day never come when wickedness such as this shall meet its punishment?"

"It will! it shall!" said Jacques mentally, clenching his hand in an agony of excitement.

"Shall I gag him, uncle?"

There was no answer returned, but the baron's voice was not again heard, whilst D'Argenson's hideous chuckle rose high and loud above the struggles of his victim.

The spy's anguish at this crisis became intense, and would have appalled a Stoic, could he have seen him crouched in the furthermost angle of that dark cell, resting his head against its cold walls, down which, as it oozed from his throbbing temples, the cold sweat ran in streamlets.

"What cells are empty, 'Sieur St. Marc?" asked the lieutenant of police, as soon as his diabolical mirth had subsided.

"Number one, in the Bertaudière is unoccupied now, monseigneur; the new prisoner was, this evening, removed into the *calotte!*"

"Away with him," shouted the former speaker; "we are quits, 'sieur baron! ah! ah! ah! trapped! trapped!"

As the soldiers were about to remove the prisoner, St. Marc once more addressed his nephew:

"Go, Corbé! go with them; see him safe, and look in upon the others on thy way back."

Another minute, and they were gone.

"'T is a good night's work, 'Sieur St. Marc," observed D'Argenson; "a good night's work, and I have *not* killed him! no! I have *not* killed him! ah! ah!"

"I have news for monseigneur," said St. Marc.

"Out with it, then! I am in haste!"

"The Iron-Mask—"

"Ah! what?"

"Struck me to-day."

"Thee! 'Sieur St. Marc?"

"Yes! he attempted to establish a communication with the exterior."

"*Tonnerre dieu!* How, 'sieur governor?" hurriedly demanded the lieutenant of police.

"By means of notes fastened to arrows, which he discharged from a bow manufactured from one of the strings of his guitar, and a piece of yew that was sent up amongst his fire-wood!"

"Well?"

"I remonstrated with him, monseigneur, when he struck my hat from off my head."

"Served thee right, insolent! *sang dieu!* dost thou not, by this time, know the respect due to that man?"

"Pardon me, monseigneur; the omission was involuntary."

"Look to him, St. Marc, or thy life shall answer for his indiscretion! But of the notes! have any been found?"

"Here are two which were picked up within the walls, and brought to me by the sentinel on duty."

"Good! keep the circumstance secret, and to-morrow, nail planks against his window! Anything else, 'Sieur St. Marc?"

"Yes! monseigneur! the prisoner of the ditch of the Bertaudière has found his tongue again?"

"Ah! after so long?"

"And he is not mad, monseigneur!"

"Indeed! I wonder at that; *ventre-bleu!* I'll hear thy tale about him another time! Where hast thou put Jean Baptiste Poisson!"

"In the cage, monseigneur!" responded the latter, with a shout of savage joy.

"Good! do what thou wilt with him! Everything, anything but kill him; eh? friend St. Marc."

So saying, he departed, leaving, as Jacques found when he emerged from the closet, the door of the council chamber half way open.

The spy watched his opportunity to steal out, noiselessly, after the lieutenant of police whom he could hear, only a little in advance of him, speaking to the officers on duty in the outer court. On reaching the corps-de-garde, he was surprised to see Ru, who, however, did not appear to see him. He had no time to spare, for D'Argenson was now crossing the second drawbridge; quitting Ru in the doorway, he walked leisurely past the sentry, bowing to the officers, and making the best of his way over the great bridge, gaining the outer gate just as the sentry was about to close it; immediately after, the voice of Corbé was heard, giving directions to the soldiers to raise the drawbridges to their usual position at night.

CHAPTER XXV.

BRINGS TO LIGHT A FEW OF THE SECRETS OF LUTETIA. THE EMPEROR JULIAN DEPARTS UPON A MYSTERIOUS ENTERPRIZE.

As the spy directed his steps towards the palace of the Roman emperors, he had ample leisure to reflect upon the events which he had so recently witnessed, and congratulated himself upon his discovery of D'Argenson's treacherous intentions, as the knowledge thus acquired, promised to prove the means of assisting him to baffle them; showing him, moreover, the necessity of being more than ever upon his guard against his astute superior, and of keeping the strictest watch over his proceedings.

The unfortunate baron's fate he sincerely lamented, not only because of the great friendship he entertained for him, but because he had, unwittingly, become the instrument of his incarceration, by bringing him into collision with D'Argenson.

Fear the lieutenant of police, he did not; so little, indeed, that he debated with himself whether he should not openly and at once set his power at defiance; but the great impolicy of this step deterred him from adopting it, as some few advantages might thereby be lost, whilst none whatever could possibly be gained. That he had now become more than an object of suspicion to his employer, was certain; and equally so. that that individual would watch the earliest opportunity of wreaking his vengeance upon him; to protect himself from the effects of which, would require the exercise of his best energies.

But setting aside these and personal considerations, Jacques felt that too many interests depended upon the issue of the steps he should take to counteract D'Argenson's machinations, for him to rashly throw away any opportunity of strengthening his actual position; he therefore determined to act with the greatest caution in order not to precipitate a crisis, yet to retaliate by a bolder course, should the emergency require it, satisfied that against an enemy such as his, half-measures would prove abortive, and that to prepare to meet the impending storm, was the only means of breaking its fury, and of averting its fatal consequences.

To render his services more than heretofore indispensable to the lieutenant of police, was the first and most material point, but difficult to accomplish, in the face of the suspicious reception which any information would receive that he might thenceforward furnish; still he felt no discouragement, relying upon the extent of his own resources, and upon the vigilance of his Lutetians, to keep D'Argenson wavering between his malice and his interest, until it should be-

come a matter of no importance whether the balance preponderated in favor of the former or of the latter.

That Monsieur D'Argenson should be made the dupe of his own emissaries—more especially of Jacques—will not surprise when it is remembered that only through such channels could he possibly procure intelligence of what was doing in the capital; indeed it was in the very nature of the system of espionage he had established, that he should be its first victim, whensoever it suited the policy or the interests of his agents to deceive him, while the expedients resorted to by the latter on such occasions were so numerous, and their plans so admirably organized, as to baffle any attempt at detection.

But how little soever, be it said, that this individual cared for the lieutenant of police, he was not without experiencing some degree of alarm lest the latter should by any chance arrive at the truth, and thus prevent him from attaining the object he had in view when he joined the secret police.

He had reached the Pont de la Tournelle, in front of the magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame, upon which the queen of night now shone in full lustre.

Jacques gazed long and silently, upon the sacred pile, alternately directing his eyes downwards upon the smooth surface of the river—on which, the moon, like some coquette, had stooped awhile from her high throne to admire her maiden beauties—then into the clear firmament, where he beheld her holding court, surrounded by multitudes of orbs, twinkling in obeisance.

Of what nature were the thoughts that filled the heart of that strange man? he owned no religion—followed no creed—yet, as he stood at midnight on that isolated bridge—alone—apart from human kind—communing with nature—his bosom heaved, as his eyes wandered over the heavens; he sighed audibly, and tears trickled down his manly face.

Ding dong! ding dong! cling clang! boom! boom! The tomb-bell of Notre Dame chimes, two! A pause; and fifty brazen voices, from as many belfries, echo two.

Jacques started, quickened his pace, and soon arrived at Maitre Michaulx's: the door flew open before he could knock, for Polyphemus was awaiting his arrival.

The emperor (for so he was called here), was greeted on his entry into the halls below, with the acclamations of his Lutetian subjects, a mark of respect which he acknowledged by an inclination of the head, at the same time casting his eyes rapidly around, as if for the purpose of reconnoitering the number. The glance appeared satisfactory, for his features assumed a singular expression of satisfaction, although not amounting to a smile; as he moved towards his accustomed seat at the upper end of the first hall, he held out a hand to St. Marcel, who was seated close by the philosopher, both deeply engaged in the mysteries of the dice-box; they had evidently become upon intimate terms.

"Thou hast won my last crown, friend Marcellus," exclaimed

Democritus, throwing down the dice; "there it is! I like to play and pay! against ill-fortune, bear up with a stout heart," says the proverb!

"That's true philosophy," responded St. Marcel; "but didst thou say thy last crown?"

"My very last! upon my honor!"

"Then I'll lend thee one to begin again; or twenty if thou wilt, what sayest thou?"

"*Nolo!*" answered the philosopher, declining the proffered gift; "I never borrow!"

"I'll *give* thee thy crowns again then," remonstrated St. Marcel, apparently bent upon seducing his friend, to try fortune again; "I can but win them back!"

Democritus laughed and shook his head.

"Come," said St. Marcel, "try! let us see whether the luck will turn!" and he rattled the dice in the box.

But the philosopher remained inexorable, dashing his fist down, to intimate his determination not to be tempted.

"I'll tell thee what I'll do," resumed the other, despairing at his companion's firmness; "here are fifty crowns which I have won from thee! Now, I will throw against myself, whether I shall give them to thee back or not!"

"A gamester to the core," observed the philosopher, draining a goblet; "go on Marcellus, since thou wilt have it so."

"Well, then, here goes for *thee*, friend Democritus," cried St. Marcel, throwing out the dice; "*six deux!* that's bad! And here's for me! ah! ah! ah! thou hast lost again! *six trois!*"

"I hope thou art satisfied," resumed the other; "thou hast it all thine own way."

"I would offer to play thee for thy clothes," exclaimed St. Marcel, laughing, and scrutinizing the philosopher's toilet, which, as will be remembered, was by no means remarkable for elegance, or good condition—"only that the fashion of them is somewhat peculiar."

Democritus did not appear to take his friend's banter in ill part; on the contrary, the allusion caused him to burst into a loud fit of merriment, which evidently owed its origin to the remark itself, than to some circumstance connected with it; St. Marcel, however, attributing the philosopher's mirth to the sally, joined in it with the heartiness of a man determined to enjoy his own joke, and finally pledged Democritus in a bumper.

"It has often struck me," said he, addressing his philosophic friend, and depositing his goblet upon the bench, across which they were seated, having converted the same to the use of a temporary table, "that thy story must be very diverting! Thou hast not always followed thy present avocation?"

Democritus returned no answer to this indirect question, other than was conveyed by his smile, and the exhibition of his small, white hands to the eyes of his interrogator.

"Yes," resumed the latter; "but if thou art of gentle blood, as

thou wouldst intimate, methinks thy hands were better employed in wielding the sword of thy ancestors than the implements of thy craft."

"My what, friend Marcellus?"

"The implements of thy craft! I mean thy hook and basket!"

"My craft, eh, friend Marcellus?" rejoined Democritus, with a look, which betrayed some contempt at his companion's lack of penetration.

"Ay, thy craft! Art thou not a *chiffonnier?*"

"Bah!" ejaculated the philosopher, petulantly.

"Well, well! I knew I was mistaken," observed St. Marcel; "and I am glad of it, for although, friend Democritus, I have a very great respect for thee—for thee, mind—thy uniform is not exactly *the* thing; it quite puts my friendship to the blush."

"It is *rather* undress, I admit," rejoined the philosopher, conning with ludicrous gravity the numerous rents in his garments; "my shoes, to begin with, are not twins—" he wore a boot and shoe—"then my coat is rather a loose fit, not like thine, which looks like thine own skin, embroidered." Here Democritus threw up his legs, the exhibition of which, in almost their primitive state, occasioned the friends to indulge in another laugh, which was drowned, like many of its predecessors, in another bumper. "But come," continued he, "I think thou art a right sort of fellow, friend Marcellus; give me thy hand; 'tis long since I met with one so much after my own mind; and since thou art curious to learn my story, I promise to give it thee; but not now, we will choose a more favorable opportunity. Hush! the emperor is going to speak!"'

The individual alluded to had been engaged during the above colloquy between St. Marcel and the ragged philosopher, in close conference with some two or three of his associates, which, from the earnestness of their gestures, appeared to be of an important nature; when Democritus spoke, the spy held his hand raised, as if for the purpose of imposing silence; having thus attracted the attention of the majority, he filled a large goblet with wine, and raising it above his head, exclaimed in a sonorous voice:

"Lutetia! Success to her friends—perdition to her foes;" and he emptied the vessel at a draught.

His example was imitated by his companions, and for a few moments nothing was heard save the clashing of pitchers and drinking-cups, intermingled with fifty voices, reiterating the toast:

"Lutetia! Success to her friends—perdition to her enemies!"

Another sign of the hand, on the part of Jacques, caused silence to reign throughout the hall, which he a second time interrupted:

"Friends," said he, elevating his voice: "are there none here but good and true Lutetians? None but have sworn to observe our laws, and to hold sacred the laws of Lutetia?"

"I have sworn nothing," shouted St. Marcel, in the midst of the pause that succeeded this allocution; "I acknowledge no laws save those of his most christian majesty Louis Quatorze; and as for

keeping the secrets of Lutetia, I had better depart before you divulge them, for if they are against the duty I owe to the laws of my country, I warn you beforehand not to let me into them; for no oath shall bind *me* to keep them sacred."

There was something so manly and open in this avowal, that from every side burst fresh cries of:

"St. Marcel for ever! Our emperor and Lutetia for ever! Huzza! huzza!"

The object of this compliment meanwhile looked around him in the utmost astonishment, vainly attempting to arrive at the reason of the uproar; Jacques perceived his embarrassment, and once more making himself heard, exclaimed:

"Friends! brother Lutetians, this is well! St. Marcel," continued he, next addressing that individual, "thou seest that we can appreciate a noble spirit. I am thy sponsor here, and will answer to our friends for thy secrecy. Know that we break no established laws—we uphold them; therefore fear not."

"I am satisfied, 'Sieur Jacques," responded St. Marcel, resuming his seat, and looking forward with some anxiety to the issue of these preliminaries.

"Are there none here but good and true Lutetians?" once more asked the spy; "none but have sworn to observe our laws, and to hold sacred the secrets of Lutetia?"

A dead silence succeeded.

"Then, friends, the sign," resumed the emperor.

Here the fraternity of spies, dividing themselves into sections of three, joined hands in a peculiar manner, and whispering, exchanged certain words constituting their secret token of recognition, which ceremony concluded, they resumed their former position.

There was something imposing in the character of this scene in the determined silence of that body of men, congregated beneath the very foundations of a large metropolis—there, in that ancient palace, the ruins of a former age, in the heart of the city, erewhile belonging to the Cæsars of Gaul, which failed not to produce a deep impression upon St. Marcel.

Upon a sign from Jacques, Democritus, assisted by one of his companions, proceeded to clear the table that stood in the middle of the hall; whilst a third, placing at the head thereof a small raised platform, surmounted it with the old carved chair; the spy then seated himself on the throne thus raised, and selecting twelve of the assembled members, these took up their position at the table before him, their companions resuming their respective seats.

"In the name of his most christian majesty, Louis Quatorze," said he, in a clear and distinct voice—"I, Julian, elected emperor of the Lutetians, do now call a council for the consideration of the affairs of our state."

"*Vive le grand monarque!* Lutetia for ever!" once more echoed through the ancient halls.

As this sentiment was perfectly loyal, St. Marcel responded to

it with an earnestness that fairly rivalled that of his companions; for which demonstration he was immediately rewarded by a look of encouragement from Democritus.

"Fort-de-Bras," exclaimed Jacques, calling to a short, powerful, square-set man, habited in a smith's apron, dark gray breeches, blue striped stockings and heavy shoes, with high heels and large buckles, and who had taken up his position in a remote corner, where he had hitherto remained unobserved.

"That's Vulcan," whispered Democritus to his friend, pointing to the individual so designated, as he advanced towards the throne; "the emperor calls him Fort-de-Bras, because of his strength; he'll fell you an ox with a single blow of his fist."

"He is a smith, if I mistake not," remarked St. Marcel.

"Yes!" replied the philosopher; "his forge is in the Rue St. Antoine, not far from the Bastile."

"Well, Fort-de-Bras," said Jacques; "so thou wert sent for yesterday by St. Marc?"

"Yes," responded Vulcan, doffing his cap; "and for a job that'll turn out hard enough upon somebody or other, I warrant!"

"Another secret closet?" asked the emperor.

"Why, there was something in that way," resumed the other; "but I was'nt sent for to make another—only to alter the spring of the old one; that's all!"

"But thou didst not do it," observed Jacques, rather surprised, and marvelling at his recent escape.

"How didst thou know that?" quickly responded Vulcan; "for, as thou sayest, I didn't alter it, because I had to make a new one, which won't be ready till to-morrow!"

"Let me see thee after 'tis fixed, Fort-de-Bras; I shall have a word or two to say to thee upon this matter. What else didst thou do?"

"All?" observed that individual, with emphasis; "yes! Only to think that I, Jean Bourliquet," continued he, in a lower tone, as though he were soliloquizing, "should ever come to the torture!"

The emperor repeated the smith's last words with astonishment, which the latter observing, said:

"Yes! the torture! Isn't it as bad, lending one's hand to a devil's invention like that? and then to think that it's to put a poor fellow-creature into—that's the worst of it! However—" he did not end the sentence, but the jerk of the head that accompanied it intimated his having attempted to ease his conscience at the expense of St. Marc's credulity.

Again Jacques repeated the last word, adding "*what*" thereto, with a view to induce the smith to continue his narration.

"Why," resumed Bourliquet, "if the poor devil that's confined in it don't find a way to get out and in as he pleases, it's not *my* fault, that's all."

"There's a man for thee," whispered Democritus to St. Marcel; "a human heart shut up in an anvil. Here's long life to him."

This sentiment was honored by an appeal to the pitcher, in which St. Marcel joined.

"What reward did St. Marc promise thee, Fort-de-Bras?" demanded the emperor, "for this handiwork of thine."

"Twenty crowns when I had completed t'other job, and to shut me up in the cage for a twelvemonth if I didn't hold my tongue; that's all."

"I'll double the sum, friend Fort-de-Bras," resumed Jacques, with an approving nod, and tendering a hand to the honest artizan.

"If I could think the cage would ever serve St. Marc," observed the latter, "I'd put in an extra spike at bottom, besides a few at top; the devil's own invention it is;" saying which he returned to his seat, amidst the greeting of his comrades.

"Sampson le Gros," exclaimed the spy, calling to a second individual, who, on hearing his name mentioned, arose with some difficulty, and with unsteady gait began advancing towards the imperial chair.

"Is Sampson his real name?" asked St. Marcel of his friend, pointing with his chin to the personage he mentioned.

"Yes!" replied the philosopher; "and a very good name too; "the emperor always calls him Samson le Gros, but the others call him *le Gros Samson;* I've christened him Hercules—gentle Hercules!"

"I can understand why thou givest him the name of Hercules," said St. Marcel, eyeing the man from top to toe; "but I see nothing particularly gentle in him."

"Look at him again," retorted his companion.

The subject of their colloquy was meanwhile progressing very slowly and very irregularly towards the council-table, smiling and winking at his companions as he passed, who winked and smiled at him in return.

The philosopher did not bestow his names inappropriately, nor, as in this instance, infelicitously, for the individual called Hercules stood at least three inches taller than Jacques, and might have served as a model to the sculptor.

"If St. Marc does not pay thee for thy work," observed Jacques to the mason, "I will."

"Not a bit of it, uc!" retorted the latter; "right is right, uc! as we say in Burgundy; he shall pay me yet; uc! never fear! uc! But there wouldn't be any harm, uc! our emperor, in your lending me a few crowns, uc! seeing that with such bad customers, uc! a man can't get very rich, uc!"

"Here are thirty," said the spy, tendering the man the money; "when St. Marc pays thee thou canst return them."

"Our emperor, for ever," shouted Samson, spinning round upon one heel; "our emperor for ever! uc! and only let anybody deny it—uc—that's all! I'll make it my business—uc! Hoora! Hoo! hoo! Yup! yup! ya! ya! tral lal lal lal la! Ohé!" and indulging in a multiplicity of gyrations upon his own axis, interspersed with a

variety of shouts peculiar to his province, the Burgundian returned to his seat, where he shortly after fell asleep.

An individual called Pommier was next summoned before the spy; he was short in stature, but round as a butt, with a face, which looked like a full moon laboring under an attack of erysipelas.

"That's the Père Pommier," observed Democritus, whispering as before to his companion, "who keeps the *cabaret* called the '*Grappe de Raisins*,' (Bunch of Grapes), at the corner of the Rue des Tournelles; I call him Bacchus!"

"Anything new, Pommier?" asked Jacques.

"Seven in since yesterday morning," replied the man.

"Dost thou know any of them?"

"Only one! poor fellow!"

"Who is he?"

"Why, a neighbor of mine; Jean Baptiste Poisson, our grocer; keeps the Sugar-loaf on the Boulevard."

"Hast thou learnt the reason of his imprisonment?"

"Reason! I ask any body now if there's any reason in sending a man to the Bastile for only speaking his mind to his neighbors."

"To the point, Père Pommier," exclaimed Jacques.

"I was standing at my door this morning, when I saw the poor fellow go by, between a couple of soldiers! Hola! cries I to the wife! if they aren't taking poor Jean Baptiste to the Bastile. And his poor wife, says she to me, that's so near with her second; thou must go to see what it's all about father! Yes, says I; and so I went! Mus'nt give way says I, dame Poisson, as soon as she saw me; we're men d'ye see, and it sha'nt end like this—"

Here arose a murmur of voices that interrupted the vintner in his recital; it was, however, immediately silenced by Jacques, who motioned the narrator to continue.

"I'm sure, says she, wiping her eyes with her apron, and kissing the child, that its all through the man we saw yesterday morning; I saw him look back to Jean Baptiste, and I said then, that something bad would come of it! Of what, dame? says I. Of his speaking his mind so freely about the Bastile, says she; he called it a wicked place, and said it ought to be burnt."

"Down with the Bastile! Down with the Bastile!" exclaimed a score of voices; but again the spy succeeded in silencing the tumult.

"So I say, too," continued the vintner, becoming animated; "it is a disgrace to us to let it stand!"

"And who was the man Jean Baptiste's wife saw?" asked the spy.

"Monseigneur D'Argenson," replied Pommier; "for he was soon recognized by the crowd; we are men, and it sha'nt end like this!"

"No! no!" resounded from every side; "down with the Bastile!"

"No precipitation, friends," exclaimed Jacques, in a loud, au-

thoritative tone of voice; "The Bastile was not built to stand for ever! It must come down; it shall come down; but we must wait."

"Our emperor for ever! Lutetia for ever!" again echoed through the halls; a cry in which St. Marcel joined, so much was he excited by the enthusiasm of the assembled multitude.

"Is this a conspiracy?" said he, addressing Democritus; for, notwithstanding his growing attachment to Lutetia, he had not lost sight of his allegiance to Louis Quatorze.

"If it is," responded the philosopher, "thou knowest as much of it as I do; this is the first I have heard of it."

St. Marcel was on to the point of hazarding another question, but was interrupted by the spy, who again addressing Pommier, said:

"Thou didst not recognize any body else, eh, friend?"

"No!" replied the vintner; "they were all strangers; peaceful looking citizens; ah, stop! except one, and he was an officer of musketeers; quite a young man."

St. Marcel listened; this was coming nearer home.

"He looked very pale and ill," continued the man; "one would have said he was going in there to die."

"'Tis St. Leu," muttered St Marcel, hiding his face in his hands; "the duke has done this."

"I can't think," continued the vintner, "where they put all the prisoners; there's a many more go in than come out, although there's no lack of funerals either.*

At this moment a diversion was created by the sudden entry of a tall, slender individual, breathless with haste, and apparently the bearer of some important communication, for he at once made towards Jacques, paying no attention to the numerous greetings which overwhelmed him on his passage.

The philosopher, attracting St. Marcel's attention; for he remained buried in painful reflection; pointed to the new comer:

"That's our Mercury," said he; "he used to be a running footman in Louis Quatorze's service; but he found our emperor's more profitable. He carries intelligence from one to the other, and I dare say he has not come now for nothing."

"What's the matter, Piednu?" said Jacques to the breathless Mercury.

"It's all found out," responded the latter; "Isaacs, the silversmith in the Rue de la Juiverie has got them all."

"All! all what?"

"The jewels that were stolen from monsieur le Duc de Chartres' carriage," resumed the man; "and what's more, I've discovered the gang's head quarters; they are assembled there now, and I've come as fast as I could to tell you."

"Are they numerous?" asked Jacques.

* It will be remembered that the prisoners who died in the Bastile, were always interred in the church of St. Paul.

"Eight! and armed."

"Hast thou anything more to add, friend Piednu?"

"Nothing," answered the man.

"The reward offered for their apprehension shall be thine," said Jacques, "as soon as thou hast shewn me their place of meeting."

"I am ready, now!"

"I am *not*," responded the spy; "thou must wait for me!"

The man bowed, and retired to a seat vacated for him between two of his companions.

"I've got a word or two to say," remarked another man, habited in a military garb, and who stood near the spy; "it mayn't be of much importance, but, by leave, our colonel—" he addressed this title to Jacques; "I'll tell you all the same."

The latter intimated his readiness to hear anything he had to say.

"Well, our colonel, 'tis only a little bit of conversation that I heard this morning, as I was polishing up my accoutrements, just before I set out for Paris; for you must know, colonel, that our captain gave me twenty-four hour's leave of absence, and so, as I was saying, I was all ready for the grand march, when who should come in but the lieutenant of police. All at once, whilst he was talking to our captain, there arrives a messenger, full gallop, from the Château itself; well, he stopped at the *cabaret* to take a dram, when monseigneur ordered out the guard, and tells them to arrest the man! Hulloa, says I; I wonder what's amiss; 'tis n't against orders to listen; I'll hide myself. What am I arrested for, says the courier? Search him says the lieutenant of police. My comrades didn't half like it, for d'ye see, the captain ought to have given the word of command, not the other, who's only a lieutenant after all; however, they took away a letter from him, and handed it to monseigneur. Thou art come from Versailles? says he to the man. Yes, he answered; short as that! And art going to Paris? Just so! Then monseigneur said something to the captain, who ordered the guard to draw up outside, with the prisoner. It was a manœuvre d'ye see to be left alone. Says I to myself, 'tis n't against orders to peep; and so I peeped through the crack of the door just to see what they were about. Who'd believe it! There was monseigneur reading the letter, and the captain mounting guard. Well, when he'd read the letter, he folded it up again and fastened the seal, and then the captain called in my comrades again."

"Didst thou learn the name of the party to whom the letter was addressed?" asked Jacques.

"Father Pierre-Simon, at the Archbishopric, Paris," replied the man.

At the mention of this name, the spy became visibly excited; but, as though desirous of concealing his emotion, he immediately banished the frown from his brow, at the same time signifying his wish that the soldier should go on.

"As soon as they were drawn up," said he, "Monseigneur D'Argenson returns the letter to the courier, and giving him a *louis* to drink his majesty's health on the road, dismisses him; but when his back was turned, he tells the captain to post two men on the Versailles road, to watch there for a coach with a capuchin inside, and which would pass through St. Cloud next day at noon."

"Two men?" observed Jacques.

"Aye, colonel; with a lieutenant; and they are to arrest the capuchin, and then to let monseigneur know of it."

"Good," replied the spy; "are the men any of our's?"

"The lieutenant is not, colonel; but both the men are."

"Hum! that's fortunate," Jacques muttered. The soldier continued:

"'Tis n't against orders to tell what one sees and hears, says I to myself; and so, as soon as the lieutenant was gone, I made the best of my way to Paris."

"Thou shalt receive ten crowns for thy information," said the spy; "hast thou anything more to add?"

"You have it all, colonel," responded the man, making the military salute.

As day broke, a capuchin of very tall stature, might have been observed in the neighborhood of Notre Dame, making for the Archbishop's palace. He looked cautiously about, on every side, as though suspicious of being observed; when, having satisfied himself that such was not the case, he knocked, and, after some little discussion with the porter, was admitted.

Within three hours after, a travelling carriage drove up to the outer gate—a heavy, lumbering vehicle, drawn by two clumsy horses, one of the latter bestrode by a postilion, whose head was ornamented with a queue that reached far below the extremity of his jacket, and whose legs were encased in a pair of boots into either of which he might have nearly inserted his whole body. Into this machine entered, shortly after, first, an individual of short stature, whose features were completely hidden beneath the hood of a capuchin's frock; he was immediately followed by the tall monk already mentioned, who appeared equally scrupulous of concealment; in another minute the door of the coach was closed upon them, and it rolled rapidly away.

The travellers reached the village of Passy, continuing their route in the direction of Versailles. They had passed through St. Cloud, and left it half a league in their rear, when, at a sharp turning in the road, there rushed out from behind the tall poplars that lined it on each side, three soldiers, two of whom stopped the carriage, whilst the third, a lieutenant, stepped up to the door, and began to unfasten it.

"Halloo!" exclaimed a voice from within.

"In the name of the king," quickly responded the officer, "I arrest you, Father Pierre-Simon."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a blow from a

powerful arm felled him to the earth, and the tall capuchin leaped from the vehicle into the middle of the road. The officer, in his fall, struck his head against one of the trees, and lay stunned with the violence of the shock. Seeing this, the capuchin rushed to the aid of the postilion, who was belaboring the soldiers, might and main, with the heavy butt-end of his whip, having twisted the thong round his hand; and seizing the first man by the throat, exclaimed:

"Fly, or beware of my displeasure! Lutetia! do ye not know me?"

His hood had fallen back in the struggle, disclosing to the astonished soldiers the features of the emperor. One of them immediately took to flight; an example which was followed by his companion, though less precipitately.

"Drive on to Versailles as fast as thou canst," said Jacques to the postilion; "never mind the officer, he's merely stunned;" and leaping into the vehicle, it was soon lost to view.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOUIS QUATORZE AND HIS MINISTERS — GOVERNMENT EMBARRASSMENTS AND STATE SECRETS.

Some days after these events, Monseigneur D'Argenson received a peremptory summons from the king, to repair to Versailles; and accordingly set out for the *chateau* on foot—his usual mode of travelling.

As he proceeded, a change imperceptibly came over him, which he was unable to account for. From some external cause, his hard features gradually lost a portion of their savage expression; his compressed lips slowly relaxed, almost into a settled smile; his restless eyes looked less maliciously into the visage of the passer-by, and less morosely upon the merry, chubby-faced little children that lingered on the threshold of their parents' dwelling—he had hitherto constantly kept them either bent towards the ground, or turned askance—but now he felt irresistibly impelled to look upwards!

He reached St. Cloud, and stopping at the guard-house, summoned the two men who had accompanied their lieutenant to effect the arrest of the capuchin.

"What's thy name?" said he, addressing the first.

"Thomas Blondeau," answered the man; "but my comrades call me Bottlenose."

"What's thine?" continued the lieutenant, speaking to the second.

"Denis, our lieutenant," replied the latter, raising his hand to the side of his head; "Denis Mouton is *my* name; is n't it, Bottlenose?"

The gentleman rejoicing in this facetious cognomen—which he owed to a peculiarity of visage, induced by his frequent libations—answered in the affirmative; and the lieutenant of police continued his interrogations.

"Denis knows a good deal more about it than I do," said Blondeau; "for, as I turned my back upon the robbers, I couldn't see what happened—could I, Denis?"

"How should you?" replied Denis; "for my own part, I found that the enemy was superior in number, and so, like a good general, I beat a retreat."

The lieutenant frowned, and swore an oath; which, however, did not in the least disturb the equanimity either of Denis or his comrade, who were immediately marched off to the black-hole, their commanding officer fearing to disobey the mandate of D'Argenson; who, having seen his orders executed, departed, uttering a volley of oaths, and strongly suspecting that he had been made the dupe of some artifice, which he was, as yet, unable to fathom. Indeed, the lieutenant's report, embodying, besides a tolerable description of his assailant, the simple though important fact of the vehicle containing two monks, almost furnished him with a clue to the truth; notwithstanding that he could neither comprehend how Jacques—if the second monk was, as he conjectured, that extraordinary man disguised—had obtained intelligence of the capuchin's intended arrest, nor his motives for rescuing the holy father from the fate he had reserved for him—the Bastile. This mystery, however, he determined forthwith to unravel; and continued his journey, absorbed in no very pleasant train of thought.

He reached the *chateau* at the appointed hour, and was instantly ushered into the presence of the grand monarque, whom he found alone in his bed-chamber, seated at a small table covered with papers.

Although now in his sixty-second year, age had not robbed him of an inch of his commanding stature, nor shrunken the symmetry of his form; his forehead was all that a Lavater (had physiognomy been then known as a science) would have expected to find in a king; expansive, well-developed, unwrinkled, and pale as marble, with two broad arches distinctly defined, beneath which his dark eyes still sparkled with all the fire of youth, his gaze retaining a potency that few could withstand; his aquiline nose and firm-set mouth, imparted an expression of severity to his countenance that was rather increased than diminished by the sallowness of his complexion, adding to the dignity of his aspect, which betrayed the self-consciousness of his superiority; one might fancy how he must have looked when he uttered that axiom to his courtiers, "I am the state!" which has since become the by-word of absolute monarchs.

Perhaps no sovereign of modern times, not even his cousin and early cotemporary, Charles the Second of England—can be said to have been, at one time, more truly great—great in his public capacity, be it understood—than Louis Quatorze! From the day that

he assumed the reins of government—then twenty-two years of age—until within the last fifteen years of his life, his career was one uninterrupted series of victories and brilliant achievements. At the death of Mazarin, he found his court split into factions—his courtiers ripe for intrigue—each of his ministers eager to grasp at supreme power, at the expense of his country, none dreaming that the young man whom the astute cardinal had purposely brought up in ignorance, would ever take the sceptre into his own hands, and govern by himself.

In her memoirs, Madame de Motteville states that in this respect, Louis Quatorze only emulated the example of Charles the Second, who was then reputed as governing alone: the parallel between the two monarchs need not be drawn to prove that if such was the case, Louis Quatorze soon outshone his rival.

His first act was to regulate the financial department of his government, and to circumscribe the limits of power given to his ministers—allotting severally to each, his various duties—compelling each to render him, at certain fixed periods, an account of his acts; and superintending, himself, every branch of the administration: to establish the army upon a broader footing, was his next care, whilst the arts and sciences, manufactures and trade, each in turn received their due meed of his attention, so that his kingdom soon regained all that it had lost during the civil wars under the regency of his mother.

The period too, favored his ambition of reigning as an absolute monarch, for there were no ancient factions to subdue—the religious leagues of the time of Henri Quatre—the Fronde—the parliamentary disputes of the regency—all these were virtually dead, or existing in spirit, but devoid of body—whilst the modern cabals that arose on the death of Mazarin, were mere insignificant struggles for individual pre-eminence: the nation, beside, was tired of party squabbles—parliamentary warfares—ministerial leagues and cabals, and more disgusted still with church government; the very idea of a prime-minister, even to the name of one, had become odious, for the public treasury had been exhausted by the extravagances of Richelieu, and the avarice of Mazarin, neither of whom ever failed to augment the taxation whenever the coffers of the one required replenishing, or the princely extravagancies of the other had plunged him into difficulties from which money alone could extricate him: but the ruin they commenced was completed by the systematic peculations of Fouquet, the superintendent of the finance department, who, at last expiated his crimes in the Bastile:—thus at Louis' accession—his *real* accession to power—France had become a nation consisting only of subjects, willing to be governed by a despotic master, yet by no other than a regal one; Henri Quatre had governed them absolutely, and Louis Quatorze was emulous of his ancestor's glory; ambitious of being accounted great, both at home and abroad: it remains for the historian to transmit his deeds to the judgment of posterity.

At the period, however, of his introduction to the reader, Louis Quatorze had ceased to be great; his long prosperity had fascinated him into the belief that adversity could not attain him; whereas his decadence had already commenced, and the last fifteen years of his life offered, by the disasters that pursued him, a most painful contrast to the brilliant commencement of his reign; his domestic calamities were perhaps those that did not the least affect him.

But the perplexities of his ministers, and the extraordinary modes of raising funds to which they were compelled to resort, in order to provide for the daily augmenting exigencies of the government, produced no effect upon the voluptuous monarch, whose expensive habits seemed to increase rather than diminish, in the same proportion as the difficulty of administering to them; he had been so long accustomed to luxurious excesses, that to live without indulging in them became almost impossible; as a proof of which may be adduced the fact that there was not, at any period of his reign, more magnificence displayed than towards its close, when the country most groaned beneath the burden of exorbitant taxes and imposts; and its resources, though numerous, were being fast exhausted by the enormous expenses entailed by an unfortunate and desolating war, and that same not less impoverishing splendor of the monarch.

His taste for architecture, ornamental gardens, sculpture, paintings, &c., though tending to embellish his capital, was ruinous in the extreme; the Louvre, (which to this day is incomplete) Versailles, the Trianons, Marly, owed their origin to his innate passion for magnificence.

It was Louis' custom to receive his ministers in his bed-chamber shortly after he had arisen; this was called *le petit lever;* the apartment was spacious, looking out upon the splendid gardens, recently completed, and the extensive park adjoining them; every article of furniture being sumptuous and costly in the extreme. The regal bed, which was large and square, was enclosed within a richly gilded balustrade; the hangings, of purple velvet, were embroidered with many curious devices in gold, the spaces left open between which were studded with fleurs-de-lys in silver, whilst around the bottom, and down the sides depended a deep fringe of the former metal; over the top fell a canopy, composed of the same costly materials, and surmounted by the crown and the arms of France, wrought in gold.

The king was in his usual morning dishabille; he wore a loose robe of crimson velvet, profusely embroidered, and a large perruque, arranged so as to fall over his shoulders and back; his cravat, of fine cambric, was tied once round his throat, the two ends hanging down in front, and which like his ruffles, were of exquisitely wrought lace; over his legs and thighs were drawn long white silk stockings, confined above his knee by a garter, and fastened by a small diamond buckle; his feet, encased in slippers, rested upon a small ottoman, he himself being ensconced in an easy chair, the back whereof was surmounted by the royal arms.

"Chamillart has just left me, monseigneur," observed the monarch to D'Argenson, as this functionary dropped into his seat, at the same time inclining his head respectfully, and placing his triangular hat upon the table.

"He tells me," continued the monarch, "that he experiences great difficulty in levying the last tax; that some of the citizens have refused to pay it!"

"Is my advice needed, sire, to teach Monsieur Chamillart his duty to his sovereign?" observed D'Argenson.

"I almost confess as much," replied Louis, half smiling.

"Who are they, sire, who have refused?"

"There is a list containing their names and residences," answered the king, handing a piece of parchment to the lieutenant of police, and looking at him very significantly.

"I understand your majesty," observed the latter, pocketing the parchment; "I will look after the defaulters."

"But I am in want of money to pay my troops, monseigneur, and Chamillart has none to give me."

"There is plenty in Paris, sire! plenty in France!"

"Yes! But how is it to be obtained? Evidently not so easily as heretofore."

"I would guarantee within three months to raise for your majesty's service at least four millions of livres," observed D'Argenson, thoughtfully.

"That is a large sum, monseigneur, as times go! How would you proceed, pray? I am curious to learn."

D'Argenson bowed again, and continued:

"There are at least five hundred commoners in Paris, each as rich as Crœsus, who would gladly purchase the privilege of appearing at your majesty's court."

"But were each even *twice* as rich as Crœsus," remarked Louis, interrupting him, "unless they were noble, also, their riches would not avail them for that purpose."

"Pardon me, sire; their wealth, which your majesty so much stands in need of, might be made the means of ennobling them!"

"I comprehend, you, monseigneur," answered the king, reddening; "you would have me sell patents of nobility, as a shopkeeper sells old clothes; it cannot be, it cannot be!"

"Five hundred patents," continued D'Argenson, taking up a piece of paper, and making his calculations upon it, "at—at—say four thousand crowns each, would produce—"

"But, monseigneur, consider the disagreeable consequences it must entail! My court would be made up of shop-keepers! Bah!"

"The five hundred patents, sire, would produce, at four thousand crowns each, a sum equivalent to—"

"Sell patents of nobility!" exclaimed Louis, hesitatingly; "after all, the relief would be only temporary, whilst the shame would be lasting."

"The relief would be your majesty's," observed D'Argenson; "the shame their's."

"But *à propos* of the Bastile, monseigneur lieutenant, I am given to understand that you hold imprisoned there the daughter of a certain Baron de St. Auney! Her friends have interested themselves to procure her release, and I have promised to command it."

D'Argenson frowned and bit his lips, inclining his head to conceal his mortification, but after a few moment's silence, answered, with an affected air of humility:

"I have at least done my best to deserve your majesty's favor," continued the minister; "but from this moment I retain my office only until you, sire, shall have found another of your subjects worthier of it than I am."

This unexpected announcement startled the king like an electric shock. He started up from his recumbent position, and sitting upright in his chair, with a hand placed on each of its arms, gazed for at least a minute full into D'Argenson's face, but without uttering a word, the latter returning his glance with equal steadfastness. At length his majesty observed:

"Did I hear aright, monseigneur?"

"I cannot say, sire," replied the artful lieutenant, "whether your majesty *did* hear aright—"

"You hinted at resigning your post as lieutenant of our police, monseigneur," abruptly resumed Louis, with darkening brows; "for what reason? I am, too, ready to listen to your reasons for keeping the girl imprisoned."

"I detained her, sire, as an hostage for her father, whom I can prove a traitor; whom I can prove guilty of disrespect towards your majesty's government; but, worse than all, of forgery! See! this bond! signed by one St. Angin! 'tis for a hundred thousand crowns; it was forced upon Etienne Quinault, late public notary of this city, and now a judge in one of your majesty's courts; the man whose signature is affixed here, to the bottom of this parchment, is dead; sire! dead! With the money extorted from Quinault, the baron discharged my claim upon him for moneys advanced, and then came to the Bastile to claim his daughter; but fortunately I was prepared to receive him."

"This, indeed, changes the aspect of the affair, monsieur lieutenant," observed the monarch, thoughtfully; "what has become of the baron?"

"He is in the Bastile, sire! I detained him!"

"You did well, monseigneur! but his daughter! You must set her free!"

"If I am to retain my office, sire," responded D'Argenson, "I will *not* set her free, until her father has confessed his guilt, or divulged his accomplice; for that he has one, I more than suspect."

"You are the best judge in these matters, monseigneur," remarked the king, with great indifference; "but I hope she does not lack for anything."

"Except her liberty, sire, she has all that she requires."

"I am satisfied, monseigneur! Retain your office, and act as seems to you best, to bring all such offenders to justice."

"Perhaps your majesty will sign this warrant for their detention during your majesty's royal pleasure," observed the lieutenant of police, rapidly filling up a blank paper according to the usual form, and presenting it to the monarch for signature; "I shall then be acting under your majesty's orders."

Louis Quatorze made no reply, but dipping his pen slightly into the ink, signed the document and returned it to his minister.

"How you tremble, monseigneur," observed he, as D'Argenson tendered his hand for the fatal parchment; "one would think you had seen me sign your own death-warrant!"

The lieutenant of police essayed to smile, but could not; his lips quivered and two or three large drops of sweat trickled down his yellow forehead as he folded the paper up and placed it in his pocket; his agitation, however, was but momentary, and did not prevent him from responding to the king's remark:

"I do tremble, sire; your majesty's confidence overpowers me."

Louis looked steadfastly at the minister, as though much astonished to discover that he possessed so large an amount of susceptibility.

"I have disagreeable intelligence for your majesty," continued D'Argenson, remarking the monarch's action; "St. Marc informs me that"—here he lowered his voice—"the Iron-Mask has again committed himself."

At the mention of that mysterious man's name, the countenance of Louis Quatorze underwent a marked alteration; it became alternately pale and flushed, and his brows contracted convulsively together whilst his whole frame shook as with the palsy.

"What! what has occurred?" asked he, tremulously.

D'Argenson recounted the tale told him by the governor of the Bastile respecting the man's attempt to communicate with the exterior, and handed him the notes found by the sentinels, terminating his recital by informing the king what instructions he, D'Argenson, had given to St. Marc, commanding a stricter surveillance of his mysterious captive.

The monarch listened with profound emotion to the minister's account, and having perused the billets, tore them up into tiny fragments, when motioning to D'Argenson, the latter threw them into the fire, watching them until they were entirely consumed; he then resumed his seat.

"Unfortunate, ill-fated man!" exclaimed the king, sighing deeply; "the punishment of thy mother's crime has fallen heavily indeed upon thee! But 'tis better so!" and a tear rolled down his flushed cheek as he thus gave expression to his inmost thoughts.

"*Pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant!*" ejaculated D'Argenson, sententiously.*

Louis Quatorze started as if some venomous reptile had stung his foot; he became painfully affected, trembling convulsively—

* "He is the father whom the marriage proves," was an axiom in the French law of succession; the word *pater*, here signified "*the elder or the eldest born.*"

evidently struggling to obtain the mastery over the intense emotion that the remark had excited—covering his face with both hands, he remained a few moments silent; when he removed them, it had assumed its wonted calmness, but there was a severity in its expression, as in the tone of his voice, that chilled the minister to the heart.

"Yes! that is the terrible secret, indeed, monseigneur," said the monarch; "the whole secret of his unhappy destiny! But beware how thou lettest it escape thy lips!"

"The solemn oaths by which I am bound, sire, would alone set a seal on my tongue—"

"Yes! yes!" resumed Louis, still intensely excited: "'twas necessary for thee to know it; but 'twere death to another! alas! that it must be so!"

The solemnity of the monarch's grief, as he uttered this last sentence, produced a painful impression—though only a transitory one—upon the flinty minister, who, ashamed of the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, hastened to cast himself at his royal master's feet:

"Pardon, sire!" said he, in a deprecatory tone; "pardon the allusion; it was involuntary."

"Rise, monseigneur," replied the magnanimous monarch, with a gesture and a look full of dignity: "I have nothing to pardon! leave me—unless you have any thing more to communicate!"

D'Argenson, falteringly answered in the negative, and bowing to the king, quitted his presence with a dogged air—much mortified and chap-fallen at his peremptory dimissal.

As he left the apartment, Louis ejuculated:

"Would that I could find an honest man to take his place!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CALOTTE OF THE BERTAUDIERE TOWER; ST. LEU MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH SOME OF HIS PREDECESSORS THEREIN.

Let us now return to the unfortunate inmates of the Bertaudière.

St. Leu was suffered to remain only a very few hours, in the den to which the governor's satellites consigned him, immediately after his forcible separation from Julie; but so overwhelmed was he by the heavy calamity that had befallen him, that he fell into a state of stupor, from which he was only awakened by the abrupt entry of Ru and Corbé, who came to conduct him to another chamber.

The latter preceded him up the three flight of stairs that led to the *calotte*—his new abode—Ru, holding a lighted torch, bringing up the rear; almost mechanically, St. Leu followed his guides, until they arrived at the iron-plated door that formed the outer limit of his future dwelling, when they exchanged places, Corbé taking the torch from Ru, and falling behind, whilst the latter, in his capacity of *porte-clefs*, unlocked the door of the dungeon, and ushered them into it.

Up to this moment, not a word had been uttered by either party, but as soon as they had entered, Corbé bowed very low, and extending one hand, to which he imparted a circular motion, observed:

"This is monsieur's apartment."

St. Leu looked around him, clasping his hands in an agony of grief that deprived him of the power of utterance; Corbé noticed the disgust that his countenance too evidently betrayed, and by way of mitigating the horrors of the cell, remarked, pointing towards the slit in the wall:

"There's a very fine view of Paris from the window!"

"Yes!" echoed Ru, who was just then engaged in arranging the pallet and rug intended to serve as the prisoner's bed; "there is—a very fine view; only you can't see much of it."

Perceiving that the prisoner made no reply, Corbé hazarded another conciliatory remark:

"You may have a fire if you like, monsieur," said he, pointing to the wood in the recess.

"Yes," observed the satellite; "monsieur can have a fire! (if he wants to be smothered!")

"What horrid hole is this to which you have brought me?" ejaculated St. Leu, looking imploringly at his jailers; "am I to remain here?"

"Until further orders, monsieur," answered Corbé.

"But by whose command have I been arrested?" resumed the prisoner; "and what is my offence? I am unconscious of having incurred his majesty's displeasure—have committed no crime—"

"That's not my business," replied the lieutenant-governor, interrupting him; "all I have now to do is to search you!"

"Stand off! wretch!" cried the young officer, receding from him; "I will spare you the trouble; resistance I know would be abortive, but you shall not lay a finger on me; I will voluntarily give up what I have about me, if that is all you want."

"It is my duty to demand *everything*," replied Corbé, with a derisive inclination of the body; "you will have your effects returned when you regain your liberty."

"Yes!" muttered Ru; "except what you keep."

"I have only a purse," resumed St. Leu, taking it out, and handing it to Ru, who stood between himself and Corbé; "it contains—"

"A purse!" observed the *porte-clefs*, as the lieutenant-governor approached the light, and taking a pen, a small ink holder, and a

piece of paper from his pocket, began to write; "an embroidered purse, containing—" here he emptied the money into his hand.

"An embroidered purse containing—" muttered Corbé, writing.

"Seven louis," continued Ru, returning that number into the purse, and dexterously conveying three of the glittering coins into the pocket of his jerkin.

"Two louis," said Corbé, appropriating the difference to himself with a great amount of coolness; "any thing else?"

St. Leu, perceiving the inutility of remonstrating against this system of two-fold robbery, answered negatively; his sword had been taken from him on his entry.*

"Nothing! no papers!" observed the lieutenant-governor, interrogatingly.

"A few private letters, only," answered St. Leu, the blood rushing up into his hitherto pallid cheek; for the letters were from his betrothed—Julie.

"You must give them up," said Corbé, positively.

"I tell you that they are private—strictly private," remonstrated the young man; "they cannot possibly be of any service to any one."

"You don't know that," responded the other, in a still more peremptory tone of voice; "they may contain some important information—some secrets—"

"What!" cried St. Leu, indignantly; "are they then to be read? never!" and withdrawing the precious packet from its repository in his breast, he carried it to his lips, and instantly after thrust it into the flame of the torch, holding it there until entirely consumed; "there!" continued he, dashing the red ashes into Corbé's face; "take them!"

Recovering from his astonishment, Corbé vented his anger and malice in a series of oaths and execrations interspersed with sundry savage looks at the prisoner, intimating very comprehensively, and with not less point, the gratification he experienced at having him within his grasp, conjointly with a latent intention of balancing accounts with him at the earliest opportunity.

"I would advise you to be less violent," at length muttered Corbé, scowling hideously at the prisoner; "you will find it better in the end, for we have the law on our side. I shall report this conduct to monsieur le governor."

The young officer heard the lieutenant-governor's menace with a scornful smile; but, disdaining any reply thereto, snapped his fingers, by way of expressing his contempt for the same. At this moment Ru stepped up to Corbé, and whispered something in his ear, which caused the latter to direct his gaze more particularly to the young man's neck.

* Only Marshals of France, Royal Dukes (when admitted into the interior, which seldom happened), Peers, and Captains of the Body-Guard had a *right* to enter the Bastile with their sword at their side.

"You have something suspended from your neck," said he; "what is it?"

"A miniature," responded St. Leu.

"You must give it up," reiterated the former.

"I will," replied St. Leu, in a firm voice; "but not while I have life!"

There was something so determined, so desperate in his air and attitude—intrenched as he kept himself in the recess—that Corbé, though he wore a sword, had not courage to attack him, nor did Ru manifest the slightest desire to set his superior the example, notwithstanding the earnestness with which he fingered his ponderous keys—an unequivocal hint that he felt an irresistible inclination to convert the same into offensive weapons, could he only do it without incurring personal risk; having stood thus for a few moments irresolute, the pair exchanged whispers and glances, and commenced a deliberate retreat, Corbé lighting the *porte clefs* whilst the latter opened the massive doors. As they disappeared, St. Leu abandoned his intrenched position, and listening anxiously to their departing footsteps, groped his way to his pallet.

His anguish, notwithstanding, was less acute on the score of the incarceration itself, than on that of the circumstances attending it, for to find Julie a prisoner in such a place, alone sufficed to increase it tenfold; thus, in the thought of her sufferings, he lost all consciousness of his own misfortune.

How did he now condemn his suspicions of her fidelity! how dwell upon the thousand proofs she had shown of her love for him, and of her anxiety for its consummation! how swiftly the blood rushed through his bursting veins—increasing twenty-fold, the pulsations of his heart, as memory reproduced her every smile and look.

He now felt persuaded that she, like himself, had fallen a victim to some horrible plot; he knew it must be so, though why he knew it must be so, he could not tell; it was impossible she *could* prove false—her nature was all truth—all innocence—all virtue! Who then could be the destroyer of their peace? Who was he—the mysterious monk from whom St. Marcel, on that fatal night, procured the ring? By what strange chance had her abode been discovered.

He thought too of the letter which he had written to her, and commissioned St. Marcel to deliver! Every reproach that he had therein cast upon her, now fell back upon himself, with a hundredfold more poignancy. If she had received that letter, what tortures had he thereby inflicted upon the heart he so prized! the anguish which the consciousness of his injustice excited, was, however, allayed by a secret hope that the missive had not yet reached her; his mind became calmer—he fell asleep, and dreamt of Julie!

What sounds are those that disturb the midnight solitude? Music! and a human voice singing in captivity! Can then happiness exist in a dungeon! Ah! that song is not of joy but sorrow! yet the plaintive melody awakens feelings that almost belong not to

sadness, so completely does it detach the mind from present suffering.

St. Leu sat upright upon his couch, and strove to discover whence the sounds proceeded; he found they came from the cell immediately beneath his own, and listened more attentively still, hoping to distinguish the burthen of the chaunt; in this he was unsuccessful, though he recognized the melody to be of Provençal origin, which led him to infer that the prisoner was from that province, a belief wherein he was strengthened by the circumstance of the unfortunate individual, whoever he was, accompanying himself upon a guitar, or some similar instrument, such as the natives use. At length the stranger ceased singing; all again relapsed into stillness, and St. Leu, distracted by a hundred conflicting emotions, fell into a disturbed sleep, from which he awoke in the morning, cold and unrested, and some length of time before Ru made his appearance.

This functionary brought him his breakfast, together with a pitcher of water, a tinder-box and matches, and pointing to the wood in the recess, then to the hearth, quitted the cell without uttering a word, the whole time that he remained in it, not exceeding two minutes.

St. Leu was so unprepared to see him, and so surprised at the rapidity of his movements, that he had no opportunity of questioning him, though he intended to do so; determining notwithstanding, to carry out that intention when the man next should make his appearance. He proceeded to partake of the meal provided for him at the expense of the government, for he had tasted nothing for forty-eight hours.

Whether owing to the secret instructions conveyed in the letter of anticipation, or to the rank of the prisoner as holding his majesty's commission in the *corps d'élite* of the musketeers, neither the quality nor the quantity of the provision left anything to be desired; the wine, too, was of a good vintage, so that by the time he had completed his meal, he found his strength and spirits comparatively restored to their usual tone, and in order to pass away the time began examining his dungeon more minutely.

It is almost needless to state that a hope of escape never entered his brain; he knew, that in this respect, his efforts must prove unsuccessful, for, with the exception of the door, which was too securely fastened, and the window which was so narrow as nearly to exclude the light, only the chimney offered him any chance of gaining the exterior, and the latter aperture he knew to be guarded by the sentinels on the platform.

Although his reflections were far from encouraging, he did not despond, neither despair of regaining his liberty; his principal, indeed his sole anxiety, was for the safety of Julie, an interview with whom he determined to gain, by bribing one of his jailers to connive thereat; he therefore awaited their appearance with the greatest impatience.

But they came not, and the hours lagged heavily on, and found

the prisoner still in expectation, listening to catch the sound of a bell, to warn him of the time of day—in vain seeking to mark the descent of the sun towards the west; he could only conjecture—from the time that had elapsed since Ru's last visit, that it must be long after noon—but, beyond this, his judgment was at fault. Shivering with cold, he began to collect fuel to kindle a fire—for the proximity of the cell to the roof of the tower did not tend to raise the temperature of the atmosphere within, its state without being sufficiently indicated by the moisture that had oozed into large drops from the walls, and now clung there half frozen.

He had, however, scarcely applied a light to the damp logs, than he perceived by the dense volume of smoke that rushed out into the chamber, that there was an obstruction in the chimney; he was therefore compelled to extinguish the fire, to avoid suffocation, and with this additional inconvenience, patiently awaited the arrival of Ru.

At length, as daylight began to decline, Ru made his appearance, much to the relief of St. Leu; he brought the prisoner's second repast, which, like the first, was abundant and of good quality. Having laid out the same, he set up a candle in an old iron candlestick, placed it upon the table, and pointing to the viands, brought his code of signals into play to intimate that every article was of the first quality.

"Friend!" exclaimed St. Leu, perceiving that Ru was on the point of vanishing, "a word with you."

The jailer shook his head, but stopped short in the door-way, staring intently at his interrogator.

"I must have a fire," resumed St. Leu, "but I cannot kindle one; the chimney is choked up!"

"St. Marc would laugh at you," answered Ru; "a smoky chimney saves his wood! You must go to bed; then you wont want a fire!"

So saying, he turned on his heel, and was on the point of quitting the cell—having his hand already on the heavy door—when St. Leu again addressed him, deeming prudent, for the sake of the information he hoped to obtain, to overlook his insolence.

"Stay," said he; "tell me; do you know this face?" and drawing the miniature of Julie from his bosom, he exhibited it to Ru.

The latter cast upon it a rapid glance, and nodded his head affirmatively.

"How long has she been here, friend!" said the former, hurriedly; "answer me that, and I will one day handsomely reward you."

Ru shrugged his shoulders, hitched up his eye-brows, shut his eyes, pursed up his mouth, extended his hand very significantly, and lastly shook his head negatively, implying, that though he knew all about it, he could not tell the inquirer, because he durst not, and that even if he durst, he would not, unless paid for it; all which St. Leu perfectly understood.

"I have nothing to give you," said he, sorrowfully; "but you will not refuse to tell me where she is confined."

The *porte-clefs* stared at the speaker with a comic look of concern, and thumping his left side very hard, muttered the word, "Bridget," heaving a sigh, that seemed to come from the bellows of a smith's forge when in full operation; then pointing downwards, three or four times with his bunch of keys, made a precipitate retreat as though equally afraid of the indiscretion he had committed as desirous of avoiding the opportunity of committing another.

As soon as he was gone, St. Leu imprinted a kiss upon the beautiful image that he held, and replaced it in his bosom; he sighed as he thought of her fate—yet it was a consolation—a slight one perhaps, but a consolation still—to know that he was so near her; he found the dungeon irksome, only because its walls were interposed between him and the object of his love.

Ru's hint at the governor's avarice served to fortify St. Leu in a resolution that he had shortly since conceived, namely, to explore the aperture that served as a chimney, with a view to remove the obstruction, if possible, persuaded that even should he be discovered in the attempt, the result could not render his position worse.

Leaving his meal untouched until his task should be completed, he cast off a portion of his clothes, and strengthening himself with a glass of the wine Ru had brought, lighted the candle—for it was now dark—and proceeded to examine the aperture: it was scarcely wide enough to admit his body, but by great exertion—cutting and bruising his hands and knees in the attempt—he succeeded in forcing himself a part of the way up, until he found his further progress arrested by a thick bar of iron; in vain he essayed to remove it, for still suffering from the effects of his wound, his strength was unequal to the task, and he was nearly abandoning it, when he imagined that the bar could possibly be bent sufficiently out of its place to afford a passage for his shoulders: accordingly he redoubled his exertions, and after reiterated efforts, perceived that it gave way; at length he forced it so much aside that he was enabled to pass through the barrier; but a few feet higher up, another difficulty presented itself in the shape of a second obstruction of a similar kind; again his courage failed him, for his strength was almost expended, when to his great joy he discovered that the second bar was loose—probably in consequence of not having been securely fixed in the origin, or of the cement having since given way—still, nearly an hour elapsed before he could tear it from the masonry, and even when obtained, he feared to employ it, lest he should alarm the sentinels above, whose footsteps, as they paced the platform, he now distinctly heard. His irresolution, however, was but of short duration; and having rested awhile, he recommenced his ascent, nor had proceeded very much higher, when, in an elbow of the aperture, and forming a compact mass, he found accumulated a quantity of hay, straw, old cement, pieces of brick and stone, sticks, and various kinds of rubbish, that had evidently been thrown into

it from without: plying his iron bar, he soon succeeded—much to the danger of his eyes and person, from the falling dust and stones—in entirely dislodging the obstruction, which task completed, he regained his cell.

He conjectured—judging by the more than half-burnt candle—that his labor had occupied him fully three hours, and guided by the appearance of the day when Ru arrived, that it must now be nearly eight o'clock. His first care was to conceal the iron bar that he had procured, struck with a sudden thought that it might be of service some other time; he then proceeded to wash off the dirt and blood that begrimed his person, for his legs and hands were severely lacerated, and bled freely; this done he dressed himself, and clearing the hearth of the mass of rubbish that had fallen, proceeded to kindle a fire—more for comfort's sake than for the warmth—for his late exertion had thrown him into a profuse perspiration. To his great relief, he perceived that the smoke followed its natural bent; the wood, though damp, began to crackle and blaze, imparting a portion of the cheerfulness so peculiar to itself, to every object in the cell: St. Leu drew up the ricketty table as close to it as he conveniently could, placed the not less ricketty chair by its side, and seating himself therein, soon consumed the viands whose first-rate quality Ru had so much vaunted.

Against blighted affections, woman bears up with less energy than man, for at the hazard-table of love, she stakes at a venture, her whole existence—her entire being—her all—! alas! often, too often, to retire ruined! And now no longer can she contend against the frightful intensity of her sufferings—the fountains of her heart are broken up—she must die of the shock—or become an outcast—or sit down alone and weep, until, fretted to its last fibre, the thread of life snaps!

Not so with man: a disappointment of the heart may overwhelm him at first, but his pursuits tend to divert his thoughts into a variety of channels, and he soon yields to new temptations: thenceforward he looks upon love with disenchantment—regards it as a plaything—a chimera—an unreality—a-will-o'-the-wisp—ever flitting before him, but which, though ever chasing it, he never more can come up with!

Approximating to these latter, on the score of the reality of love, were St. Leu's thoughts, on learning from St. Marcel the story of the ring. The first shock prostrated him, but he gradually recovered from it, and in the excitement arising from disappointment, penned a letter to Julie, full of bitter reproaches. To find she was in the Bastile, dispelled his doubts; but the new and heavier calamity that had overtaken him, prostrated his spirits still more than the first; the lethargy into which he sunk was, however, only transitory; he awoke from it suddenly, and, as out of a refreshing sleep, with his mind restored to its usual energy, towards which happy consummation the excitement of the late scene had mainly contributed. Buoyed up by the hope of procuring an interview with his betrothed,

he now felt comparatively resigned to his position, nor perceived the difficulty of accomplishing the project he entertained, until he began to reflect upon the means of attaining it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DUKE OF CHARTRES AND HIS COMPANIONS: THE CAROUSAL AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.

Let us now quit the sombre interior of the *calotte de la Bertaudière*, and supposing a week or more to have elapsed since D'Argenson's last visit to Versailles, transport ourselves to the voluptuous pavilion adjoining the apartments of Monseigneur Philippe d'Orleans, Duke of Chartres, situated in the western wing of the palace erected by that sumptuous prodigal, Cardinal Richelieu.*

The clock of the Louvre had not long struck eleven—the night-watch had been set, and such few of the citizens whom business or pleasure had detained beyond their usual hour, were hurrying homewards with all the diligence that the fear of being stopped and interrogated by the spies of the lieutenant of police, or the greater dread of a lecture from their better fraction, could inspire them with.

At irregular intervals, however, from that hour up to midnight, any inquisitive individual that for the time being, felt inclined to lose sight of the penalty attached—most particularly in those days—to the heinous crime of peeping, might easily, and without very narrowly watching at a certain small dark gate established in the dead wall, whose site is now occupied by the Rue de Valois, which said gate opened into the gardens of the Palais Royal—have witnessed a circumstance calculated to afford him matter for further speculation. This was the arrival, at different periods, first of some three or four cavaliers, and secondly of exactly half a dozen sedans, each of which latter deposited a female figure so jealously muffled up in her mantle, as not to leave visible, even the very smallest bit of her

* This celebrated personage commenced the above-named edifice, in the year 1629. It was erected on the site of the ancient Hôtels de Mercœur and Rambeuillet, which belonged, in the 15th century, to the Connétable d'Armagnac, and were situated in the Rue St. Honoré. In the reign of Charles the Fifth, the site of the present gardens was traversed by the wall and ditch that surrounded Paris, which crossed it in the direction of the present basin, and of the Café de Foy. In 1624, Richelieu purchased the above Hôtels of the Marquis D'Estrées, together with four others, and in the year 1629, began building his palace, after the design of Lemercier. Over the principal gate he placed the arms of Richelieu, surmounted by a cardinal's hat, and underneath, in gold letters, inscribed the words: "*Palais du Cardinal.*"

features. The cavaliers came on foot, and as soon as the small door was opened, walked boldly in: not so the fair visitors, who on being liberated from their chair, darted furtively through, and without looking right or left, made the best of their way across the garden to the pavilion.

The door had not long closed upon the last comer, before a man of very tall stature—who had been on the watch—suddenly emerged from a salient angle of the wall; having looked about him, and listened for a few moments, to make sure that no one was near, he disengaged himself from a large cloak in which his person was enfolded, and producing a rope, to one end whereof was attached a grapnel, threw it over the wall, and gaining the summit by its assistance, immediately disappeared over the other side.

But if all was quiet outside, all within was noise and bustle, and hurry, and confusion—with general shuffling of feet in the passages —and greater clamor of tongues in the kitchens—but still greater dancing about of lights everywhere: these, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, might be seen, some darting singly, through the apartments above, some three or four in a clustre, flying through those below; many outside—more in—but all of them at last accumulating in the pavilion already mentioned, when the curtains were suddenly drawn before the windows, and the perambulations of the torches became confined to the passages.

The banquetting-room, in which the company were assembled, particularly deserves notice. It was furnished and decorated in the most elegant manner; the ceiling, exquisitely painted, represented the amors of the gods and other mythological subjects of the most voluptuous kind, the walls being covered with tapestry and paintings illustrative of the same; the hangings, of a deep plum color, were of velvet, richly embroidered, and fringed with gold; a chandelier of crystal depended from a rosace in the centre of the ceiling, the light from which was reflected from looking-glasses and mirrors placed all around the apartment, imparting to it the splendor of enchantment; in four of the angles stood marble pedestals surmounted by statues of Diana, Venus, Psyche, and Leda; in the four others, upon similar pedestals, were as many vases, each, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, made to throw up a small jet of aromatised water, the tricklings of which, as it fell, drop by drop, sounded like softest music; the banquetting-table itself groaned not less beneath the weight of gold and silver plate with which it was loaded than of the dainties upon it, including every delicacy that the season afforded, or could be made to produce, or that the genius of Pannada could invent to pique the palate of the noble epicures.

First in the throng was Monseigneur de Chartres himself, seated at the head of his guests between two *comédiennes* of the opera, celebrated for their beauty and wit; the one to his right, called *Ida*, *La Belle Bouclée*, on account of the profusion of her hair; the other, to his left, *La Brunette;* next to the latter sat Monseig-

neur D'Argenson, having to his left a beautiful and wealthy courtezan named Drucille, next to whom sat the young and handsome Chevalier de Brancas, flanked by one Madame la Motte; to the left again of the latter, opposite the duke, sat the Marquis D'Effiat, and to the right of Ida, the Abbé Dubois, monseigneur's preceptor, and the superintendent of his pleasures, or, as he was afterwards styled, *Secrétaire des Commandemens de Monseigneur;* he had retained his clerical habit, in order, as he observed, "*to sanctify the feast,*" and was flanked by one of the late maids of honor of Madame la Duchesse de Chartres, to whom, on account of her liveliness, the *sobriquet* of *La Rieuse* had been given; next to her sat the Marquis de St. Fare, the intermediate place between whom and D'Effiat was filled up by a sixth female, designated as *La Belle Roxane.*

From the commencement of the feast, the conversation was confined to individual *tete-à-tete*, but as soon as the dessert was served, the duke ordered the lackeys to retire and close the doors, when, filling up a bumper, he exclaimed:

"Now, friends, away with etiquette! let us think only of pleasure. St. Fare, push round the nectar."

The duke's signal for the commencement of the orgie was hailed by shouts of applause, and the wine began to circulate freely.

D'Argenson appeared to take but little interest in the general hilarity, but paid extreme attention to the viands set before him, most especially to the wine; he kept himself, for some time, thrust backwards in his chair, watching, one and the other, as if for the purpose of catching any stray expression that either should let fall, which he might, in the way of his peculiar line of business, turn to profit; but by degrees the good cheer operated more favorably upon him; his countenance assumed a less bilious expression, his sunken eyes brightened, and he began to whisper in the ear of Drucille, who, however, received his compliments, if such they were, with a great degree of reserve, evidently more desirous of cultivating the particular acquaintance of the Chevalier de Brancas.

Numerous were the pleasantries now bandied from side to side; the wine circulated with rapidity, repartee succeeding repartee with the quickness of thought, intermingled with the recital of divers scandalous adventures, that malice or the love of mischief had propagated; and long and loud were the peals of laughter that followed a smart joke, or the detail of a *faux-pas*, the duke setting the example, by retailing such anecdotes as were most calculated, from their extreme piquancy, to delight his guests.

Taking advantage of a pause—for the uproar was for a time so great that no single individual could make himself heard—the duke filled his glass, and elevating it above his head, first pledged La Bouclée; then re-filling, and motioning his companions to do the same, exclaimed:

"Come, friends! here's to our presiding divinities, Venus and Bacchus; since we worship at their shrine, we ought not to omit

propitiating their favor;" saying which, he drained his glass, an example which was immediately imitated by the rest.

"I shall propose a sentiment," exclaimed D'Effiat, replenishing, and speaking across the table to D'Orleans.

"Sentiment from *you*, marquis," cried La Brunette, laughing, "will be something quite novel—"

"If *you* inspired me with it, *belle Brunette*," retorted the satirical marquis, "it would indeed."

"The sentiment, the sentiment," cried three or four voices, interrupting the colloquy.

"Here it is then," exclaimed he: "When we want to kill time, may we never lack wine."

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted D'Orleans, whirling his glass above his head; "D'Effiat's sentiment repeated."

"'Tis the only good one he can lay claim to," ejaculated Dubois, delighted to have an opportunity of rubbing off a portion of his score against the marquis, at whose expense the laugh rose with renewed boisterousness.

"I don't believe the abbé ever possessed a good one himself that he didn't blush to own it," observed D'Argenson, with a sneering smirk, as soon as the noise had somewhat subsided.

"Perhaps not," retorted Dubois, nowise disconcerted; "but every body knows that Monseigneur D'Argenson never could lay claim to a single good one in his life! Friends, I propose to write his epitaph," continued he: "Here lieth one who never set an example worth following."

"Canst thou not write mine, Dubois?" observed D'Orleans, applying himself assiduously to the bottle.

"'Tis not worth while," retorted the shameless abbé; "one for monsieur le duc's mother will serve both: here lieth idleness."*

This allegorical allusion to idleness as the parent of all the vices was quickly seized by the company, who watched the duke's countenance, to read how to mould their own, and how to receive the abbé's witticism; but D'Orleans, after a moment's pause—for he was the last to comprehend the epigram—burst into a fit of laughter, that was re-echoed by his guests.

"I have heard Dubois say," exclaimed D'Orleans, dashing his glass down upon the table, "that wine-bibbing is a cardinal virtue, and a priestly custom, and one that ought to be more practised, because it makes a man's heart expand with charity towards all men—"

"And inspires him with such notions of humility," stammered the abbé, interrupting the duke, "that if he's only drunk enough, he runs to earth, full length, like a worm."

This sally excited another burst of laughter, in which the decan-

* Madame D'Orleans, the duke's mother, was of a most indolent disposition, and to Dubois was attributed the promulgation of the above-mentioned satire after her decease.

ters, bottles and glasses seemed to join, communicating their hilarity to the table itself, which groaned and cracked as if on the very verge of falling to pieces.

The convivial party, consisting originally of twelve, had in the interim been augmented by the arrival of a thirteenth, who remained invisible, though a witness of all the proceedings; this was no other than the tall man, who had, at an earlier hour of the evening, scaled the outer wall, in the manner already mentioned.

He had been the whole of that day upon the track of the lieutenant of police, dogging his steps with the most determined perseverance, until he saw him enter the Palais Royal by the small dark door described above. Half suspecting what was going forward, for he was a shrewd man; but not enjoying the privilege of the *entrée*, he took the trifling liberty of admitting himself upon the strength of the leave proverbially peculiar to his nation, conjointly with that of the grapnel and rope; a mechanical contrivance particularly well adapted to facilitate similar exploits, and which, being in the habit of often requiring, he never travelled without. Having succeeded thus far, he was not a little disconcerted; though in no wise discouraged; to find himself hermetically excluded from the pavilion to which he had traced the fugitive; but this untoward circumstance served only to sharpen his invention. The window, which was scarcely five feet from the ground, seemed to afford him the readiest means of access, but it was secured within by an *espagnolette*, a difficulty not easily overcome; besides this, servants were running to and fro, who were likely to detect him in the attempt; another contrariety; however, the night, which was very dark, favored him materially, and watching his opportunity, he commenced operations by inserting the blade of his pocket-knife between the crevices of the window, the noise he made being drowned by the greater clamor within. After much difficulty, he succeeded in working the bolt of the *espagnolette* out of its place, and easily accomplished the remainder of his project; he cautiously opened the window, and crept in, closing it after him and crouching down behind the long hangings, which served entirely to conceal him from observation; here he remained unsuspected, listening to everything, occasionally applying one eye to a friendly opening in the drapery, and thence surveying the company with the greatest complacency.

The lieutenant of police, who had confined his gallantry and his conversation almost wholly to the beautiful Drucille, perceiving that the guests had arrived at that crisis of convivial happiness which will not admit of augmentation without diminution, and formed themselves into coteries of twos and threes, took advantage of the termination of a *tête-a-tête* in which the duke had been some time engaged with La Belle Bouclée, to attract his attention; holding his glass in one hand he leaned across the table, and said to him in an under tone:

"Highness! here's to the fair owner of the diamond ring."

'Say'st thou so?" responded he, "so be it; by my faith I had

almost forgotten her. How is she, monseigneur, the dear angel; step this way friend D'Argenson, a word with thee."

D'Orleans rose from the table; his guests being now too deeply absorbed in themselves to notice his absence; and catching the lieutenant of police by the arm, led him to the recess where the stranger lay concealed, stationing himself close to the drapery, so that the former could distinguish the form of both, and stood trembling to see D'Orleans grasp the curtain for the purpose of steadying himself, fearing every moment that he would drag it aside and leave him exposed.

"Tell me," said the duke, commencing a colloquy that he was far from suspecting was not confined to the exclusive hearing of himself and D'Argenson, "when am I to see the lovely Julie again?"

The lieutenant of police paused awhile ere he answered, which he at length did, in a low tone, as if suspicious of being overheard by the company, or of saying too much.

"When I saw your highness, at Versailles," said he, "I explained——"

"Pardon me, friend D'Argenson," observed the prince, interrupting him; at the same time laying a hand upon his shoulder in order to maintain his perpendicular; "thou didst not explain anything at all; only promised to liberate the beauty, upon the faith of which, I took measures for carrying her off."

"There were reasons for the delay, highness."

"The devil take thy reasons, friend D'Argenson; thou art as crafty as a fox, and as full of reasons as a law-suit! Tell me at once, when will thou set her free?"

"I cannot do it at all, highness; at least for the present."

"Very well," retorted D'Orleans; "then thou must order St. Marc to admit me to see her in the Bastile."

"That is impossible, highness," replied D'Argenson, with a smile of satisfaction; "I have his majesty's warrant for her safe keeping during his gracious pleasure."

This unexpected announcement astounded the prince, and almost threw him off his balance.

"Surely," ejaculated he, in a less muddy voice, "surely our royal uncle has not seen her!"

"No! highness, no!" responded the other; "but I cannot now explain the motives that necessitate her detention."

"But why," continued D'Orleans, "can I not visit her in the Bastile—to-morrow—any day—as I did on a former——?"

"Highness, you must renounce her," exclaimed D'Argenson, in a sharp, brief tone.

"Must!" retorted the other; "that is a strong term, monseigneur! What! renounce her, after all the trouble that the Père Dubois took? After my misadventure too with St. Leu, who was well nigh running me through; though to be sure he could not know me; renounce her, 'Sieur D'Argenson; ah! ah! ah!"

"'Tis only a caprice, after all, highness;" remonstrated the cunning lieutenant, as soon as the duke's contemptuous laugh had subsided.

"We will return to our friends, monseigneur;" observed the duke; "I prefer their company to a *tête-à-tête* with thee; look! there's Dubois, watching us like a lynx!"

He was on the point of quitting the recess, when D'Argenson detained him by the arm, saying:

"Is your heart so far engaged highness, that you could not relinquish her for another? I have often heard you boast that no woman possessed fascination enough to fix your affections."

"Affections, indeed," replied the prince, smiling at the conceit; "by my faith, I don't remember ever having had any! But I more than half suspect thee, friend D'Argenson, of being my rival! I did from the first! I may be mistaken; but if I am, thy speciousness is a paradox."

"You *are* mistaken, highness," answered D'Argenson, assuming a look of the most immaculate virtue; "between us there can be no rivalry."

"I confess that," retorted the prince.

"I wished to inform your highness," resumed the lieutenant of police, gradually bringing D'Orleans into a line, "that you are mistaken in the person of the girl—"

"I cannot be mistaken in her beauty, friend D'Argenson; what matters the rest?" said the duke, interrupting him.

"The two sisters are equally worthy of your highness's notice," continued the other, relying on his own adroitness to bring the fickle prince over to his own views.

"Ah! that alters the case, indeed, friend D'Argenson; two birds to trap, eh! Thou art not duping me, eh?"

"We have both been deceived, highness; a mistake on the part of Jacques, caused the imprisonment of Julie de St. Auney instead of her sister; your highness took the ring from *her*."

"'Tis rather a piquant story, friend D'Argenson; I really begin to feel greatly interested in the sister who is at liberty; is she as beautiful as the other, eh?"

"She surpasses her, highness."

"Does she still reside in the little house adjoining the Carmelites?" asked the prince, lowering his voice.

"You surely would not carry *her* off, highness," remarked D'Argenson, smiling at the duke's readiness to fall into the deep plan he had concocted against the peace of the baron's family.

"A bird in the hand, monseigneur;" retorted the fickle prince, laughing; "thou knowest the proverb."

"Well," insinuated D'Argenson, "we can easily trap this one;" and he peered intently into the face of D'Orleans, to note the effect his words produced.

The latter exchanged with him a quick glance of intelligence, and whispered in his ear:

"How, and when could it be done, friend D'Argenson?"

"If you desire it, highness," replied the latter, "by to-morrow night the girl shall be safely caged."

"Where?" asked D'Orleans, breathless with excitement.

"I will have her conveyed to the Convent of the *Sœurs de la Madeleine du Trainel*, answered D'Argenson.

The duke placed a hand in that of the lieutenant's, silently intimating his assent to the arrangement; and was about to make some further remark, when he suddenly started hurriedly exclaiming:

"Did'st thou hear that noise, monseigneur?"

"What noise, highness?"

The duke did not answer; but with a promptness that might have proved fatal to the individual concealed, he drew his sword and thrust it through the drapery, much to the astonishment of D'Argenson who saw no motive for the act; the point however only perforated the panes of the window, for finding that he had betrayed himself, the listener had with the rapidity of light made his escape through the casement.

The clatter of the broken glass, attracted the attention of the guests, who rose in a mass, and, as well as they could, rushed pell-mell to the spot where the duke and D'Argenson were standing.

"This can be only Jacques," muttered D'Argenson to himself; "fortunately, however, she is, by this time, safely housed."

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW JEANNE DE ST. AUNEY WAS ABDUCTED FROM THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS DE LA MADELEINE DU TRAINEL.*

THE lieutenant of police was not mistaken in the identity of the individual whose precipitate flight created this temporary diversion,

* This order of nuns, namely, "Les sœurs," or "Les Rèligieuses de la Madeleine du Trainel," was founded at Trainel, in Champagne, towards the middle of the twelfth century. To escape the horrors of the wars, in 1630, they abandoned their convent, concealing themselves in a different part of the province; in 1652, in consequence of the civil wars that raged, they entirely withdrew from Champagne and sought an asylum at Paris, taking up their abode at a private house. In 1654, they purchased a large house and a garden in the Rue de Charrone, (No. 88) where they constructed a church, and other buildings, of which Anne of Austria laid the first stone. D'Argenson became one of the principal patrons of this convent, and endowed it very richly. He placed here one of his mistresses, named Husson, who was soon after supplanted by the then superior—a young and handsome woman, and who subsequently built a chapel and dedicated it to St. Marc, D'Argenson's patron saint. At his decease, his heart was interred here.

The Duchess of Orleans much augmented the Convent, and in later years made it a residence. In 1790 it was suppressed, and turned into a cotton-manufactory.

though various were the conjectures hazarded by the company, who, differing in the main of the score of the intruder's character and of his intentions, at length arrived at the satisfactory, though somewhat indefinite conclusion, that the whole affair was very mysterious, and difficult of elucidation.

But D'Argenson himself felt certain no other than Jacques could possess a motive for committing an act of such temerity, notwithstanding his inability to conceive what that motive could be. He was too shrewd to suppose idle curiosity alone had urged him to intrude thus boldly upon the duke's privacy, for what had he to gain or to learn by coming there? it was next to impossible that the circumstance of Jeanne's abduction from home had yet transpired; or knowing the man's unaccountable attachment to the baron's family, he would—how extravagant soever the supposition—have attributed the bold step to his desire to learn whither she had been conveyed.

It has been shown how Jacques, depending upon the strength and the multiplicity of his own resources, found himself in a position to set his employer at defiance, and how, in order the more easily to accomplish his private ends, he subjected the lieutenant of police to the benefits of the same system of surveillance the latter had himself established, employing for this purpose, sometimes one of his Lutetians, at others, watching his every movement in proper person. He became thus enabled, from the first, to unmask that functionary's hypocrisy, and to secure himself against the consequence of his distrust; but at length, finding himself beaten at every point, and his most secret intentions either forestalled or frustrated, D'Argenson ended by suspecting the treachery of which he was the victim, and consequently began to act with greater caution, prosecuting his plans with increased cunning and all possible dispatch, baffling discovery.

Having in the manner already described, rescued Father Pierre Simon, the capuchin, from the snare D'Argenson had laid to entrap him, and warned him of the danger by which he was surrounded in consequence of his equivocal position, and having, further, concerted measures to ensure the holy father's safety until he had accomplished the secret and important mission which brought him to the capital, Jacques cast off his disguise, and returned to Paris, bearing a letter to Jeanne de St. Auncy from Madame de Maintenon, in which this personage apprized her of the steps she had taken to procure Julie's release, and of the king's promise to command it.

The poor girl was in tears; St. Marcel had waited upon her that morning, with a letter from Julie which Jacques had commissioned him to deliver, and which, as will be remembered, Ru placed in Jacques' hand only the night before, as the latter was on the point of leaving the Bastile. She appeared to have just completed the perusal of the welcome epistle, but evidently her heart was a prey to the intensest anguish, for she sobbed loud and frequently; her eyes too were red, and swollen for the want of repose, whilst her

pallid cheek, here and there tinged with a slight flush, betrayed the anxiety to which she had all night been a prey. Old Prévôt was seated by her side, wiping her own eyes in sympathy, and endeavoring to comfort her young mistress by the most persuasive arguments to prove 'that every thing must have an end, and assuring her—as she often said before—that every thing that happened, happened for the best.

It was difficult to say, however, whether the old nurse or Jeanne was the most alarmed at the apparition of Jacques, who entered the apartment in which they were sitting—through the door it is true—but most unexpectedly, and in his usual quiet and mysterious manner. Prévôt was too much terrified to scream, whilst Jeanne gazed tremblingly and in silence at him, knowing him to be intimately connected with their misfortunes, and to have played a prominent part in them; she dreaded to hear him speak, lest she should find him the precursor of some fresh calamity, and was scarcely able to maintain even an appearance of composure; perceiving the effect which his presence produced, Jacques motioned them to remain seated, and addressing Jeanne, said:

"Don't be alarmed, mademoiselle; I am only the bearer of a letter to you from Versailles."

"From Madame de Maintenon!" hurriedly exclaimed Jeanne, re-assured by his respectful deportment and the frankness of his manner; "I ought to have waited upon her to-day, but—" here she burst into a fresh flood of tears, which prevented her from completing the sentence.

Jacques, who knew the subject uppermost in her mind, abstained from making any remark relative to her father, and handing her the letter, continued:

"I saw Madame de Maintenon this morning; she requests me to deliver this into your hands; finding that you did not come to Versailles, she was unwilling to keep you in suspense."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Jeanne, wiping her eyes as she finished the perusal of the letter; "we *shall* then, dear nurse, see our beloved Julie again. But where—where can my poor father be?"

"Most *re*-markable!" chimed in Prévôt; "do you know, sir—" this was addressed to the spy—"that monsieur le baron left home last evening to go to the Bastile and fetch Madamoiselle Julie, and he has not yet returned. A most *re*-markable circumstance, isn't it? *I* say they have kept him there."

Jacques, although moved almost to tears by the anguish of the beautiful Jeanne, felt disinclined to confide to her the dreadful secret that he had surprised, lest he should compromise his own safety.

"I was at the Bastile, last night," he at length said, "but I fear you will not thank me for the news I shall give you—"

"Nay! nay! speak! I beg!" answered Jeanne, breathless with excitement; "any thing is better than suspense."

"I have a great respect for you, mademoiselle," again remarked

the spy; "I may call it even friendship, and I know I can rely upon your discretion; but will you answer for that of your companion there?" and he pointed to Prévôt.

"Answer for *my* discretion indeed," exclaimed the dame, with an air of wounded dignity, perking herself up, and tossing her head; "I can answer for my own; I arrived long ago at the years of discretion, I can tell you; and when a girl, I was always *re*-markable for discretion—"

"I can trust Prévôt with any secret," observed Jeanne, inwardly anticipating Jacques' communication; "you may therefore speak without fear."

"For your father's sake, then," replied Jacques, "for the sake of your sister, nay, for your own, do not let it transpire that you communicated with them; your imprudence might involve me in trouble, and deprive you of your only protector."

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated Jeanne, in a scarcely audible voice, and turning pale as a corpse; "what do you mean? In pity's sake let me know the worst at once."

"I do not know the worst myself," responded he; "but I grieve to say that your father is once more in the power of Monseigneur D'Argenson."

"Most *re*-markable!" cried Prévôt;" "didn't I say so!"

"I anticipated this," murmured Jeanne, sinking back in her chair and sobbing hysterically; "my poor dear father, then, is again a prisoner in the Bastile! Have *you*," she added, after a pause, and in a tone of agony that cut him to the heart, "have *you* had a hand in this?"

The question was so direct, and came so unexpectedly, that it threw Jacques off his guard. The blood flew from his cheeks; and his trepidation, notwithstanding the powerful efforts he made to master it, became too apparent to escape the notice of his fair interrogator. He answered not a word; but averting his eyes, stood with them bent towards the ground, overcome by his emotion.

"I see," said she, noticing his embarrassment; "I see how it is! You *have* had a hand in this transaction, too, and are now ashamed of the foul part you have played! Here! here is gold for the information you have given me; leave my presence—let me never more behold you. I shall yet find friends in Paris."

"Stay!" answered Jacques, haughtily, at the same time setting aside the hand extended towards him with the proffered recompense; "I *was* instrumental in causing the imprisonment both of your father and sister; I confess it! But had it not been for me, you would still be in suspense as to their fate! Know, that through me alone must you hope to see them delivered; I have sworn to attempt their release!"

Jeanne listened to him with surprise. The man whom but a moment before she despised, suddenly became fraught with mysterious interest; his words were big with meaning, and full of determination; there was something, too, in his gaze, that inspired her with

secret confidence, the influence of which she already experienced. She caught a partial glimpse of the vile motives which had actuated the Duke of Chartres to take a part in that odious plot; she shuddered, and trembled for Julie, and yet could see no possible means of rescuing her, for Madame de Maintenon's letter led her to infer that her protectress could do no more than she had already done; therefore nothing remained but to await the issue of her intercession, and that of Louis' command.

But then, what did Jacques mean by asserting that he alone could effect their release? As D'Argenson's confidential agent, did he possess any secret information connected with his employer's ulterior views, which neither Madame de Maintenon, nor still less Louis Quatorze, were aware of?

It may here be remarked, that her surmise regarding the spy's acquaintance with D'Argenson's views respecting the baron and Julie, was unfounded; for Jacques possessed no certain information on that head, his own natural shrewdness and profound penetration alone leading him to infer that their fate was less in the hands of the king, than in those of the lieutenant of police and his minions at the Bastile; and upon this conviction was based his assertion to Jeanne.

To confide in the extraordinary being before her, appeared a desperate step; but the ill was desperate, and no other remedy suggested itself. Thus her conclusions gradually became favorable to Jacques, whom she again addressed, and in a tone that no longer betrayed distrust.

"Who are you, strange man?" said she, "and what motive have you for secretly befriending those whom you openly persecute? for you are the agent of our enemy."

"You have cause to judge me harshly," answered the spy, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "but I am used to injustice, and can pardon those who condemn from ignorance. I am unknown to you, though not to monsieur le baron; nor was my father; but many years have elapsed since they were in connection."

"And who then was your father?" asked Jeanne, deeply interested; "and where is he?"

"Dead!" responded Jacques, in a half-choked voice; "but it would serve no end to satisfy your inquiry respecting him, nor to inform you of the design that brought me, a few years since, to Paris: chance revived my old associations with your family, and this must suffice you to know, at present."

"I can only offer you my thanks, sir," observed Jeanne, her face glowing with renewed hope; "and you may rely upon it, that for all our sakes, nothing shall escape from my lips."

On receiving Jeanne's assurance, Jacques bowed to her with a degree of grace which it astonished her to find in a man of his rough exterior, and quitted the apartment as mysteriously as he had introduced himself, leaving her, if not entirely resigned to the fresh calamity that had befallen her, at any rate fully impressed with the belief that it was irremediable.

But day after day passed by without any further intelligence transpiring from Jacques; she thence inferred that his exertions to procure the release of her relatives, had not yet proved more successful than Madame de Maintenon's intercession; in the interim, however, she took advantage of the spy's offer, and forwarded to him, through the medium of St. Marcel—with whom she was in daily communication—a letter for Julie, and a second for her father, looking forward with daily-increasing anxiety, to their answer, in the anticipation of discovering some clue to the mystery that seemed to enshroud the whole transaction.

At length, some hours after dusk on the same evening that Jacques introduced himself so unexpectedly to the notice of the guests assembled in the Duke of Chartres' pavilion, and whilst Jeanne was speculating with Dame Prévôt upon the probable issue of her father's and her sister's fate, two strangers, in the garb of priests, were announced by old Antoine, the domestic, as desirous of seeing her upon a matter of life and death. Being instantly admitted—for her thoughts immediately reverted to the cherished objects of her affection—they informed her, with great show of sympathy and commisseration, that they came to conduct her to the convent of the Sœurs de la Madeleine de Trainel, whither her sister had been conveyed, in a dying state, from the Bastile.

The suddenness of the shock almost prostrated her, but summoning all her fortitude to meet the emergency, she hurried on her cloak, unhesitatingly confiding herself to the care of the holy men —whose garb was well calculated to disarm suspicion—and set out with them on foot for the convent, leaving Prévôt behind in the greatest grief; for notwithstanding her tears and entreaties to be permitted to accompany her, the strangers insisted upon the matron remaining at home, consoling her with an assurance that she should be sent for if her young lady grew worse.

Jeanne—whose anguish was extreme—felt her limbs sink beneath her as she proceeded on her road, and was several times compelled to stop to gather strength to continue her journey, weeping and sobbing the whole time; when they reached the Bastile, her emotion became so violent, that even her conductors were touched; they urged her onwards, notwithstanding, supporting her between them, until they arrived at the convent—situated in the Rue de Charrone—where they quitted her, leaving her in the custody of the abbess.

And here Jeanne, for the first time, began to suspect she had been made the victim of some vile artifice, for the embarrassment visible in the superior's demeanor, and the sinister whisperings which passed between her and the sub-abbess, led her to conclude, that although her arrival was expected, the object for which she had been brought was not such as her abductors represented.

"Where, madam," said she, addressing the superior, "where is my sister?"

"Thy sister, my child!" replied the latter; "we are all thy sisters here."

"Do not trifle with my feelings, I beseech you," reiterated Jeanne, bursting into tears; "I mean Julie; my own sister: whom they brought here from the Bastile, and whom they told me was dying!"

"Thou art laboring under some mistake, my child," answered the abbess; "no one of the sisterhood, here, is dying; thou wert brought hither previously to thy transfer to the Carmelites; is it not so, sister Martha?" this was addressed to the sub-abbess.

"And by whose orders, madam," asked Jeanne, without allowing sister Martha time to reply, "have I been brought hither? There surely was no necessity for employing so cruel an artifice to mislead me."

"I cannot answer thee, child, upon this point," resumed the haughty matron; "perhaps to-morrow thou wilt be more enlightened. Sister Martha shall conduct thee to thy chamber for the night; I shall expect to see thee at matins."

"This is some foul plot against my liberty," exclaimed Jeanne, the blood rushing into her cheeks, "to which I will not tamely submit. I demand to be instantly released, madame; you have no right to detain me against my will."

"*Benedicite*, my child," ejaculated the abbess, extending her hand, and turning on her heel; "Sister Martha, see her to her chamber."

As soon as the abbess was gone, sister Martha raised the weeping girl, and strove to console her, but her assurances failed to produce the effect intended, although Jeanne appeared conscious that they were kindly meant.

"Must I then consider myself a prisoner here?" she ejaculated, with an effort to overcome her agitation; "alas! that I should be thus persecuted."

"Come this way, sister," said her companion, in a mild tone of voice; "I wish it were in my power to set thee free! But do not despair! Place thy trust in Him above; he will not fail thee in the hour of need!"

So saying, she preceded Jeanne, leading the way across the great court to the western wing of the building; they soon arrived at a small chamber, neatly furnished, but only with the bare necessaries, which sister Martha indicated as that in which Jeanne was to pass the night, and having embraced her on both cheeks, and pronounced a parting *benedicite*, left her alone to her sorrows.

Thus far, D'Argenson's villainous plot had succeeded: he now held the whole family of the baron within his grasp, and nothing remained but to accomplish their destruction. For the abduction of Jeanne—which he resolved upon effecting only subsequently to procuring the king's warrant for the detention of her father and her sister—he knew he might depend upon his emissaries, whom he first instructed for the odious task; thus, it was not surprising that he should make light of the knowledge Jacques so surreptitiously acquired of this portion of his plan, since by speaking of it only after its accomplishment, he had placed it out of the spy's power to frus-

trate it; he therefore returned to the convivial table with a mind free from apprehension on the score of the unfortunate maiden's safety, and joined the general hilarity with a zest he had up to, that moment abstained from exhibiting: the company finished the night by one of those disgraceful bacchanalian orgies, as the chief promoter of which the duke became in after years so famous. Save the mark!

But Jacques, believing there was yet time to warn Jeanne of her danger, determined to make immediate use of the information he had obtained, and to put her at once upon her guard, or to convey her to a place of safety; thus, having escaped from his pursuers, he bent his steps towards the baron's residence in the Rue d'Enfer, and although it was now four o'clock in the morning, did not hesitate to arouse the inmates, conscious that the greatest expedition alone could save the baron's daughter from D'Argenson's meditated villany. How great was his astonishment on discovering that the cunning of the latter had forstalled him!

Having assured himself that the convent to which she had been conveyed was the same one mentioned by D'Argenson, he set out for it, revolving in his mind, as he went along, the kind of stratagem he should employ to obtain an interview with her. This point settled, he loitered in the immediate neighbourhood of the convent, until the chapel-bells chimed the early *angelus*, summoning the sisters to matins, when, upon making himself known, he was immediately admitted into the presence of the abbess, for D'Argenson's visits to her—and Jacques' in consequence, as his confidential emissary—were very frequent; more so perhaps, than was consistent with the fair recluse's wide reputation for immaculateness, and the character of the religious establishment over which she presided.

"*Benedicite*, brother," exclaimed the matron, as Jacques entered; "thou art an early visitor; something extraordinary brings thee!"

"I come with a message from Monseigneur D'Argenson," replied the spy, "to the young woman who was brought hither by his orders last night. I must deliver it to her myself! Can I see her?"

"In my presence, brother;" responded the abbess, casting her eyes downwards; "thou canst not remain alone in her company."

"Be it so," answered Jacques, after a short pause; "but send for her quickly, for time with me is precious!"

Ringing a small silver hand-bell the abbess summoned sister Martha, and bade her conduct Jeanne unto her presence, indulging, during her short absence, in sundry remarks indicative of her astonishment at the motive of the spy's early visit, but to which the latter returned no reply.

Great was Jeanne's surprise to find Jacques waiting to receive her; he did not, however afford her an opportunity of expressing her feelings, for taking her hand, as she entered, he bowed to the abbess, saying, whilst a smile of satisfaction curled his lip:

"I am sorry, *madame l'abbesse*, to deprive you so soon of your *protegée*, but she must accompany me hence."

"Was that thy message from monseigneur?" exclaimed the petrified matron.

"That is my business, madame;" retorted he, "come, mademoiselle," he continued, speaking to Jeanne, who stood irresolute, "the time is yet ours;" adding, in a whisper; "I am come to rescue you."

Jeanne, unable to answer, grasped his hand with a fervor that caused the blood to mantle into his cheeks, and at once resigned herself to his custody. But by this time, the abbess had recovered her presence of mind, and no longer doubtful of the real state of things, attempted to drag her back, rating sister Martha for remaining inactive, and threating to alarm the establishment.

"Save yourself that trouble madame," said Jacques, calmly, at the same time retreating from her, and taking Jeanne beneath his cloak; "the sisterhood have forsworn my sex. But to prevent your kind intention, I will take the liberty of"—here he suddenly disappeared through the door, locking it after him, and carrying away the key.

He now made the best of his way to the outer gate, which was at once opened by the unsuspecting porter, to whom, as he departed, he threw the key of the chamber in which the abbess was confined, mystifying him to an alarming extent, by observing that he might set her free as soon as he judged convenient.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Jeanne, looking up with tearful eyes into the spy's face; "thank heaven! I am once more free!"

"You are not yet safe, mademoiselle," answered Jacques, in a husky voice, as he hurried her along, concealing her beneath his large cloak; "you must take immediate refuge at the Carmelites. D'Argenson's power will not reach you there."

"But my father!" she exclaimed; "my sister!"

"Both are well!" replied he; "I know no more!"

Within two hours from that time Jeanne was an inmate of the Carmelites.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EVERY BODY, IN GENERAL, AND A FEW MORE ABOUT ST. MARCEL AND DEMOCRITUS, IN PARTICULAR.

But where was St. Marcel whilst these events were progressing? Since his first interview with Jeanne de St. Auney, in the gardens of the Luxembourg, he had entirely forsaken his former companions —who still kept up their nightly revels at the commandant's—and attached himself almost wholly, to his new associates, the Lutetians;

we say—*almost wholly*—because, apart from his military duties, his time was divided between them and Jeanne, on the score of whose well-being his solicitude appeared to increase in a most extraordinary manner, his inquiries respecting the same, forming the ostensible object of his daily visits.

He might, indeed, have been seen, early and late, walking alone, pensively, up and down the little avenue, called the *Avenue of the Grotto*, in which he first beheld Jeanne; but there was nothing in this—oh no! for most persons love to saunter about alone in gardens!

At other times he remained seated, for hours together, beneath the tall birch whose leafless branches had sheltered her on the morning in question; but there was nothing in this, either: oh no! for some persons may have a great fancy for sitting by the hour under a leafless tree, in the middle of winter!

One day when nobody was near, he cut an initial into the bark of that same tree—and very elaborately cut it was too—but there was nothing in *that*, although the letter *was* a J! oh no! for many names begin with a J!

Nor was there any thing in his visiting her so frequently, for what could be more innocent of design than his daily inquiry after her health—and his request to be permitted to call again on the morrow—and so on, until his visit came to be looked forward to as a thing of course!

The emotion too that he experienced when in her presence was perfectly natural, and easily accounted for, since few men can frequent the society of a beautiful girl without acknowledging the potency of her charms, or in some measure betraying their secret influence of the latter, over them!

It was likewise quite in accordance with the spirit of gallantry, for which the court and the times of Louis the Fourteenth were so celebrated, that St. Marcel should feel immensely interested in the occupations that engrossed the leisure of the baron's daughter; if he found her engaged upon a design—or a painting—or a piece of embroidery, nothing could be more proper than that he should prepare her colors. There really was nothing in all this; oh no!

Yet, it sometimes happened—always accidentally of course, because if done designedly, there would have been something in it—it sometimes happened, say we, that his hand would touch her's—the very least bit in the world—scarcely could a brush of a feather be lighter—when there would ensue on his part, a sudden palpitation of the heart—a confusion—a tremulousness—certain to lead to his doing the very same thing again the next opportunity that offered, although undesignedly still; causing the blood to mantle into her cheeks, and as rapidly rush back into her veins—whilst she would cast down her swimming eyes, and endeavor to keep her snowy bosom from heaving, lest he should perceive she had noticed his indiscretion, and think he had offended her thereby!

'Tis true Dame Prevôt began to throw out certain obscure hints

He now made the best of his way to the outer gate

and innuendoes intended to imply her intimate conviction—founded upon experience—that St. Marcel meant more than her young mistress suspected—nay, had even conceived an affection for her, which he was only watching an opportunity to declare, adducing in proof of the position she assumed, many instances of a similar nature, not one of the least *re*-markable of which she had, when a girl, been herself the subject. But to all she said, Jeanne proffered no reply.

Notwithstanding, however, that St. Marcel gave less of his company to his late asseciates, and more of it to his Lutetian brethren, one of the former engrossed a considerable share of his thoughts; this was St. Leu, whose extraordinary disappearance from the Commandant's residence, none of his comrades could explain, not even St. Marcel himself, until the revelations of the vinter, Pommier, at the emperor's council, coupled with Jacques' previous communications, led him to infer the truth. To inform his brother-officers and Schwillwein of his fate, would have been to betray at once, the secret of his association with the formidable body of spies; he therefore allowed them to exercise their ingenuity in surmises respecting the same, hoping every day that the duke—satisfied with incarcerating him for a short period—would of his own accord set him at liberty. Yet, being aware of the circumstances under which St. Leu's arrest had taken place, he could not entirely reconcile this neutral course with the line of conduct that he felt himself in honor bound to pursue; namely: to seek an interview with the Duke de Chartres, declare himself as the real aggressor, and beg St. Leu's release, throwing himself upon the duke's magnanimity. More than once he was on the point of obeying this generous impulse—so natural to him—but as often renounced his determination, hesitating lest he should be mistaken as to the motives of the duke, who might perhaps have been excited to imprison St. Leu in the Bastile, merely from a desire to rid himself of the man who stood between him and the object of his irregular passion; in which case, he would be only exposing himself without benefiting his comrade, wherefore he finally deemed it most prudent to allow matters to take their course.

But to Jeanne, the young man's absence appeared so unaccountable, that it naturally soon formed the subject of many a conversation between herself and St. Marcel—conversations that renewed his scruples with tenfold force. Nor was the silence of her sister's lover the least mysterious part of the affair; and finding herself incompetent to solve the problem otherwise, she began to place some little faith in Dame Prevôt's auguries, and to fear that St. Leu had indeed experienced the same fate as his betrothed—a surmise which the old nurse substantiated by adducing a multitude of proofs, each equally infallible, which had presented themselves to her in the shape of dreams and warnings, but had 'come out most *re*-markably in the cards,' in the course of her mysterious consultations therewith.

With respect to St. Marcel, the diverse emotions these events engendered, produced a corresponding effect upon his spirits; so marked indeed, that his now intimate friend and companion, Demo-

critus, swore most positively, that he must be under the influence of the passion which is said to keep the world in motion—an assertion St. Marcel rebutted with contempt—or at least with a great demonstration of it, and in the most unequivocal manner possible.

On the night of Jeanne's abduction, having, as usual, passed some hours of that day in her company, he repaired to the *Palais des Thermes;* but his spirits appeared to have lost their buoyancy; he sat apart from his companions, abstracted and grave, nor scarcely could the vivacity of the philosopher arouse him from the revery into which he fell.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ST. LEU OBTAINS AN INTERVIEW WITH JULIE, AND ASTONISHES CORBE AND FATHER RIQUELET.

The objects of Jeanne's anxiety were all this time closely confined to the narrow precincts of their respective prisons; the baron in No. 1, his daughter in No. 2, and St. Leu in the *calotte* of the Bertaudiére Tower.

The shock of meeting with her lover under such distressing circumstances threw Julie into a state of delirious fever, from which she did not recover for some days, notwithstanding the potency of Sister Bridget's medicaments, who, to render her justice, tended her charge night and day, with a larger amount of solicitude than she was wont to manifest in general.

Although unsuspicious to an extreme degree, and far from versed in the ways of humankind, the poor girl was not slow to conjecture that she had not only proved the indirect cause of St. Leu's incarceration, but was, likewise herself, the object of some sinister design; for the menacing looks and speech of the Duke de Chartres, on the morning of her examination in the council-chamber, forciby recurred to her memory, forming the link to a whole chain of evidence, which, though hitherto dormant, was corroborative of her most fearful suspicions.

Not the slightest doubt now remained upon her mind on the score of the identity of the strange capuchin who abstracted the ring from her sister's finger. He could be no other than the duke, who, having by some fatal chance, obtained a clue to their secluded retreat, had, in order to deceive them more effectually, adopted the very disguise which St. Leu, from mere prudential reasons, assumed whenever he visited them.

Her surmises as to the prince's motives became disagreeable in the extreme, and her innocence took the alarm; for with the intui-

tive perception that virtue has of vice, she felt that his purpose was a guilty one. Willingly would she have eluded her own reflections; but in spite of all her efforts to banish them, they crowded upon her, until thought grew painful, and she could no longer bear her own imaginings; she looked forward to night as the greatest boon—for its obscurity was a safeguard—and to the approach of morn with dread, lest the succeeding day should bring her again into collision with the duke, whom she regarded with the utmost abhorrence.

Strange to say, her only fear was of him—for she entertained no suspicion of D'Argenson, although the ostensible reason he had assigned for bringing her to the Bastile, in the first instance, namely: to interrogate her respecting the abstraction of the ring, did, on second thoughts, seem to her rather indefinite!

And how was she indeed, in her innocence, to imagine that her abduction was the consequence of a pre-concerted plan between the prince and D'Argenson! or, that in pretending to fall into the views of the prince, D'Argenson intended only to dupe him, in order the more effectually to accomplish his own diabolical ends! and that, in bringing her to the Bastile, he calculated upon the strength of her attachment to her father as a means of inducing her to give up her own liberty for his! How, indeed, was she to divine all this?

It would, in truth seem, that the lieutenant of police had not chosen the most direct method of compassing the object he had in view, for he might have effected it by incarcerating her upon the authority of a *lettre-de-cachet*—a far more simple mode of operation; but he had reasons for not adopting this summary course! He could have framed a hundred pretexts for taking her to the Bastile, though not one for keeping her a prisoner there; his power was not yet so firmly established as to enable him to set aside all show of reason for his actions—as he did in after years—nor did he feel secure against the consequences of the first step he had taken to gratify his malice, until he had procured Louis' warrant for her detention. Nothing of this could Julie conjecture; hence she suspected D'Argenson less than she feared the Duke of Chartres.

It was a slight consolation, nevertheless, to find that he did not come to her in the Bastile, though her apprehensions did not diminish any the more; whilst on the part of Corbé and Father Riquelet, she became exposed to annoyances that caused her even greater alarm. Of this more anon.

But if Julie's anxiety for her lover's safety was great, his solicitude for her's increased every day, and his confinement in consequence, became daily more irksome to him.

The discovery of his operations upon the chimney had led to a strict examination of his chamber, in order to ascertain whether he had exercised his skill upon any other portion of it for the purpose of effecting a communication with the cell below; the search proved satisfactory, and Corbé, who officiated upon the occasion, made his report to the governor acordingly. But from this time St. Leu remarked, that Ru appeared unusually grave and taciturn, and

whenever he entered the apartment, pointed expressively to the door, by jerking his thumb over his shoulder, and squeezing his lips together, as if to intimate that his prisoner must abstain from questioning him.

This silent hint, though proceeding from no apparent cause, for a time prevented St. Leu from carrying out his project of endeavoring to obtain an interview with Julie; when, one morning, Ru came in somewhat earlier than customary, and having performed the various domestic offices with more than ordinary alacrity, suddenly, as he was about to depart, pushed his face towards St. Leu, and indulged in one of those extensive laughs, that vulgar custom has nick-named "a broad grin," much to the astonishment of the captive, and evidently much to his own gratification, pointing to the door the whole time, and shaking his head very significantly.

"He isn't come this morning," said he, as soon as he could compel his jaws to resume their natural position.

"Who is not come?" asked St. Leu, more for the purpose of drawing his jailer into conversation than from a wish to be enlightened.

"The sentinel!" answered Ru; "Corbé suspected me, so he sent him up to listen;" and here he indulged in another fit of laughter, long and violent enough to have induced apoplexy; "I'm glad you understood my signs," added he, "or else we should have been found out."

"What in, friend?" asked St. Leu again, not exactly comprehending him.

"'Tis against orders to speak to a prisoner," answered Ru, in a subdued tone; "but 'tis very hard to keep one's mouth always shut, isn't it?" In proof of which assertion the same broad grin for the third time graced his visage.

St. Leu, perceiving that his jailer was in a happy mood, thought the opportunity favorable for carrying his long meditated plan into execution.

"Friend Ru," said he, withdrawing Julie's miniature from his breast, and pointing to the case of massive gold by which it was protected: "dost thou see this gold?"

Ru looked first at it, and then at him, with glistening eyes and extended mouth, but neither said he *did* see the proffered bribe, nor that he did not; indeed, his conscience was so tender upon this point that had the giver positively insisted upon it, he would have closed his eyes and conveyed the gold into his pocket, to save his veracity. As it was, he remained silent for a moment or two, but at length muttered, shaking his head, and pointing downwards with his keys:

"She's been very ill, but she's better now!"

St. Leu turned pale; his imagination all at once grew pregnant with melancholy forebodings, that he tried in vain to stifle; he knew that without the man's connivance it would be impossible to gain admittance to her, and yet, he hesitated to tender him the

bribe, lest, having accepted it, he should refuse to fulfil his part of the conditions:

"This," said he, endeavoring to excite his cupidity; "is worth twenty *louis*."

"Is it!" observed Ru musingly.

"If thou wilt only admit me to the cell in which this young lady is confined, thou shalt have it all."

"Shall I!" ejaculated the sententious *porte-clêfs*.

"Every atom of it," resumed St. Leu; "and had I more, I would give it thee."

"Would you!" said Ru again.

"Nay!" remonstrated the young man; "can'st thou do what I ask?"

Ru shook his keys, winked his eye, and answered that he thought he could!

"Well, then, friend Ru, wilt thou admit me to her?"

"'Tis dangerous! if the old one" — meaning the governor,— "found me out I should be hanged! very agreeable, eh! all to oblige you!"

"But I will not betray thee!" observed St. Leu; "depend upon it I will not."

"You shouldn't do it twice," muttered Ru, nodding his head, menacingly; "You're sure you wouldn' try to escape, eh?"

"On my honor," replied St. Leu, "I will not."

"It wouldn't be of much use if you did," retorted the man, laughing at his own facetiousness; "that's one consolation."

"Let me know at once," exclaimed his prisoner, striving to conceal his disgust "whether you will accede to my request or not. Take what precautions you choose to prevent my attempting to escape, only let me behold my beloved Julie once again!"

"Give me the gold," exclaimed Ru, holding out his hand.

"But what guarantee have I that you will not deceive me," observed St. Leu, hesitatingly.

Ru made no reply, but looking at him steadfastly, for a moment or two, with an expression of countenance difficult to define, turned on his heel, and abruptly quitted the cell, leaving him completely mystified.

The whole day passed without this extraordinary individual re-appearing, and more than once St. Leu repented of his distrust, fearing that he had thereby lost the chance of securing the man's co-operation. Long after his usual hour, however, Ru brought him his evening meal, maintaining the strictest silence whilst he arranged it on the table. But St. Leu, desirous of conciliating him, now tendered him the gold, which he had detached from the miniature since the morning, saying:

"Friend Ru, I fear I was mistaken in thy character—"

"Perhaps," observed he, interrupting.

"Here!" continued St. Leu; "I will confide in thy honor, to assist me in the accomplishment of my wishes; there is the gold."

The man took the lump of precious metal, and weighed it in his hand, regarding it all the while with great complacency, alternately looking at the donor; he then deposited it in his pocket, and disappeared without offering any further remark.

St. Leu was even more mystified and perplexed than before, but knowing that his only alternative was patience, sat down to his meal; revolving in his mind the practicability of obtaining his end by force, should the means fail that he had adopted.

Some two hours after, whilst deeply absorbed in these unpleasant meditations, he was astonished by the re-appearance of Ru, who, stalking stealthily, into the middle of the chamber, said in a half whisper:

"She's all alone! Sister Bridget—" here he uttered a sigh that sounded as if he were laboring under an attack of the hooping-cough; "and I have made it up between us."

The announcement was so unexpected, that St. Leu could hardly credit the truth of it; his doubts, however, were soon dispelled by the *porte-clefs*, who noticing his emotion, continued:

"'Tis all right! You can stop with her till we come back! You'll hear me shut the outer door of the tower; then you may go down."

"But which is her cell?" asked St. Leu, as Ru was on the point of departing; "thou hast not told me."

"On the second landing from this," replied the other; "I've left the door ajar. You needn't be afraid of visitors," he added, with a chuckle, "very few of *them*, eh?" and again he laughed till his cheeks grew purple, and withdrew from the cell, leaving both doors open.

St. Leu listened to his receding footsteps with the intensest anxiety; his heart throbbed more and more violently as each step grew more indistinct, and when he heard the tower door slam to, he almost dropped from excess of excitement. Still, his prudence did not forsake him; he could not know that Ru meditated no treachery, and an instinct of self-preservation, led him to arm himself with the iron bar he had wrenched from the chimney, lest he should find himself betrayed; concealing it beneath his coat, he tremblingly advanced towards the door and listened; all was still! Step by step he groped his way down the dark stairs to the first landing; his hand rested on the iron door, of the cell immediately beneath his own; the same from which every night issued the plaintive music. How he longed to speak to the unhappy prisoner! But no! only a few steps more separated him from his beloved Julie. He reached the second landing, and paused ere he broke in upon her. The outer door yielded to his hand, and now the inner one! What bolts and bars, and heavy locks, and thick doors, and massive walls to enclose so frail a flower!

So quietly had he glided in, that he almost touched her ere she became aware of his presence!

She saw him, but could not believe it was he! she was terror-

stricken, and unable to speak, or scream, or stir! she sat, riveted to her seat, gazing upon him, as though some apparition had suddenly burst upon her sight! but it was only for a moment! the next instant they were clasped to each other's bosom, mingling their tears of joy.

"Oh! Leon! dear Leon," said she, as soon as she could speak; "how dids't thou gain admission to me, here? 'Tis thou thyself, and no dream!"

"I knew not, dearest," answered he, "that I was coming, until just now; I bribed—but tell me; why art thou here, in this horrid den?"

"Oh Leon! how great has been our troubles since we saw thee last, but I fear 'twould be too long to tell thee all! Thank heaven, I once more hear thy voice! 'tis indeed my own dear Leon! Oh Leon! how unhappy hast thou made me!"

"Forgive me, my Julie! I have suffered much also since my last interview with thee at thy father's house! I thought thee false at first—but I had reason! see this ring!"

At the sight of the primitive cause of all her misfortunes, the maiden burst into a flood of tears:

"Thou hast it again, then!" said she, "oh Leon had'st thou known how that token was stolen from me, thou would'st never have accused me of falseness. Give it back, Leon! it shall never again leave me."

Kissing her snowy forehead, St. Leu took the extended hand, and pressing it in his own, placed the ring upon the betrothed finger, saying:

"All is forgiven, sweet Julie! 'tis I who have been in the wrong! But tell me, I beseech thee, the history of thy misfortunes."

Julie, recounted the adventure of the ring, and its consequences, bringing her narrative up to that moment, and ended by placing in his hands the letters she had addressed to her and forwarded through St. Marcel.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, as she came to a close, "that my protector, Monsieur D'Orleans, can have lent himself to encompass thy destruction! How can I leave thee thus, unprotected."

She laid a hand upon his arm, and turning her beautiful eyes, swimming in tears, full upon him, said, with an angelic look of resignation:

"I am not unprotected, Leon! My Father above is my protector; he will bring me harmless through this trial, or take me to his bosom! I have prayed for death, Leon, but, since I have again seen thee—I—I—feel I could not die so happy! Oh! why did'st thou come?"

St. Leu was too much affected to reply. Julie once more broke silence:

"And thou, Leon; how camest thou here? tell me all."

Her lover in turn related the occurrences that had caused the duel between him and St. Marcel, and the mode of his arrest and

incarceration in the Bastile; only interrupting himself, now and then, to wipe away the fresh tears that fell from her eyes:

"And now, my sweet Julie," said he, terminating his brief narrative, "dost thou forgive me? We have both been the dupes of fate, but to-morrow shall not pass without my making an effort to regain our liberty. Poor Jeanne! thy poor father too! Yet, let us not despair! We shall yet escape!"

"With heaven to guide us, Leon! for heaven alone can save us! Let us kneel to our great Father and ask his assistance!"

Leaning upon her lover's bosom she wept abundantly, and sinking upon her knees, directing her eyes upwards, remained a few moments absorbed in silent prayer! Nor could St. Leu abstain from immitating her example; they arose, strengthened in mind, and at once resolved.

"I will take this letter of thy sister's Julie," said St. Leu, conveying it into his pocket; "as for this one, which I wrote to thee, let it perish!" and he cast it into the fire.

At this moment, a slight noise was heard below, as of the opening of the outer door of the tower, and immediately after, the echo of footsteps ascending the stairs.

"Gracious heaven!" ejaculated Julie, with affright, "we are discovered! Leon! Leon! conceal thyself! 'tis not Ru's footstep! Thou art lost if they perceive thee here!"

St. Leu reluctantly retreated behind the long serge curtains of her bed, which stood in a dark angle of the dreary apartment, and there awaited the arrival of the stranger, whilst Julie, pale as a corpse, stood gazing in the direction of the door, trembling violently from head to foot.

A moment of suspense, the door was thrust open, and Corbé appeared.

"How's this!" he exclaimed, looking suspiciously about him; "does Bridget leave a prisoner's door open!"

"There's no fear, monsieur," replied Julie, stammering, and attempting to smile; "no fear, monsieur, of my escaping! Sister Bridget knows that!"

"Yes," muttered the lieutenant-governor, closing the door; "or she would'nt leave thee here alone!"

Julie trembled to see him draw near to her; his looks affrighted her, and she shrunk from him to the further side of the chamber, drawing as near as she could to the spot where St. Leu was hidden.

"Am I so disagreeable to thee, fair Julie," said the wretch, advancing towards her.

Julie unwillingly permitted him to take her hand, and lead her to a seat; placing himself by her side, and still retaining possession of her hand, which she in vain attempted to withdraw, he approached his head to her's, and staring intently into her face, said:

"I have long sought an opportunity, fair girl, of—"

Julie shrieked aloud, for her eye caught the figure of St. Leu,

who had partially advanced from his hiding-place, in a threatening attitude towards the lieutenant-governor; whilst the latter, ignorant of the cause of her sudden emotion, started up, and looked about the apartment, expecting to discover the mystery: as, however, St. Leu had already retreated, he saw nothing; attributing her trepidation solely to his advances, he re-seated himself, and was about commencing a second speech, when he again started up, for once more the sound of approaching footsteps became audible.

Julie heard them likewise, and hoped it was either Ru or sister Bridget; but Corbé's ears were quick in recognizing the step; he looked about, right and left, in a hurried, confused manner, and as the sounds became more distinct, rushed to the very spot where St. Leu had concealed himself, and would infallibly have discovered him, had not Julie, with great presence of mind, placed herself in his way, and compelled him to seek refuge on the other side of the bed, so that only the drapery separated him from St. Leu.

He had scarcely withdrawn behind it—and Julie had not regained her composure—when father Riquelet entered; his face was flushed, and his eyes shone from the effects of wine. Carefully closing the door, he drew near to Julie, and perceiving that she had sunk into a chair, dragged a second close up to her, and closing the palms of his hands, said, with a thickness of articulation that he could not conceal:

"Do not alarm thyself, my child! I am come to pass a few moments in thy company; perceiving sister Bridget and Ru together in earnest conversation, I conjectured thou wert alone."

"I did not expect to see you at this late hour," replied Julie, hesitatingly.

The Jesuit very slowly drew his chair still nearer to her's, and taking one of her hands, pressed it between his.

"Thou art flurried, my sweet child," said he, gazing into her eyes; "let not my presence alarm thee—"

"Oh, father," ejaculated the affrighted maiden, "loose my hand, I beseech you!"

"Nay, innocent," continued he, forcibly retaining her hand, and allowing his eyes to wander over her snowy neck and heaving bosom; "I am thy friend; I came to warn thee of a danger—"

"I beseech you," cried the terrified girl, "choose some other time."

"Perhaps, my sweet child, it would be then too late:" he here approached his lips to her cheek, whispering:—"Corbé—thou knowest Corbé—he is not to be trusted—he has sworn thy ruin."

"For the love of heaven, father," ejaculated Julie, bursting into tears, "leave my apartment."

"Nay, beautiful girl," answered he, placing an arm round her waist, "I will not leave thee—we are here alone—quite alone."

"Leave me, I implore you," cried Julie, struggling to release herself from his tightened grasp—or I will call for assistance—nay, I beseech you, sir,——"

"Thy struggles—thy screams will not avail thee, foolish girl," replied he, attempting to embrace her; "no one is near to hear thee —we are alone."

The words had scarcely crossed his lips, than Julie uttered a loud shriek, and at the same moment a heavy blow on the back of the head, felled him like an ox to the ground, upon which he rolled full-length, and insensible."

"Wretch!" cried St. Leu, brandishing his iron bar over the prostrate man, "is it thus thou disgracest thy holy calling! Where is thy rival in guilt! where is he! that I may strike him to the earth likewise."

But Corbé no sooner beheld St. Leu rush, armed, from behind the drapery, than fearing a similar visitation upon his own head, he effected, unperceived, a precipitate retreat, whilst Julie fled into her lover's arms for protection, terrified in the extreme lest he should have killed Riquelet.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DARK CHAMBER IN THE BASTILE.

Uncontrolable as was D'Argenson's rage on discovering the trick Jacques had played off upon the superior of the convent, he could not but acknowledge that her credulity was only a necessary consequence of the confidence she knew him to have hitherto reposed in the same extraordinary individual, although his invectives were not the less loud or violent against the matron, for suffering herself to be so easily deceived: but having vented his anger in a series of the most horrible execrations, he abruptly quitted the holy mansion, vowing vengeance, dire and immediate, against the bold spy.

His first step was to apprize his partner in guilt—the Duke de Chartres—of the occurrence, leading him to suppose that their intended victim had been abducted from her own residence only on that same day, for he durst not make him acquainted with the truth, fearing thereby to betray his own treachery, and also lest that the duke—incensed at being duped—should suddenly declare himself the champion of the oppressed party; an event which the instability of his disposition rendered nowise unlikely, and his influence at court, nowise desirable.

D'Orleans received the announcement with as much unconcern as he could muster for the occasion, in the face of his flagrant suspicions of D'Argenson's sincerity, and, although extremely mortified, listened in silence to the latter's recital until he brought it to a close —a circumstance that did not escape the penetration of the lieuten-

ant of police, nor failed to excite his surprise—for, aware of the prince's impetuous temper, he expected to be overwhelmed with the bitterest sarcasms and reproaches, and had in fact come prepared to receive them; finding however that he did not press him with questions, he hastened away, quitting the dissipated scion of royalty with many assurances—and in these he was, for once, sincere—that he would leave no stone unturned to discover and punish the individual who had stepped in so inopportunely between them and their design.

In earnest of this resolution, he forthwith commenced operations to track the spy, but in spite of his vigilance, and of that of his emissaries, failed to discover the slightest clue to his hiding-place. Yet, he was met at almost all hours—and almost every where—indeed, according to the reports of the men set to apprehend him, he must have possessed the faculty of multiplying himself to an extraordinary extent, for it was asserted he had been seen by a dozen different persons, in as many different places, and all at the same time, though he had always disappeared, in the most unaccountable manner, at the very moment his capture appeared most imminent. In vain the wary lieutenant of police sought to solve the mystery of this strange man's existence; his utmost penetration was completely at fault, and himself baffled at every new view he took of the case. Had he known of the secret community of the Lutetians, he would have been less perplexed to conjecture how every movement of his own should be marked and forstalled, whilst he remained totally unable to obtain the remotest clue to the man of whom he was in quest.

Some days had already elapsed since his interview with the Duke de Chartres, and during this interval—apart from his numerous magisterial duties, which engrossed nearly the whole of his time—he brooded over and matured his plans of vengeance against the baron; these were now about to assume a more determined character—for hitherto he had carried out his systematic persecution of this unfortunate and unoffending nobleman, under a variety of frivolous pretexts to which his great influence had indeed enabled him to give a legal coloring, but which served, merely as a cloak to his real motives; and it may be as well to relate here, the origin of the violent hatred whence they sprung.

About thirty years before the opening of this tale, the young Chevalier D'Argenson—appointed to fulfil an inferior station in the government of the Duchy of Angoulême, which his family influence with the ministry had succeeded in obtaining for him—became a frequent guest at the *chateaux* of the several noblemen and the landed proprietors of the province, into connection with whom he was necessarily brought in the discharge of his official duties. Amongst the number, figured the Baron de St. Auney, for whose only sister, the youthful Constance, he soon conceived a violent passion, and sought, by every means in his power, to ingratiate himself into her favor, thrusting himself into her society, at every opportunity,

until his attentions received a check from the young lady herself, who openly expressed her dislike of him. In no wise discouraged, however, he still continued his assiduities, and according to the established usage of the country, intimated to the baron—her brother, and her only surviving relative—his desire to be received as her suitor. The baron politely, but resolutely declined his suit, on the ostensible plea of the maiden's extreme youth—she being scarcely sixteen—but in reality, because he was fully aware of her aversion, and himself entertained a similar repugnance to the proposed alliance, on account of the profligate habits of the chevalier, and of his evil disposition, which, even at that early period, had already gained him a most unenviable notoriety: the chevalier bowed, and withdrew; dissatisfied, but not deterred.

Within a twelvemonth after, he presented himself a second time, and urged his former request with renewed warmth, when he received the unwelcome intelligence of the maiden being betrothed to the Count de St. Angin—the baron's neighbor—who, although sixteen years her senior, had succeeded in gaining her affections, and on this occasion De St. Auney intimated to the disappointed suitor, that his visits to the *chateau* must thenceforth be discontinued, except when business called him thither. At this his anger knew no bounds: he raved, stamped, and swore the bitterest oaths, vowing to be revenged upon his more fortunate rival, the Count de St. Angin, and upon the baron, as the chief promoter of the hated union; with this he departed, nor were the objects of his malice long ere they perceived that he was an enemy to be dreaded, and whom no conciliations could cause to relent.

About four years after the marriage of the former with the fair Constance de St. Auney, their happiness was crowned by the birth of a son, but the joyful event was followed, within two months, by the sudden demise of the young mother—a calamity which plunged the whole family into the deepest grief, leaving the disconsolate husband so depressed with anguish, that change of scene was prescribed as the only means of diverting his mind from the contemplation of his misfortune. Previously to his departure, he drew up a will, bequeathing the bulk of his property to his infant son, whose uncle, the Baron de St. Auney, he constituted his guardian, and confiding the child to it's foster-mother—the wife of one of his tenants—quitted the scene of his former domestic felicity, with the intention of journeying into Switzerland by way of Paris and Bésançon; the final settlement of his affairs calling him to the first mentioned city. But a strange fatality attached itself to his footsteps; he had scarcely reached the metropolis, than he suddenly fell ill of an epidemic fever then prevalent there, and died four days after his arrival; his only companion—a trusty servant—likewise caught the infection, and within two days of the death of his master, followed him to the grave.

This fatal calamity was a severe shock to the baron, happening as it did, within so short a time after the melancholy demise of his

sister, but his anguish was not to be restrained, when—as related in a former chapter—the Count's infant son disappeared, and whose fate, in spite of the efforts made to discover a clue to it, remained involved in mystery.

In the interim, D'Argenson had been elevated to the Bailiwick of Angoulême,* and being now invested with almost arbitrary power, re-commenced his oppression of the baron upon a more extensive scale. The death of the young Constance de St. Angin, had filled him with savage joy, which received hardly any augmentation when the news of the Count's death, reached him at Tours, where he resided at the time; we have already shown the conduct he observed towards the baron, subsequently to the disappearance of the heir to the D'Angin estates, his hatred towards whose late possessor almost justified the suspicion of his having compassed the child's abduction.

Upon the baron alone, now fell the entire weight of D'Argenson's persecution, which seemed to increase in malignity, as years rolled on, and his power received extension; and having, by protracted and vexatious law-suits, at length succeeded in involving him in pecuniary difficulties, that, without breaking his trust, De St. Auney was incapable of extricating himself from—a climax be it said, which D'Argenson, now lieutenant of police, had long sought to bring about—the mortification of the latter may be conceived upon discovering by whose instrumentality his victim had been in a position to obey the peremptory mandate of the supreme court. Still, untoward as was this event—so contrary to any thing he anticipated—he devised means of wresting it to the furtherance of his own schemes, and to the destruction of the unfortunate baron, and the first act towards the accomplishment of the deep plot his cunning had engendered, was the procuring of the king's warrant for the latter's detention upon suspicion of his complicity to the forgery of the bond which Jacques tendered to Etienne Quinault as security for the hundred thousand crowns, and that St. Marcel signed—as will be remembered—under a fictitious name.

It seemed too, as though fate favored him in the consummation of his malicious projects in affording him the opportunity of entrapping the baron, on the night of their meeting in the cemetery of the St. Innocents; but this act was not the result of premeditation—the thought suggested itself only with the occasion, and was followed up without his having then any definite object in view beyond the gratification arising from a wanton exercise of his great power upon the object of his hatred.

Having determined upon his plan of operations, and chosen a convenient morning to pay a visit to the Bastile—ostensibly on an official errand—he set out for the grim structure, after providing himself with certain documents which he anticipated would be called into requisition, and which—since the truth must be told—he had prepared expressly for the occasion.

* A post corresponding to that of lord lieutenant of a county in England.

He repaired thither without any previous announcement of his intention—his usual custom—preferring always, when practicable, to drop in upon the authorities, unawares, as he thereby often arrived at the knowledge of sundry delicate secrets, connected with the discharge of their respective duties, of which he would, under other circumstances, have remained in ignorance; besides which, his appearance amongst them at such critical periods, never failed to throw the parties into a state of extraordinary confusion and embarrassment, which greatly heightened the pleasure he derived from a consciousness of his own importance.

On the morning in question, upon reaching the door of the council-chamber, which he found a little way open, he heard three or four voices in angry altercation, an incident that naturally enough prompted him to listen to what was going forward, and then to burst suddenly in upon the contending parties: these were Corbé, Riquelet and Ru; the two former in a defensive attitude, and the latter—whose face was very red, and who was looking very fiercely at the other two—standing with his head pushed forward towards them, one hand clenched, and the other grasping very tightly his huge bunch of keys, which he occasionally flourished over his head, bringing it every time so close to that of his adversaries as to render his proximity to them at that particular moment anything but agreeable, as the expression of their countenance plainly indicated.

"Never mind me! never mind me! *sang-dieu!*" exclaimed D'Argenson, on perceiving that his entry had occasioned a cessation of hostilities; "go on! go on! keep it up! I'm nobody! never mind me!"

"I don't," ejaculated Ru, doggedly; "and I don't mind *them* either! nor yet the old one—nor yet anybody; I don't! What's the good of it?"

"I will explain everything, monseigneur," stammered Corbé, casting a side glance at Father Riquelet, who had suddenly assumed his favorite attitude, and with down-turned eyes and closed palms, now looked a pattern of earthly humility; "'tis nothing, monseigneur; nothing, I assure you!"

"It looks like it; *morbleu!*" said the lieutenant, pointedly; "what is it all about?"

"Don't listen to *them*," cried Ru, pointing with his keys to Corbé and the Jesuit; "*they*'ll tell all kinds of lies, *they* will! I *know* 'em!"

"Speak! one of you, or all of you!" shouted D'Argenson, in a voice of thunder! "I don't want to hear recriminations! To the point!"

"Why; I told 'em I'd murder 'em some day," retorted Ru, with great placidity; "that's all! and so I will, if they provoke me to it!"

"But thou art drunk, Ru," observed Corbé, in his most conciliatory and persuasive manner; "thou wert only joking! He does not mean what he says, monseigneur!"

"Don't I!" muttered the *porte-clèfs*, with a delighted frown; "don't you provoke me! that's all!"

"Go on! never mind me!" vociferated D'Argenson, rubbing his hands, apparently transported beyond measure with this little display of private feeling; "keep it up! never mind me! *sang-dieu!*"

"He has been drinking this morning, monseigneur," again chimed in Corbé; "'tis not worth while to trouble you with a recital of his extravagancies."

Ru had by this time wrought himself into a fury, and laughed outright, with savage joy, as he enumerated the various advantages the parties in question were to derive from his guardianship, should circumstances ever so favor them as to place them under it, whilst they stood cowed and trembling to hear him make certain disclosures before the lieutenant of police, who was not slow to appreciate the amount of credence due to the same.

"Pretty doings, *tonnerre dieu!* pretty goings on!" said he, taking advantage of a pause; "but mark me," continued he, speaking to Corbé and Riquelet; "harm that young thing at your peril! touch but a hair of her head, and your lives shall answer for it! By St. Marc I swear it! As for thee, Maitre Ru, learn to speak of thy superiors with becoming respect, or perhaps thou may'st make acquaintance with the *cachot; mort dieu!*"

"Ah! ah! ah!" cried Ru, staring full into the lieutenant's face.

"What!" said the latter; "dost thou laugh?"

"Why not?" re-echoed the facetious *porte-clèfs;* "it's such a good joke! ah! ah! ah! I've been *porte-clèfs* more than five and twenty years, and you all think I am frightened of the dungeon! ah! ah! ah! Don't you think being shut up here so long is as bad? I do!"

"We may feel inclined, some day, to put thee to the proof, Maitre Ru," observed D'Argenson, gloomily.

"Do!" answered the former, with a most imperturbable countenance.

Corbé and Father Riquelet were petrified to witness the small amount of respect he paid to the lieutenant of police, expecting every moment to receive a command from the latter for the confinement of Ru; but in this they were disappointed.

Fortunately for the individual in question, the frame of mind in which he happened to be, suited the nature of the business that brought D'Argenson that morning to the Bastile, otherwise his facetious defiance of the authorities might have terminated unpleasantly; the lieutenant of police, however, appeared inclined rather to accommodate himself to the *porte-clèfs'* humor than oppose it, a circumstance that failed not to excite the wonderment of Corbé and his companion, who, mute and confused, awaited the issue of this extraordinary scene in the greatest anxiety. At length, Ru having expended his vein of mirth, D'Argenson abruptly inquired after the governor.

"He is not stirring yet, monseigneur," replied Father Riquelet,

looking up and speaking for the first time; "he has not been well these last few days."

"Let him know I am here," exclaimed D'Argenson, "and tell him to rejoin us in the dark chamber;" upon which the Jesuit bowed and withdrew, Ru threatening him with his keys as he stepped past him on his way out.

"Lead the way, Corbé," continued the lieutenant of police, speaking to that individual; "and do thou follow us, Maitre Ru, there'll be work for thee!"

"There's the key," said the latter, detaching it from the bunch at his side, and throwing it at Corbé; "is it for *him?*" continued he to D'Argenson, in a whisper, casting his eyes towards the receding figure of the lieutenant-governor.

"No," responded D'Argenson, in the same confidential tone; "but keep a sharp look out upon him, and let me know if he attempts anything of this sort again! Here! take this! obey my commands, and I will befriend thee."

"It's heavy!" observed the *porte clefs* to himself, taking the proffered purse, which contained a good sum in gold; "that 'll do, monseigneur," continued he; "you may depend upon me!"

Preceding the lieutenant of police, he led the way across the great inner court to the door of the tower of the treasure—which they found open—here they turned short round to their left, and passing through a second door, likewise open, ready to admit them, went along a short passage ending at the third door, and opening into a sombre apartment situated between the above-mentioned tower and that of the chapel. They were in the dark chamber.

It had been constructed by the blocking up of the two archways that formed the ancient entry into Paris, situated between the two parent towers of this dismal edifice,* so that the floor was on the same level as the court outside, only unpaved. Seen from any part of the interior, it looked like the half section of a huge barrel with the circular side uppermost for the roof. It had no other door but the small one that it was entered by, and was entirely devoid of windows or aperture for light; at one end—that nearest the bastion—the inner side of the arch had been closed by simply dropping the portcullis, which, bristling with grim teeth of iron, might now be seen half buried in the earth; facing it, at the opposite end, was a dark recess, formed by the inner gateway, and filled with a strange assortment of miscellaneous articles—broken swords, rusty helmets, spear-heads, halberts—some entire, some snapped short off—a lot of musketoons, dismounted guns, broken wheels, pieces of iron and beams of wood. Across the chamber, in its width, a massive beam extended from wall to wall, studded with several large tenter-hooks, placed at irregular distances, and near the portcullis stood a windlass fixed into the masonry, round the barrel of which lay coiled a quantity of strong cord; close to it figured a row

* Vide plate and description of the Bastile.

of iron weights and a steel-yard, some half-dozen leathern buckets, sundry funnels, and a curiously-fashioned iron boot, furnished with slides and screws. A little further on lay several large lumps of lead, a plumber's ladle filled with the same metal, and by its side an overturned furnace; saws of all sizes, stained and rusted, hung suspended against the wall, with hammers and nails strewed about, a pair of pincers, and a case of surgical instruments covered with dust. Immediately to the left, on entering, mortised into the wall, was a long narrow table, very much discolored, and a low wooden bench reaching from the head to the foot of it, a tall chair being placed at the upper end; on it stood the lamp Corbé had brought with him, casting a dim red glare in a narrow circle immediately around itself, and leaving the rest of the den only one remove from total obscurity. The aspect of the place was ominous of dark deeds, and the stench most abominable, the means of ventilation having been entirely forgotten or omitted.*

On an intimation to that effect from D'Argenson, Ru lighted the stump of a torch that laid in one corner, and fixed it into the wall by means of an iron spike, an operation that afforded him an opportunity of exercising his ingenuity, and of manifesting his delight when it was completed.

D'Argenson meanwhile appeared very deeply interested in the examination of the various implements mentioned, handling some, turning over others with his foot, and now and then running his thumb along the edge of the sharper instruments, with a view to ascertain their condition; he lifted up the weights too, one after the other, eyeing the tenter-hooks all the time, and mentally resolving the probable number it would take of the former to disjoint or to dislocate his own limbs, whilst Ru, emulous of excelling him, slily exhibited his dexterity by seizing two of the heaviest in each hand, and after whirling them once or twice over his head with considerable velocity, casting them so near to Corbé as to place that individual's personal safety in imminent jeopardy, causing him to leap out of the way of the falling missiles with more agility than he was wont in his general movements to display.

At this moment St. Marc entered, closely followed by father Riquelet, the former of whom D'Argenson advanced to meet, greeting him with the customary morning salutations, which were returned by the other with due obsequiousness.

The persons assembled were totally at a loss to divine the object of the lieutenant's visit, although indistinctly aware that it was connected with the fate of one of the prisoners, and looked at one another with that vacant stare that always accompanies expectancy; their surmises were, however, soon set at rest by D'Argenson.

* Some years after, on the accession of Monsieur de Sartignes to the office of lieutenant of police, this dark chamber was cleared out, and the instruments of torture either destroyed or sold, none of them having been found in 1789, when the Bastile was taken; cells were then constructed on its site, and apertures for light and air made in the masonry."

"Bring hither No. 1 of the Bertaudière," said he, addressing Corbé, "let him be guarded, and let me have ink and a pen."

Whilst Corbé departed to fulfil his mission, D'Argenson took up his position at the head of the long table, St. Marc seating himself on the low bench, and Riquelet standing behind him; Ru remained near the windlass, gazing abstractedly at his feet, and at their upward continuations.

The silence that prevailed remained unbroken until the arrival of Corbé and the unfortunate Baron de St. Auney, accompanied by four soldiers of the garrison, who, on a sign from D'Argenson, ranged themselves on each side of the door, two outside, and two within: the prisoner was the first to speak.

"I need not ask why I have been brought hither," said he, in a hollow, husky voice; "I can see that my fate is sealed! My poor, poor girls! heaven alone can protect them!"

Any one but his stern, implacable jailers, would have been moved at the appearance presented by the wretched and persecuted nobleman; since the night of his consignment to the prison that he had just quitted, he had been allowed neither change of linen, nor water to wash; his beard was half an inch in length, his eyes were sunken, his cheeks hollow, and his body bent; he had remained undisturbed in his solitude all the time, without a voice to cheer him—for even Ru maintained an obstinate silence.

"Take down the prisoner's words," said D'Argenson to Corbé, who had now seated himself next to his uncle, and was smoothing down with the cuff of his coat the paper he had brought: "thou knowest his name and titles!"

The lieutenant-governor nodded, and commenced writing: when he had concluded the preamble, the principal personage re-commenced.

"Baron de St. Auney! Dost thou know the crime of which thou art accused?"

"I have never—to my knowledge—committed any," replied the baron, with great dignity, "how then should I know what thy invention has conceived against me?"

"You are all witnesses that the prisoner charges me with falsehood," observed D'Argenson, looking around him; perceiving that they all tacitly agreed to witness only what he desired them to do, he again addressed the baron.

"Thou shalt receive justice, 'sieur baron—fair and impartial justice—I therefore charge thee to be cautious in thy replies, for upon them wilt thou be judged."

"I shall answer the truth, monseigneur; if thou judgest me upon that, I fear not the result.

"Thou art accused of forgery, then," resumed the lieutenant of police; "either as a principal, or as privy to the act: what hast thou to say to it?"

"That 'tis false, 'Sieur D'Argenson! Who is my accuser?"

"I!" retorted the latter, exultingly; "I am thy accuser, and

hold his majesty's warrant, given under his own hand, for thy detention, until thou hast confessed who forged the bond that was forced upon the notary, Etienne Quinault! Thou didst share the benefit of that transaction, and must therefore know more about it than thou carest to acknowledge."

"Thou, my accuser, 'Sieur D'Argenson!" exclaimed the baron; "and thou my judge likewise! Has thy persecution of me then no limits?"

"Thou and thy daughter are both prisoners here, by virtue of the same warrant," observed D'Argenson, unmoved; "confess thy crime, or who was thy accomplice, and she shall depart hence; refuse, and we will find means to compel thee!"

A short interval—a very short interval—but in that brief space what agony De St. Auney endured—sufficed to recall his thoughts to the point whence they had strayed; he drew himself proudly up, and in turn fixing his eyes upon his accuser, whilst an air of scorn played over his noble features, answered:

"I have nothing to confess, and thou knowest it! Traitor; villain; wretch! dost think to cajole me by so foul an artifice? Have I not already had sufficient proofs of thy treachery to be now deceived by thee, and not to know what passes in thy breast? How can I confess my guilt of a crime thou knowest I am innocent of? Did I even do so, and to save my poor child, tell thee a lie, what guarantee have I that thou would'st set her free? or that having released her, thou would'st not again entrap her on some fouler pretext? No! monster in human form! thou knowest not how to respect the truth, and I do not know how to lie! I will not save my life at the expense of my honor!"

"But thy daughter," shouted the enraged lieutenant of police; "thy fair, thy beautiful Julie! So like thy sister! ah! ah! *tonnerre dieu!* I have thee there! She is in my power; dost hear that?"

"She is in the hands of him above," replied the afflicted father, his breast heaving convulsively; "she knows her duty, and though a child, will not shrink from it! she would blush to owe her safety to her father's shame."

"Wilt thou confess thy guilt?" screamed D'Argenson; "who gave thee these?" and here he exhibited the bonds that Etienne Quinault had given up to Jacques, and which the latter had, in turn, placed in the baron's possession.

"I have told thee all," replied the baron; "urge me no further, for more I cannot say than I have said already! I received those papers through an unknown channel, and made the use of them that thou knowest!"

"A likely story, *mort dieu!* Wilt thou likewise deny all knowledge of this bond? 'tis signed by a name should sound pleasant in thy ears; see! upon this forged document a hundred thousand crowns were extorted from Quinault! speak!"

The baron drew up to the table and looked at the bond; he started when he read the signature, and exclaimed:

"Would to heaven I knew the bottom of this! I am ignorant of the transaction altogether, 'Sieur D'Argenson! On my honor I am!"

"Ah! ah! ah!" shouted the latter; "wilt thou sign this! read, and answer."

He handed him a paper, which de St. Auney took, and examined; he changed color as he became acquainted with its contents, but having completed its perusal, threw it from him with a haughty air, and walked away in silence, without condescending to look at his accuser.

"Ah! thou refusest!" vociferated the latter, clutching the table; "but it shall not save thee! thou art guilty, and shalt sign this confession of thy crime! I hold thee now, and thou shalt not escape me! Thou didst scorn *me* once—*sang dieu!* Thou didst teach her, whom I loved, to loathe me—but the hour of vengeance has come; I swore to hate thee and thine, her and her's, for the contempt she showed towards me! Thee and thine I can destroy! she is dead, and so is her husband; but he—their brat, still lives—I know it, and will destroy him too—and thou and he shall meet here—and shall die—rotten in the same dungeon! I am on his track! ah! ah! ah! He is alive—alive—dost hear that, 'sieur baron! thy nephew lives—and thou shalt see him 'ere long!"

"Thank God!" cried the baron, clasping his hands together, "I have done my duty! But oh, monseigneur! show some pity to an old man! I cannot live now many years, for grief has nearly broken my heart; let my aged eyes be closed by the hand of my children; and let me hear them pronounce my name, and once more feel their lips cling to mine ere I leave them for ever! let me too behold, free and unfettered, the child of my dear Constance! Thou didst once love her! her only offence was not loving thee in return! ah! monseigneur, let her spirit not invoke heaven's malediction upon thy head! spare her child! spare my children! pity for them! not for me! pity, I—I beseech thee! pity!"

"Pity, indeed! ah! ah! It does not live here! we are in the Bastile, *sang dieu!* Hulloa! he abruptly exclaimed, looking in the direction where Ru was standing, and addressing him; "what's the matter with thee? fool!"

"Musn't my eyes itch! asked the *porte-clefs*, boring his large knuckles into the sockets of his eyes.

As there was no answering this very simple question, involving, as it did, an abstract problem connected with the doctrine of probabilities, the principal personage looked down at the table, and then up, equally hard at his colleagues, having whispered the eldest of whom, he once more spoke to De St. Auney:

"For the last time," said he, "I ask thee, Baron de St. Auney, to confess thy crime and who is thy accomplice! Here is the paper; wilt thou sign it?"

The baron waved his hand negatively; for his anguish was too intense to permit him to speak, and tremblingly awaited the result.

D'Argenson no sooner understood the sign, than he leaped from his chair, and striking the table with his clenched hand, exclaimed, with a frightful oath, that made even the hardened assistants shudder.

"By heaven thou *shalt* sign it."

A few glances were now interchanged between the parties; St. Marc took D'Argenson's place whilst *he* advanced with Corbé and Riquelet to the spot where the baron was standing; beckoning the soldiers, who placed their muskets against the wall, and seized their unfortunate victim.

The calmness of the baron at this juncture was worthy of the highest praise; large drops of cold perspiration streamed down his cheek, from every pore; his teeth were firmly set together, and his lips compressed, but though his countenance was pallid, it indicated no irresolution; when they laid hands upon him, he turned his eyes to heaven, his lips moved, and a tear fell from his eyes; here all outward emotion ceased.

"Bind him," said D'Argenson, pointing to the wooden post at the other end of the chamber, "Ru; to thy office."

This functionary immediately cast off his jerkin, and baring his arms, bound those of the baron to the wooden pillar, so that he could not move, whilst the lieutenant of police signed to Corbé and Riquelet to fetch the boot. They then proceeded to strip their unfortunate victim's legs and feet, and to place one of them in the machine, Ru holding it the while; when everything was prepared, D'Argenson again asked the baron to sign the paper, but he again refused, and in the most peremptory manner.

"Screw!" exclaimed D'Argenson; Ru looked at him, irresolute. "*Ventre bleu!* dost hear me?" reiterated he.

Thus admonished, the *porte-clefs* began very slowly turning a small pivot with a hand-winch, that, by a simple piece of mechanism, caused the iron plates and springs of which the boot was constructed, to contract gradually together until, from the knee downwards, the wretched victim's leg was completely encased therein; still he did not flinch:

"Harder! harder!" vociferated the lieutenant of police; "*sang dieu!*"

The *porte-clefs* appeared to struggle hard to get the winch to turn, becoming purple in the face with the exertion, but the more he tried, the less the winch moved; at last he stopped, wiped his face with the back of his hand, and asked to be accommodated with a glass of wine.

"Go on!" cried D'Argenson; "thou shalt have wine when we have done."

But although Ru resumed his operations upon the winch, it obstinately refused to stir! upon which, the lieutenant broke out into a volley of execrations intermingled with threats of putting Ru himself to the torture if he did not do his duty.

"The screws are rusty," said that individual, "and the springs too!"

"Let me try," exclaimed Corbé, pushing the other away; "I'll make it turn!"

Seizing the winch with both hands, he turned it round twice or thrice with the greatest ease, much to the apparent astonishment of the *porte-clefs;* the effects of his manipulation soon manifested itself; the baron shuddered, and the hue of his complexion turned almost to the lividity of death; still he spoke not.

"Wilt thou sign?" cried D'Argenson in his ear.

"Never!" replied De St. Auney, in a husky voice.

"Screw!" shouted the former; and again Corbé applied himself to his hideous task.

"There goes the knee-pan!" observed Ru, as a slight report like that of a walnut being cracked, fell on his ear.

"Wilt thou sign the paper?" demanded the lieutenant of police, trembling, and wiping the sweat from his forehead; the baron shook his head:

"Screw! screw! *tonnere dieu!*" shouted his persecutor, and again Corbé resumed his work.

There succeeded a very brief pause, when a second small report was heard:

"That's the ancle-bone," muttered the *porte-clefs.*

"Wilt thou sign now?" demanded D'Argenson, again in a hurried, anxious tone; "thy daughter shall go free! I swear it; by St. Marc!" this was his patron saint.

"The pen," said the baron, in an almost inaudible voice.

D'Argenson snatched the pen from the hand of St. Marc, who had been taking minutes of the proceedings, and ordering Ru to loose the baron's arms from the leathern thongs that confined them, presented him the pen, converting the crown of his beaver into a temporary writing desk, and spreading out the paper upon it: it purported to be a confession made by the baron de St. Auney, acknowledging himself guilty of the forgery of the bond ostensibly signed by the 'Sieur St. Angin.

The sufferer, with an effort to suppress any expression of the agony he endured, took the pen, and rapidly tracing the words, "*False; false!*" at the foot of the document, appended his name thereto; this done, his arms dropped, and he would have fallen down, had not one of the soldiers in attendance caught him: he had fainted.

"*Mort dieu!*" shouted the thunderstruck and enraged lieutenant, looking at the paper; "cheated? Screw! screw!"

"He can't bear any more now," observed Riquelet, who on these occasions officiated in the double capacity of confessor and surgeon.

"Unscrew him then, and take him to his cell," replied D'Argenson; "curses on him!" tearing the document into fragments, he beckoned St. Marc to follow him, and quitted the horrid scene, venting his rage in execrations.

The baron having been released by Corbé and Ru, was at once carried up into his apartment, by the two soldiers, Father Riquelet

accompanying them, leaving the lieutenant-governor and the *porte-clefs* together.

"Help me to put this up," exclaimed, the latter to his companion, taking hold of one end of the ponderous boot; the latter unsuspiciously acquiesced, and grasped the other end, for the purpose of lifting it upon Ru's shoulder, when the man suddenly seized him by the arm, and forcing it into the machine in spite of the other's struggles, held it there until he had turned the winch sufficiently to fix the captured member; in vain, the wretch stamped and roared with pain, Ru only screwed the winch the tighter:

"Ah! ah! ah!" said he; "the screws aren't rusty now; are they? Isn't it pleasant, eh? How do you like it?"

"Let me go!" screamed the other.

"You'll put me into the dungeon, won't you," answered Ru, giving the winch a sharp turn; "ah! ah! ah! How nicely I could lock you in here now; I don't think I could manage to lose the key either! If I did, nobody would be the wiser!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ST. MARCEL AND DEMOCRITUS EXPRESS THEIR OPINIONS VERY FREELY UPON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

If the reader ever experienced—and should he chance to be a very young gentleman, he undoubtedly has—any peculiar, unaccountable, indescribable emotion consequent upon his personal acquaintance with some fair, youthful being belonging to the opposite sex, into whose society accident, or design, or fate—which may be considered a mixture of both these—once brought him, and can remember that the effect of this emotion was the making him feel, to an extreme degree, uncomfortable and timid, and bashful, and awkward, and confused, when in her presence, if the reader can recollect all this, or any part of it, or anything approaching to it, as having once occurred to him, he may make up his mind to the fact—in spite of any open assertion to the contrary—of his having been in love!

This granted, let him call to mind the rapture with which he dwelt upon every word, every look, every gesture of her who had inspired him with the incipient passion; how eagerly he used to anticipate the day, the hour, nay, the minute when he would again behold her; how her image alone engrossed his whole soul, she being to him an entire universe, the measure of whose time was made up of the periods that marked separations and meetings; the hours passed in her company reckoning for nothing; but—by way

of establishing a compensation—those passed out of it counting double; let him remember all this—adding as many incidental circumstances as his own experience may suggest—and he may conceive some idea of the state of St. Marcel's feelings upon discovering that Jeanne de St. Auney was missing from her father's residence.

Dame Prevôt gave an elaborate account of her young mistress's disappearance, interpersed with equally full particulars of the various warnings she herself had received of the coming calamity, as likewise a circumstantial relation of the mysterious visit that Jacques paid them on the morning after the occurrence, and of his sudden departure for the convent whither they gave him to understand Jeanne had been conveyed, immediately upon his learning the mode of her abduction, terminating her narrative with a wish that they were once more safe at La Gâcherie, for she thought many things more *re*-markable might happen than *her* being carried off next; indeed, she should not be at all surprised if somebody attempted it: oh dear no!

The young man took his leave of the garrulous dame, with a sad heart and a lengthened visage, and wandered listlessly about the city until night, when he repaired to Lutetia, in the hopes of getting, through Jacques, at the bottom of the transaction.

Democritus manifested some astonishment to see him at so early an hour, and noticing his despondency, questioned him as to the cause of it, which St. Marcel recounted in as few words as possible, expressing himself, however, with a warmth that proved the strength of the passion he had conceived for the baron's daughter, although up to that period, he had scarcely dared acknowledge it even to himself.

"I can understand thy feelings, friend Marcellus," said the philosopher; "I had already entertained suspicions as to the state of thy heart, as thou canst remember, for I expressed my opinion pretty freely at the time, though thou would'st not confess the truth. But thou hast forgotton to name the idol of thy affections; I am discreet: honor!"

St. Marcel smiled and gave his friend the name, at the mention of which Democritus appeared somewhat astonished.

"De St. Auney! De St. Auney!" said he, musingly; "singular! very! uncommonly singular! That name has occurred to me before, friend Marcellus, but coupled with another—one Count de St. Angin."

"St. Angin!" exclaimed St. Marcel half to himself, and whose turn it now was to be surprised; "that is the same name I affixed to the bond which Jacques gave to Etienne Quinault!"

"The coincidence is striking," observed Democritus; "for, strange as it may appear, Etienne Quinault's name is on the superscription of a letter in my possession; the same, indeed, in which mention is made of the Sieur Baron de St. Auney, and the Count de St. Angin; the letter is dated many years ago, from Tours, and is signed by

D'Argenson! May I ask thee what bond it was thou wert speaking of?"

St. Marcel recapitulated the circumstances under which Jacques had induced him to sign the document in question, as likewise the use that individual purposed making of it, the philosopher listening to his recital with great gravity.

"Our emperor is a very mysterious man, Marcellus," observed he, as his friend stopped short; "we none of us can comprehend him; and his power, though he is apparently so obscure an individual, is even greater than that of the lieutenant of police! I do not well see how thou could'st have refused to do his bidding, but I am not apprehensive of the consequences, for I would stake my life upon his honor. I cannot however—I must confess that I cannot—infer what his motives were for acting so towards thee; but 'tis like him, Marcellus! and depend upon it his reasons were wise ones."

"I cannot comprehend, any more than thou," answered St. Marcel, "the strange link of connexion that appears to exists between us; he befriended me at a most critical juncture, and I am grateful to him for it; still, I wish he would be explicit, and solve my doubts; but he always evades the subject. Thus have I gone on, from day to day, until I find myself so mixed up with him—and his mysterious transactions, that to throw off the yoke—for such the being a Lutetian seems to me—would be fraught with more danger than my continuing to wear it!"

Domocritus smiled as he answered:

"The danger, Marcellus, *would* be great; inasmuch as thou would'st lose the friendship of those who are best able to protect thee from the evil consequences arising from the abuse which our arbitrary government makes of its power."

"But the secrets of this community, Democritus; is there no fear of their being betrayed? May there not be traitors in the camp?"

"Is there any danger, thinkest thou, Marcellus, of thy prating abroad of the circumstance that induced thee to join us! I read thy answer in thy countenance! Well! we are all bound by similar ties to secrecy! Our self-preservation is involved, or our well-being, or that of some of our relatives or friends! Who could betray us, without the circumstance transpiring? are there not an hundred eyes upon the movement of each of us? is not every movement we make, marked and noted, from day to day?"

"But some adverse chance might prove fatal to this secret, notwithstanding."

"Bah!" exclaimed the philosoper, impatiently; "even should chance prove contrary to us, we are in a position to defy the possibility of any evil results. Our emperor's measures for our security, are too well taken; and so far from a sense of safety rendering him careless, it serves only to urge him to use greater vigilance."

"Well," observed St. Marcel, with a sigh and a shake of the head; "I am free to confess, that although one of the community, I do

not on that account entertain any higher opinion of the character of my brethren, and I often blush to think I am a—a—there—I can't say the word!"

"A *mouchard!*" suggested his companion; "a mistake Marcellus—quite a mistake. Though we are to a certain extent spies, we have none of that class amongst us; they are all known to us, because we are of necessity brought into contact with them; but *they* are D'Argenson's agents, with whom we have nothing in common; nothing! Is it because we are a motley company, that thou holdest us in contempt, friend Marcellus?"

"I am aware, chevalier, that nature created us equal in regard to rank, for we are all members of the same family; still, some she endowed with greater strength, or higher capacities, superior energies, or loftier sentiments, by the exercise of which these were enabled to assume over their fellows an authority the latter could not withstand to overthrow; hence originated distinction of rank, or according to our more modern notions, hence arose aristocracy."

"Good! good! Marcellus! I perceive thou and I shall not long disagree on this chapter!"

"It is certain, Democritus, that our social system is full of glaring evils and abuses! that our nobility have heaped degradation upon degradation on the lower born, and do oppress them to an extent that renders their patience quite inexplicable! that the rich and powerful man, with wrong on his side, shall be certain of gaining the advantage over a poorer and more obscure individual who has only the justice of his cause to befriend him! Still, any other system would engender similar evils; for where there exists power, there will also exist oppression; and thus it has ever been!"

"I like thy candor, Marcellus; it proves thee to be truly noble—though thy name is not of the very first—" here St. Marcel colored deeply, but the philosopher did not observe his confusion, and continued; "thy prejudices thou wilt out-live, for they do not arise from thy heart; and as I once entertained similar notions, I cannot quarrel with thee for thine on this score! Here, the expression of one's opinions is unshackled, which is more than I can say for any other part of Paris."

"Judging from the freedom of thine, Democritus, I should imagine that thou hast ample cause to rejoice in the protection Lutetia affords thee, for half of what has passed between us this evening, expressed within hearing of any of D'Argenson's *mouchards*, would have certainly insured both of us board and lodging at the expense of government."

"Thou sayest truly Marcellus! more is the pity! Depend on it 'tis a grave error in polity, to impose fetters upon individual opinion; it brings the laws into contempt, and fosters a hatred of those, who enjoying the advantage of position, are comparatively free to think and speak as they like; it sows the seeds of disaffection amongst the people; chafes their galled spirit into insubordination, and induces in them a desire to try whether some other system of

government would not be more congenial; for, injustice and oppression cannot always maintain the upper hand! Why, within the last month, upwards of two hundred families in Paris alone, have been thrown into the completest misery, by the arrest of one or more of the members belonging to them! a father here, a brother there, and sometimes parent and child together! need it be asked whither they have disappeared, when we see the hated Bastile frowning over our very homes?"

"May I ask thee, chevalier, whether Lutetia contains many such as thou? This democratic spirit has burst upon me unawares, and reminds me that I have sworn allegiance to our grand monarque."

"Ah! ah! ah! never fear, Marcellus! thou art unaccustomed to hear opinions so freely expressed, and therefore art alarmed! We are not enemies of Louis Quatorze, but the enemies of oppression!"

"Thou hast set my conscience at rest upon one point," answered St. Marcel, smiling; "but were not my honor pledged to observe secrecy with regard to the existence of this rat-like community, my own safety would compel me. Since we have, however, touched upon this subject, Democritus, thou wilt perhaps satisfy me as to the definite object of this association, for up to the present time, I have remained in ignorance of it!"

"What definite object the emperor may have in view, I know not, Marcellus; we are a masonic order, and are bound by oath, to succor our fellow citizens, and afford them, by all the means in our power, protection against that system of injustice and oppression, which, under the existing corrupt government of the realm, may be exercised with impunity against any individual whomsoever!"

"From the disreputable character of the neighborhood, infested as it is by all kinds of notorious criminals, who here find sanctuary, I apprehended that Lutetia was not free from them; I am mistaken, friend Democritus?"

"Thou art, Marcellus! our secret would not be safe with such; besides, none are admitted here whose character is suspicious."

"Nay! Democritus! Are there not amongst us, many paid spies of the secret police?"

"Yes!" responded the philosopher; "our emperor, who, from some secret motive unknown to us, is D'Argenson's mortal enemy, and counteracts his evil influence whenever the opportunity presents itself, is in the intimacy of the lieutenant of police, and was in La Reynie's, when he held the same office. I need not explain to thee the advantages he derives from this position, or how materially these are made to contribute to our interests, to our safety; in a word, to the furtherance of our philanthropic ends."

"I see it all," responded St. Marcel; "but, besides Jacques, or the emperor, as thou, in Lutetian phraseology, callest him, I perceive several men here, who are likewise in the secret service of Monseigneur D'Argenson!"

"There *are*, and many of them amongst us, Marcellus; but they

are the emperor's confidential agents, who have joined the secret police to serve Lutetia, not their unprincipled superior. Yonder sets one whom, perhaps, thou art not acquainted with, but who, nevertheless, knows well that thou hast been walking moodily about Paris, all this day; he is paid by D'Argenson to observe thy movements, and to report the same."

Democritus pointed, unperceived, to the person in question, who was earnestly discussing the merits of a very nice point at *picket* which two of his companions had submitted to his arbitration; St. Marcel considered him a moment, but did not succeed in recognizing his features.

"This intelligence of thine, chevalier, rather startles me," said he; "I certainly do not know that man, nor am I aware in what manner I can have fallen under the suspicion of the lieutenant of police. As thou art so well informed on other points, perhaps thou canst enlighten me!"

"Indeed I cannot, Marcellus!"

"Then, since what period, friend Democritus, have I been under surveillance? Dost thou know?"

"Not exactly, Marcellus! But within a week after thy introduction here, certainly!"

St. Marcel reflected a moment, and replied:

"It was about that time I formed the acquaintance of Jeanne de St. Auney; I also now recollect meeting with Monseigneur D'Argenson very unexpectedly, on the very morning that I first saw her; it was at the gate of the Luxembourg gardens, where I quitted her."

"Art thou aware of D'Argenson's persecution of that unhappy nobleman, Marcellus?"

"His daughter made me acquainted with the circumstance," answered St. Marcel.

"And dost thou entertain no suspicion as to the abductor of that maiden, Marcellus?"

"D'Argenson is a greater villain than I imagined; yet, I cannot comprehend why my visits at the baron's residence should excite his suspicions of me, unless, indeed, falling in love be accounted a crime!"

"It is not absolutely necessary that a man should be guilty of crime to become an object of suspicion to the lieutenant of police," observed Democritus, gravely.

"With the exception of my mad freak on the Pont-Neuf, and my acquiescence with the emperor's project in connexion with that bond, I am aware of none that I have cause to blush for!"

"Canst thou remember that any of thy relatives were ever at variance with monseigneur? He is a man who never forgives, and who will revenge himself not only upon those who offend him, but upon their kindred. Nay! don't change color, Marcellus! if any circumstance of this kind exists, and the mention of it causes thee

pain, I am one of the last to press inquiry; but as I do entertain a sincere regard for thee—"

"No apology, friend Democritus," answered St. Marcel; "thou meanest well, though thy question does, I confess, embarrass me, for I have no kindred, or at least if I have, I know them not: I am a foundling!"

"St. Marcel le Trouvé!" ejaculated the philosopher; "a very appropriate name! I shall be glad to hear thy story, Marcellus."

"I had already promised to give it thee, chevalier, and can satisfy thy curiosity in a very few words! My earliest recollections are of bright sunny days and clear blue skies, and long rambles through green fields on the flowery banks of a small shining river, into which I used to cast pebbles to scare the fish that glided in shoals beneath its waters. One day, I strayed from my nurse—who had fallen asleep beneath a tree—to gather wild berries, when a strange man suddenly rushed out of the hedge, seized me by the arm, and putting his hand over my mouth, concealed me beneath his cloak, and hurried away with me into a wood, where we remained until night. He then set off again, telling me he was going to take me back to my nurse, but when he released me, I found myself in a small room, where there was a bed, into which I was put. I must have fallen asleep almost immediately, and have slept a long time, for, on awaking, I was in some kind of vehicle, and sitting in the lap of a soldier, who told me that I should see my nurse at our journey's end. After traveling a day and a night, we reached a large city, that I have concluded was Paris. My conductor left me at the house of a strange female, who immediately stripped me of my own clothes, and furnished me with others. How long I remained with her I cannot tell, but it was not very long; nor do I know how, on leaving her, I came to be incorporated as an *enfant de troupe*, in one of the infantry regiments that had served in Flanders, and was at this period garrisoned in Paris. I can, however, recollect being one morning placed in a baggage-waggon, along with a number of children and women—that we left the city, and travelled many days and nights without stopping, until we reached our destination, Strasbourg, which, as thou knowest, Louvois had recently taken, and added to the empire of our grand monarque. Here, I may say, I began my military education, and here I remained until old enough to beat a drum, when I was drafted into a regiment belonging to the army of observation on the frontiers, intended to check the manœuvres of the recently formed League of Augsburg. From this period my story is confounded with the exploits of the various corps I served in. The brilliant and rapid successes of our commander-in-chief, Luxembourg, having brought about the Peace of Ryswick, I was offered a captaincy in my own regiment, but Schwillwein having in the interim been appointed commandant of the Musketeers, I preferred accepting the rank of lieutenant in the same corps, which rank I still hold, until the opportunity offers of attaining a higher one. This, friend Democritus, is my story."

"But thou hast not told me how thou camest by thy name, Marcellus?" observed the philosopher; "it struck me as being a singular one from the first."

"There is little interest connected with it," answered St. Marcel; "and I am, I believe, entirely indebted to chance for it. I can remember always being called St. Marcel le Trouvé by my comrades, from the time I became an *enfant de troupe*, up to the present moment; and from what I was able to glean from them, it would appear, that the drummer of one of the regiments I first mentioned, was returning to his quarters one night, rather later than usual, and rather the worse for wine, when he perceived something lying in a *portecochère*, which turned out to be *me*, fast asleep. A narcotic draught had been administered to me it seems, for I was perfectly insensible, and remained so for some hours. However, the kind-hearted old soldier took me up in his arms, and carried me in triumph to his barracks, declaring he would be a father to me. His name was Martial, to which his comrades had, in ridicule, appended the cognomen saint—St. Martial being included in the calendar—and by this name he christened me over a drum-head, by dashing a glass of wine in my face, and making me swallow another, which ceremony I perfectly remember."

"Didst thou ever learn what became of thy benefactor, Marcellus?"

"I grieve to say his end was disastrous. In a drunken fit he insulted a superior officer, was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to military execution; but, unable to abide the disgrace, he found means to destroy himself in prison!"

"As for thy story, it has marvellously interested me, and I shall not now rest satisfied until we have discovered thy parentage! But see! here is the emperor; I dare say he can satisfy thy doubts concerning the safety of Jeanne de St. Auney."

As will be imagined, St. Marcel soon found an opportunity of drawing Jacques aside and questioning him upon the subject so near his heart, and the spy in answer informed him of every particular connected with the transaction, relating, however, merely the bare facts, leaving him to form his own conjectures and make his own comments thereupon.

"I will have satisfaction of the Duke de Chartres," exclaimed he, in a burst of anger; "he is a traitor and a villain—and as for D'Argenson—"

"Chut!" replied Jacques, coolly; "D'Argenson is beyond *thy* reach; and as for Monsieur de Chartres, I do not see how he could guess thy heart was engaged to the baron's daughter?"

St. Marcel grasped the spy's hand with great fervor, a mark of confidence that was cordially returned; and as Jacques withdrew to his own chamber, resumed his accustomed seat near to Democritus, with whom he soon became again engaged in animated conversation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ST. LEU EFFECTS HIS ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILE.

St. Leu had been incarcerated nearly six weeks, when the event occurred, that brought him so unexpectedly into collision with Corbé and Riquelet; his feelings upon which occasion may readily be conceived but with difficulty expressed.

It was easy for him to infer that these individuals were mutually ignorant of each other's nefarious design—for the hurried manner in which Corbé concealed himself on the approach of Father Riquelet, and the precipitancy of his flight, coupled with the observations of the Jesuit, left no doubt of this fact—but the threats that fell from Ru, when the latter quitted him, partly opened his eyes to the design of this individual in bringing them all together, as if by chance, on the same identical night.

The fact was, that Corbé and Riquelet had long meditated—unknown to each other—the same project against the maiden, but had been compelled to defer its execution until they could secure Ru's connivance, without which the accomplishment of their base design was impracticable. But this individual, though he accepted their large bribes, always invented some new pretext for breaking his promise, in the hope of extorting more money from them; or admitted them to Julie's cell, only when Sister Bridget was there, who, schooled by him, insisted upon the letter of the regulations of the *château*, and resolutely refused to quit her prisoner for an instant. On discovering, however, the connexion between St. Leu and Julie, Ru suddenly changed his plan of operations, and, spurred by a love of mischief, determined to gratify the wishes of all parties, after his own peculiar fashion, and in a manner they little anticipated: the result of his mischievous plot has been shewn; and in carrying out of the same, he displayed more policy than may at first be imagined, though his motives for acting as he did, might perhaps, not bear scrutiny. By involving the principle parties, Corbé and Riquelet, he sought to screen himself from the punishment that any accidental or wilful discovery of the affair, as it regarded himself and St. Leu, would certainly entail; the entire onus of which, the malice of either party might easily fix upon him.

But though frustrated in their intention, the two criminals did not lose sight of it, and having determined thenceforward to act in concert, once more sought to gain over Ru to their purpose, who, however, pointedly refused to lend them his further co-operation; upon this ensued the scene to which D'Argenson became, so unexpectedly, a witness.

On the morning after his interview with Julie, St. Leu's cell underwent a second scrutiny, under the superintendence of Mon-

sieur de Joncas, Ru, and an assistant jailer; every niche was scrupulously inspected; the bed and the mattrass were unsewn and turned over, and even the iron bars at the window examined, in order to ascertain whether the prisoner had attempted to loosen them; all this passed in silence, nor did Monsieur de Joncas pay the least attention to the few questions St. Leu addressed him, with respect to the probable duration of his captivity, but having accomplished his task, quitted the cell, followed by Ru and his companion.

At his usual hour, the *porte-clefs* again appeared with his prisoner's afternoon meal, when he informed him that he (St. Leu) would shortly be removed to the tower of the comté:

"I overheard St. Marc and Corbé talk about it," said he; there's somebody there now, but he's going away in a week or ten days."

"And is there any likelihood of my being liberated?" inquired St. Leu.

"Can't say!" responded the *porte-clefs*; "haven't heard! don't think there is, much! better try and make yourself happy!"

"And Julie! the young lady."

"I know!" observed Ru, nodding his head and winking his eye; "down there! Haven't heard anything about *her* either; tell you if I do! I like you, because you broke Riquelet's head! I wish it had been Corbé's! ah! ah! Don't be afraid;" continued he, creeping up close to St. Leu, and whispering; "don't be afraid of anything happening to her! She's got a friend! he's my friend too, now! perhaps you know him! his name's Jacques! he's D'Argenson's friend too, and comes here very often, and he promised me lots of gold if I prevented any harm from coming to her! Do you know Jacques? eh?"

St. Leu intimated that he did not.

"Oh!" ejaculated the *porte-clefs* musingly; and abruptly departed.

This intelligence concerning Jacques' interest in Julie, filled the young lover's heart with various surmises of the most conflicting kind, though they left him, at last, more at rest as to the likely issue of any further attempt that the Jesuit or the lieutenant-governor might be tempted to make upon her. She had spoken to him of Jacques; the letter he held from Jeanne to her sister likewise mentioned his name; thus, of his friendship he could entertain no doubt, whilst Ru, in affording him a proof of its potency, left him full of hope as to the effects he might expect it to produce in accomplishing the release of Julie.

His mind being comparatively tranquil on this score, he began again to ponder over his own fate, as he had already often done since his incarceration; and now it was that the despair to which he became a prey, spurred his invention to mature a plan of escape from the horrors that perhaps awaited him; he therefore commenced his preparations.

To conceal these from the vigilance of his jailers was the first

great difficulty; for though Ru's visits took place, for the most part at fixed times, to which he was now pretty well accustomed, he was never certain but that he might drop in at other hours, as he had done that morning for instance, accompanied by one or another of the functionaries of the fortress; from which contingency he had everything to apprehend, as his cell was likely again to be subjected to examination. Besides this, he had time against him, for he resolved not to afford his jailers the opportunity of changing his abode, and possessed few materials for the manufacture of the chief article he required, namely, a rope, long and strong enough to enable him to reach the ditch, from his point of descent at the summit of the tower; but nothing daunted, he went vigorously to work, upon such articles as he had, and before Ru returned with his morning meal, had completed a portion of his task.

Judging of the height of the towers from that of his cell, from the number of stories, and the space between each, he calculated upon requiring about a hundred and twenty feet of rope; but great was his dismay when he discovered that every available article of wearing-apparel that he possessed, added to the sheets and blankets of his bed, would not, when twisted into strands of the requisite strength, make up more than half the necessary quantity; still, he wrought on, with increasing assiduity, until he had no more materials to work with, save his outward garments, the sacking of his bed, the slight cords that held it together, and the bed-clothes themselves. In this dilemma, he feigned indisposition, in order to have a show of excuse for not getting up, and so far imposed upon Ru, as to induce this individual to supply him with an additional blanket and a coverlet; these rapidly shared the fate of the others, so that on the fifth day from the commencement of his task, he had, by weaving all these articles together in strips, into what is, by sailors, called "*twice-laid*," completed a rope of tolerable strength, and of fourteen lengths, each length averaging about five feet.

As the only materials he now had at hand, to finish the rope, could not be used without attracting Ru's attention to their disappearance, St. Leu found it necessary to fix upon a night for making the contemplated attempt, purposing to attain the platform by means of the chimney, and thence, with the assistance of the rope, to descend into the great ditch, and gain the Seine through the small moat by which the former was fed.

He had no time to wait for a *favorable* opportunity; wherefore as the nights at that season were very long, and very dark, he chose the following evening, the sixth after his interview with Julie; though the difficulties that threatened him were materially augmented by the fact of a large quantity of snow having fallen, rendering a discovery by the sentinels more to be apprehended; the die, however, was cast; he had gone too far to recede, and delay might prove fatal to his project.

That day fled; but slowly; the night came, and waned; but more slowly still! would to-morrow never dawn? oh yes! the morrow

came, and with it, snow and wind! noon-tide too passed, and still the snow fell, and the wind blew! night succeeded, with more snow and more wind! St. Leu watched the white flakes as they descended, and listened to the howling of the storm! the sound pleased him! seven o'clock struck; his heart leaped; the time he had so anxiously looked forward to had arrived.

As soon as Ru had paid him his last visit, St. Leu took out the rope and examined it, length by length, subjecting it to the heaviest strain he was capable of, with a view to test its strength; the result proved satisfactory; to complete it was his next task, and to this he applied himself with an earnestness and an energy of purpose that the emergency increased tenfold. Every article in the cell, available as a substitute for yarn, now came into requisition; the sacking of his wretched couch; the old, and half-rotten green serge of the same that served for curtains; all that remained of his bedding, even to the tick of the mattrass; his own outer garments; coat, waistcoat, neckerchief, every shred of raiment, was turned to account! He stationed himself near the narrow window of his cell, and listened as he worked to the chimes that marked the fleeting hours! eight o'clock—nine—ten! still his task remained incomplete! eleven struck—then midnight! another half hour and all would be ready! at last his work was done!

Having again assured himself of the strength of his rope, as far as the means for so doing would allow, he coiled it over his left arm, and with a firm heart commenced his perilous adventure.

With some difficulty, he forced his way up the narrow chimney as far as the elbow, where the obstruction existed which he had cleared away, as related in a former chapter; here, over his head, an iron bar, similar to the one he had already bent aside, stopped his egress; however, he at last succeeded in removing it also, and soon gained the aperture above, which was scarcely large enough to afford his body a passage; indeed, had he retained his clothes, he could not have got through it. On gaining the top, he was rejoiced to find that the storm continued with unabated violence, and that the wind, which blew most boisterously, came from the north-east, placing him to leeward of the sentinels. The night too was very black, though the snow that had fallen, and which still continued to drift blindingly in every direction, save straight down, rendered surrounding objects perfectly distinguishable, so that he could even plainly discern the sentry-boxes at the further end of the platform; one of these stood not forty feet from the aperture he lay concealed in, which, fortunately for him, was situated at the angle the tower of the Bertaudière formed with the masonry that connected it with the Bazinière, so that he could reconnoitre unperceived; the unlooked for circumstance startled him at first, but a few minutes sufficed to restore his courage, for he soon remarked that the sentinel had taken refuge within, leaving the road comparatively free; hardly daring to draw breath, he gradually emerged from his hiding-place, shivering and benumbed, and as the neighboring

St Lew's fearful struggle with the Sentinel of the Bastile.

clocks struck one, set his foot upon the platform; there was now no receding.

Cautiously he crept on his hands and knees to the nearest embrasure, and, under cover of the piece of field artillery with which it was furnished, proceeded to attach his rope to the wheel thereof, taking the precaution to cast the coil over the battlements, ready for use. This operation occupied some time, for his hands and limbs were not only chafed, swollen, and lacerated, but deadened from the effects of cold, so that he could hardly use them; at length, however, he completed his task in safety, and having ascertained that the rope was securely fastened, cautiously raised himself for the purpose of commencing his fearful descent, when the sentinel suddenly came out of his box and began parading the platform, passing backwards and forwards within twenty paces of the embrasure in which he now again lay crouched, a prey to the severest mental and bodily anguish that can be conceived.

Twice, when the vigilant guardian's back was turned, did St. Leu creep towards the embrasure with the design of placing that barrier between them, and twice was he compelled to forego his intention, for the soldier's walk was so short, his face might be said to have been turned almost always one way; but hesitation now was madness, for the success of his attempt depended upon his decision and firmness; taking advantage therefore of the same favorable opportunity that had already twice offered itself, St. Leu bounded towards the battlement, when a fierce gust drove the blinding sleet and snow into the sentry's face, causing him to turn suddenly around; he caught sight of the strange figure before him; the click of the musket; the *qui-vive* told St. Leu that he was discovered. Dashing forwards, unarmed, naked, as he was, he grasped the man by the throat, and a short but desperate struggle ensued, during which the musket discharged; placing his foot in the middle of the soldier's body, he wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and swinging it over his head, with the butt-end laid him senseless at his feet; the next moment, he hung suspended in the air; he had commenced his frightful descent!

Other sentinels quickly rushed to the succour of their comrade, but stupefied by exposure to the inclement night, gazed about for the fugitive in every direction—save the right one—discharging their pieces in the air, in order to rouse the garrison. The alarm now became general, though some time elapsed first, for the wind was so high it drowned the vociferations of the soldiers on the towers—bawling out to their comrades on the round-away—who knew not where to look, nor what to do, until one of them perceived a white figure dangling in mid-way air, rapidly descending from the towers into the ditch, and at which he levelled his musket, and fired, but without effect, although it served to put his companions on the proper track.

St. Leu had by this time descended more than half way, but his position was frightful in the extreme; having nothing to steady

his descent, he was swinging about backwards and forwards, in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces against the massive stonework, and owed his safety only to his presence of mind, which he still retained, even at that critical juncture. His sole aim was to reach the ditch beneath him, which he saw was frozen over, for the snow lay thick upon the surface of the ice; he therefore continued lowering himself, heedless of the uproar, or of the strife of the elements that raged above, and around, and on all sides of him, his only fear being as to the strength of the rope, upon which the strain increased every moment, causing it now and then to crack, and reminding him of the frail material it was composed of, so vividly, that his fingers seemed to interrogate each thread, as if to ascertain the safety of that particular one on which his life was at that precise moment hung.

He had yet a distance of some twenty-five or thirty feet to descend, when to his utter dismay, he came to the end of his rope—and at the same instant he felt that somebody was pulling at it above; a moment's hesitation—only a moment's—but what a moment that!—he loosed his hold and dropped! a rush of air—a suspension of breath—a stunning blow—a sensation of his bones being all broken at once—and the next instant he was immersed in water, and mud, and ice, and snow, and blinding darkness! But life—life—was his only thought, notwithstanding! He rose to the surface, and pushing aside the broken, jagged masses of ice, succeeded in gaining a footing upon a firmer portion; he had, however, escaped one danger only to encounter another.

He was yet separated from the small moat which he sought to gain, by the whole width of the great ditch, into which he had fallen, and the space between the Bertaudière and the Bazinière towers, a distance of nearly seventy yards, in traversing which his person would offer a sure mark to the sentinels on the round-away, who were now aware of his position; fortunately, however, the biting wind blew direct in their faces, driving before it a shower of tiny, frozen arrows, that nearly deprived them of vision, the intolerable pain diverting their attention from the fugitive to themselves. St. Leu scrambled forwards on all fours—the ice cracking, and bending, and breaking under him, until he reached the middle of the great ditch, when a shot from one of the sentinels—for he was now within twenty yards of the round-away—took effect on his person, passing obliquely through the fleshy part of his arm. Regardless of the anguish, and of the additional danger to which he was now exposed he started to his feet, bounded forwards, and reached the small moat.

This moat—which likewise formed the outermost boundary of the gardens of the arsenal—communicated with the Seine, and was about forty feet wide, and of the same depth as the great ditch; over it, at about fourteen or fifteen yards from its point of junction with the latter, fell a triple drawbridge, defended on the inner side by a corps-de-garde. Hearing the shots and the shouts of their

comrades, the soldiers on duty here, lowered the bridge, and rushed in a mass into the first outer court, in order to learn the cause of the outcry; they passed within twenty feet of the wounded and trembling fugitive, who, the better to conceal himself, crouched down in the snow; he saw them run across the bridge—and heard their halloos to their comrades—he heard too, the chains of the great drawbridge clank, and its ponderous hinges grate—he could see the flash and flicker of their torches, and distinguish the hurried tramp of his pursuers' footsteps drawing every instant nearer and nearer; then a shout of exultation—they were on his track—the snow had betrayed the direction he had taken!

Life—life—liberty—Julie! and again he rushed onwards—gasping—exhausted—another shout! they were nearer! another effort, and he could place the massive outer wall of the Bastile between them and him! On! on! on! over the rotting ice, or immersed in the gelid waters that it covered! now wading through them—now scrambling over the unsafe masses on its surface—or leaping and running when a footing offered; but still on—on—on!

St. Leu had now gained that portion of the smaller moat where it was traversed by the outer wall of the Bastile, a small arch of about five feet in length—the thickness of the wall—forming the junction between it and the moat of the arsenal gardens. But here—between him and his liberty—a formidable barrier interposed itself, in the shape of a harrow-formed grating, fixed into the arch and descending to within a foot of the water-mark, and at the bottom of which bristled a chevaux-de-frize; he hesitated: it was only for a moment: the voices, and the tramp of footsteps in his rear told him he was lost if he paused longer! he drew one long breath, burst through the rotten ice with his feet, and plunged! a long half-minute followed! a noise as of a thousand drums beating all at once, or of as many guns going off at the same moment, filled his ears; still he groped on beneath the water, guiding himself by the bank—then his head touched a substance; with his last remnant of strength, he forced upwards—he breathed again—the last barrier was passed—he was free!

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PURSUIT.

Yes! free! free as the dark masses of clouds that—pursued by the furious blast—rushed through the heavens above! Free as the unruly blast itself that drove them along; or as the broad flakes of snow that drifted, thick and fast, in every direction around him!

But what cared he for those dark masses of clouds, or for the furious blast that drove them, or for the blinding snow they vomited! He could hold out his cheek to that furious blast, or let it buffet his exhausted, broken frame, and rejoice; nay, mock its rage; for, like it, he was free!

Yes, free! but half-dead! exhausted by the immense exertions he had made! wounded—bruised—lacerated—benumbed! Gasping for breath, he dragged his almost powerless limbs to the shelving bank of the ditch, and with difficulty scrambled out of it, retaining, notwithstanding, sufficient presence of mind to keep him alive to the necessity of increasing, without delay, the distance already between him and his pursuers, who were separated from him only by the thickness of the outer wall of the Bastile, and whose voices he could distinctly hear rising in discordance above the howling of the tempest.

There was no time for reflection; his heart throbbed wildly—his head swam—he saw nothing, heard nothing—he only felt himself suddenly borne along, as it were, upon the wind—impelled onwards, onwards, he knew not how; leaping—stumbling—scrambling—running, but still onwards, watching the white earth as it glided beneath his feet—or noting the dark rows of trees as with the speed of lightning they rushed past him—or now, the narrow portals of the houses, as he wildly interrogates each, in the hope of finding one open! But no! all, all are shut against the fugitive!

He dashes wildly onwards notwithstanding; up one street, down another; through *carrefours** and courts, and lanes, and alleys, threading a labyrinth of stone and brick apparently interminable! suddenly a bright stream of light bursts full upon him as he turns a corner! a bound brings him to the door whence it proceeds! another moment—he has disappeared; the friendly porch is closed, and all is darkness again; with the wind whistling, and roaring, and venting its rage upon the tall stacks of chimneys—carrying away slates and tiles, and roofs, as though they were straws; mischievously drifting the snow under street-doors, into cellars, down chimney-pots, and through the broken panes of the poor man's dwelling.

This is not the place to decide whether or not there exists in this sub-lunar or sub-solar sphere, in connexion with the fortunes of man, a certain mysterious agency, called fate; that is, a predestinated concatenation of events, whose influence, for some wise end—though often apparently otherwise—tends to render an individual irresponsible for his deeds, in making him, unconsciously, the instrument of some great power of infinite and ubiquitous volition; it is not here the place, say we, to decide a question involving, as *it* does, so much severe inquiry; but it is, notwithstanding, incontrovertible—whether fatality be or not admitted to enter into the organization of mundane affairs—that the regulation of the stupendous machinery of nature—including, of course, man and his actions—is effected by

* A *carrefour* is the point of junction of many streets.

the very simplest means, and that the fate of empires, as of individuals, oftentimes hangs upon a circumstance so trivial, as even to escape notice, until investigation shows the secret workings of that agency to which we yet hesitate to give a name!

But we will further add, with reference to the influence of trifles upon a man's destiny, that St. Leu was indebted solely to a very trivial circumstance for the asylum he found from his pursuers, for, had the owner thereof—a smith and farrier—not had a neighbor of the same trade as himself, and with whom—according to the old adage—he was not upon over-fraternal terms, he would that very morning have refused an order for eight and forty sets of horse-shoes, on the plea of inability to forge and deliver them by the next day, as required; had he done which, there would have been no necessity for his working until two hours after midnight, and consequently none for keeping the fire burning that first attracted St. Leu's attention.

But it so fell out—in accordance with the secret arrangements of the tiny angel who held St. Leu's destiny in his hands—that Jean Bourliquet—this was the smith's name, though Democritus had christened him by that of Vulcan—felt a great disinclination to allow his neighbor the benefit of the order for the horse-shoes, wherefore he took it himself, promising to deliver them at the appointed time, and forthwith commenced his task right earnestly. All day he wrought with untiring perseverance; night fell, and his ponderous hammer still rung loud and merrily upon the anvil, whilst his furnace seemed to burn brighter and brighter; at their usual hour, his neighbors retired to bed, leaving him still at work; the patrol passed his forge at midnight, and with a "*good night comrade,*" and a rough compliment upon his industry, left him hammering away, might and main, heedless of the fierce hurricane, and of the masses of snow, which, drifting from every quarter, forced themselves through the crevices and the open door of his shed.

"Thou hast wrought well to-day, Jean Bourliquet," exclaimed he, soliloquizing, and seizing with his tongs another bar of iron; "and thou wilt be a few crowns the richer for it to-morrow! Come! since thou art in the humor, thou may'st as well finish the job to-night, for thy father's first maxim to thee, when he was teaching thee thy calling, was: '*always strike the iron whilst 'tis hot,*' Jean Bourliquet."

Just then, a naked figure rushed, or more properly speaking, leaped into the shed, and darting into the furthermost corner, where he sunk exhausted, exclaimed in an almost inaudible voice:

"Save me! I have escaped from the Bastile! I am pursued!"

Seeing that time was precious, and the case urgent, he threw down hammer, tongs, and half-finished horse-shoe, and making a sign to the prostrate man, promptly closed the door of his shed, and secured it inside, by dropping across it the two massive bars that formed its ordinary fastening. This done, he smiled, nodding his head very knowingly, and turned his attention to the stranger.

"Take a drink of this, comrade," said he, snatching off from a shelf a large wicker-flask, containing something more than a pint of brandy, and placing the same in the fugitive's hand: "that'll revive thee if anything will; I can answer for its virtue."

"Conceal me," replied St. Leu; "they are close upon me; if they find me here we shall both be lost."

"Take another drink," coolly observed the smith; "for should they track thee, thou wilt require all the courage thou hast yet left."

St. Leu did as he was desired, and returned the flask, which Bourliquet carried to his own mouth, and after taking two or three long draughts, deposited it on a bench by his side.

"There!" said he, smacking his lips; "now let us consider what we had best do."

"Hast thou no place in which thou canst secrete me, friend?" asked St. Leu, starting to his feet; "here I am not safe."

"I have no other asylum to offer thee," responded the smith; "except, indeed, the room above, which thy *friends* would be sure to search if they came; thou must assist thyself, or I can do nothing more for thee."

"Tell me what to do," ejaculated our hero, whose strength was now partially renovated; "I am a soldier; thou shalt not find me deficient in courage."

"*Diantre!*" exclaimed Bourliquet; "hadst thou not possessed that, thou wouldst not have escaped from yonder! Hast thou any strength left?"

"I have lost a good deal of blood," replied St. Leu, holding out his wounded arm; "but I can yet make an effort."

With a dexterity that savored strongly of extensive practice, though his skill was ordinarily exercised upon quadrupeds only, Bourliquet bound up the maimed limb, applying to the wound a few drops of a balsam that he usually employed as a specific for hemorrage in horses and cattle, and the potency of which made his patient wince:

"Ah! ah!" he exclaimed, noticing the young man's shudder, "it bites, eh? but thou wilt not feel it presently!"

"Hush!" whispered St. Leu, whose ear was alive to every sound; "they are drawing nearer! I heard them shout again!"

"Pull the rope of yonder bellows, comrade," observed Bourliquet, in a brief, determined tone; "I shall rejoin thee in a twinkling! Should any one knock, open not; for thy life!" with this he commenced rapidly ascending a ladder that stood in the furthermost corner of the shed, and soon after disappeared through a trap cut through the rafters, and by which it communicated with a chamber above.

The tenement in which our hero had taken refuge was the first of a long row of quaintly fashioned houses, built partly of wood and partly of brick, extending from one end of the exterior boulevard, to some distance up the faubourg. It was perfectly isolated from

the rest, being merely a very roomy shed, with a high triangular roof, from the centre of which projected one small latticed window, intended to admit a glimmer of light into a kind of cock-loft over the laboratory, forming the smith's dormitory. The laboratory itself was spacious, owning only one door, looking into the street, but that one very tall and very wide, and divided cross-wise, into two flaps, the lower of which was generally kept closed, whilst the upper one was left to swing backwards and forwards as it listed, being moreover ornamented on the outside with some two or three horse-shoes, intended to operate as a terror and a warning to the whole tribe of evil spirits; who, from time immemorial, as is well known, have been reputed to hold horse-shoes in abhorrence.*

To the left, on entering, stood the blacksmith's forge, with its wide projecting chimney, and its blazing furnace, and on one side of which might now be seen, St. Leu, pale, haggard, and trembling, plying the bellows and feeding the fire, with the handiness of Maître Bourliquet himself. At the other end, opposite the door, lay a quantity of litter and sawdust, trodden down into a close, compact mass, by the farrier's four-footed patrons, with here and there a number of halters hanging upon hooks firmly fixed into the brick work.

St. Leu noted everything at a glance, listening to the smith's heavy shuffle over-head as he began rummaging about in different corners, apparently in search of something, and at the same time to the shouts of his pursuers, which had now grown fainter; this, however, was a mere delusion, for after a brief pause, they burst forth more vociferously than ever, and evidently much nearer; then came a hurried tramp of footsteps, and the next minute the glare

* We must here observe, that an ancient French Chronicler traces the origin of this superstitious custom, up to the youthful days of a certain saint, Eloi by name, a native of Cadillac, near Limoges, in Poitou, who flourished about the commencement of the seventh century, and being by trade a blacksmith and farrier, fixed a horse-shoe over the door of his shed, as a sign of his craft. The sanctity of his life shed lustre over the horse-shoe, which in course of time, acquired miraculous potency in settling the terrestrial affairs of witches, ghosts, and other disembodied beings. His fame spread far and wide until it reached the ears of the good King Dagobert, who elevated him to the bishopric of Noyon; in return for which honor the great saint considerately undertook the office of correcting sundry irregularities in the costume of his majesty, whose name in connexion with his eccentricity in the mode of adjusting a certain unmentionable garment has been handed down to posterity in the following lines. We would give the bard's effusion in our own vernacular tongue, could we do so without destroying their extreme simplicity and point; they run thus:

Le bon roy Dagobert,
Mettoit sa culotte à l'envers;
Le grand Saint Eloy, lui dit ô mon roy!
Votre Majesté s'est bien mal culotte—
S'est vrai lui dit le roy,
Nous allons la mettre à l'endroit!"

The real, original, identical horse-shoe used by the saint, is actually in the possession of a vast number of the craft in various towns on the continent, which fact we take to be a decided proof of the miraculous virtue it still possesses.

of torches flickering through the crevices of the door; a short consultation followed; then a knocking, whilst a voice, which he recognized as belonging to Corbé, exclaimed:

"Open! in the name of the king!"

St. Leu looked anxiously towards the ladder, hardly daring to breathe, and trembling lest that the party outside should force an entrance; still he spoke not; another pause succeeded, when the knocking was repeated, as also the command, but with the addition of an oath; at this moment Bourliquet appeared at the trap, carrying in one hand a pair of wooden shoes which he threw down on the litter, as also a bundle of clothes, and making a sign to his guest to put them on, advanced to take his place at the forge:

"Quick! quick!" said he in a whisper; "never mind their being a little too large!" and he began blowing the fire, and singing at the very top of his voice, whilst St. Leu hurried on the garments.

These belonged to Maitre Bourliquet himself, and though many sizes too big for their present wearer, only served the better to disguise him; he dragged them on as fast as he could, the busy smith eyeing him the while with great calmness of demeanor; but here the knocking re-commenced more furiously than ever, accompanied by loud and angry threats:

"*The good King Dagobert! tral, la la la la la la la—a—!*" shouted Bourliquet, lengthening the final letter of the burden of his ditty, and beginning to hammer away upon his anvil, continuing in an under tone to St. Leu; "quick, comrade! they're getting impatient!"

"I am ready!" answered his guest, in a brief, sharp tone.

"*The great Saint Eloy, tral lal la lal lal la—!*" sang Bourliquet; and regardless of the attempts that the party outside were now making to break in the door, he continued to thump the anvil with all his might; pointing out a dingy *blouse* that laid in one corner, he signed to St. Leu to put it on; this was soon done.

"That 'ill do, comrade!" he exclaimed in a whisper; "take my place at the bellows; and oblige me by looking as stupid as thou canst! Ah! stop! that white face of thine, and that long hair will betray us!" with this he snatched off the great fur cap which ornamented his own head, and clapped it on the young man's, at the imminent risk of extinguishing him; having, however, first adopted the precaution of turning up his unshorn, matted locks beneath it; taking next a handful of soot from one side of the chimney, he begrimed St. Leu's face with it, and his hands, nearly suffocating him by the operation, which, so completely disfigured him, that even Bourliquet himself opened his eyes with astonishment.

Meanwhile, finding themselves frustrated, the party headed by Corbé ceased their efforts to burst in the door, but taking advantage of the momentary silence within, the latter once more began knocking, crying out:

"Open, I say! don't you hear! open! open! Maitre Bourliquet!"

"Hulloa! hulloa!" shouted the smith, grasping St. Leu's hand by way of encouraging him; "who's there?"

"Open! in the name of the king!" answered Corbé!

"Oh! very well!" responded Bourliquet; "I don't know why I shouldn't;" and leaving St. Leu attending the furnace and plying the bellows, he unfastened the upper flap of the door, and confronted the intruders.

"Didst thou not hear us demand admittance, before?" asked Corbé, looking fiercely at the smith; "we knocked loud enough!"

"I did hear a noise to be sure," replied Bourliquet, "but there's such a wind! I'm sorry I kept you waiting! What's the matter?"

"A prisoner has escaped from the Bastile," observed the lieutenant-governor.

"Indeed!" resumed the smith; "well! there's plenty left! one won't be missed I am sure!"

"We must search these premises," retorted Corbé, looking suspiciously into the shed; "we have traced the prisoner to thy door!"

"Ah, bah!" ejaculated Bourliquet, as though astonished at the prisoner's temerity.

"No trifling!" growled the first speaker; "I tell thee we have tracked him hither! let us in!"

"Well," said the smith, "if he got in here, I suppose he's here now! that's all! come in!—Pierre!"—this was addressed to St. Leu; "take the lamp and show the gentlemen up the trap."

"There's no occasion, friend," responded Corbé, casting a quick, doubtful glance in the direction of the ladder; "we can find our way up alone, I dare say!"

"As you please, monsieur," responded Bourliquet. "Blow away, Pierre!"

Pierre did as he was desired; the smith withdrew the heated bar from the furnace and recommenced hammering, whilst Corbé, accompanied by two of his subordinates, began his search; they examined every nook and corner of the shed, looking under the bench, under the forge, which had a place there for coals, and amongst the straw and litter; finding no one, they mounted the ladder, but after a brief absence, which to the party most interested seemed an age; returned to the shed, with disappointment depicted on their countenances.

"Well!" exclaimed Bourliquet.

"He has escaped! by heaven!" muttered Corbé; "and yet I could swear I saw him fly in the direction of this shed! Hast thou no other place where he could secrete himself, fellow?"

"There's the roof," coolly observed the smith, clenching his hammer very tightly. "Pierre! throw some water on the fire!"

The lieutenant-governor frowned hideously, and bit his lip, staring very hard at Bourliquet; as Bourliquet, however, was accustomed to look at iron, he returned his gaze without the smallest sign of discomposure. Corbé then looked equally hard at St. Leu,

whose face was now turned towards him, but did not recognize him, so effectually were his features disfigured; for, encouraged by the success of their artifice, and remembering the smith's request, he stared at Corbé with open mouth, and with such an idiotic expression of countenance, that Corbé himself was the first to turn away, uttering a compliment ending in the term "*imbecile.*"

After a moment's consultation with the sub-officer who had accompanied him, he again addressed the smith.

"To prevent the prisoner escaping, should he still be concealed anywhere about the premises, two sentinels shall remain on duty here all night, Maitre Bourliquet! If thou hast deceived me, thou shalt rue it!"

"Is there no other house but mine then, where he may have taken refuge!" asked Bourliquet; "you had better look a little further."

"No! here we have lost all traces of him! Comrades, we will return to the Bastile and report to St. Marc! Good night, Maitre Bourliquet."

"'Tis very cold, monsieur," observed the smith, taking up the bottle, and presenting it to Corbé; "if you have no objection, I can recommend that!"

"Come! thou art an honest fellow I must confess," responded he, nodding to the burly artizan; "and I thank thee!" So saying, he raised the vessel to his lips, and after holding it there awhile, restored it to the owner, with the tears starting from his eyes.

Returning Corbé's nod, and wishing him good health, Bourliquet drew his hand across the mouth of the flask, and in turn conveyed it to his own lips; when he had drunk enough, he wiped it a second time, and handed it to St. Leu.

"Take a good sup, Pierre," said he; "thou hast worked well today, which is more than I can say of thee at all times! I beg pardon, monsieur," continued he to Corbé, who was drawing up his men prior to leaving; "might I beg a favor—"

"Speak!" replied the latter.

"Why, you see, monsieur, the Porte St. Antoine is closed for the night; but my mate, here—I kept him to help me finish a job—lives in the Rue St. Antoine—"

"I understand!" replied Corbé; "thou wouldst have me pass him? willingly! but we have no time to spare!"

"Dost hear, Pierre?" exclaimed Bourliquet; "monsieur will see thee through the gate! I don't want thee any more! so good night!"

Whatever were St. Leu's feelings at the thought of thrusting himself into the very midst of his enemies, he at once perceived the advantages of the proposed step, the boldness of which almost guaranteed its success. Responding to the smith's good night, in an under tone, he grasped him tightly by the hand, and prepared to follow Corbé, who, having posted the sentinels, made the remainder of his men fall in, and bawling out—"*bonne nuit, Maitre Bourliquet,*" gave the word "*march!*" in another minute they were out of sight.

But long after the smith's song was heard to rise above the clang of his hammer as it fell upon the anvil, whilst the flask, replenished from some secret store, performed many journeys to and fro from his hands to those of the sentinels outside, who having emptied it for the second time, assured Maitre Bourliquet that they entertained great esteem for him, individually, and wished—though they should not like their wish to be made public—that a prisoner might escape from the Bastile every night if it would procure them the pleasure of mounting guard at his door.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

D'ARGENSON, IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY, PEEPS INTO THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS, AND OBTAINS POSSESSION OF A SECRET OR TWO WORTH KNOWING.

In the meanwhile the endeavors of the lieutenant of police to discover Jeanne de St. Auney's retreat, utterly failed; for although he succeeded in tracking her from the Convent of the *Sisters de la Madeleine du Trainel* back to her own home, all further traces of her were here lost; nor could he elicit either from Prévôt or old Antoine—who now remained the only inhabitants of the house—the slightest clue to the place whither she had been conveyed; Jacques having—in anticipation of the inquiry—adopted the salutary precaution of not informing them of his intention; finding his efforts frustrated in this quarter, D'Argenson, after subjecting the baron's domicile to a strict search, took possession of it in the king's name, leaving two of his creatures in charge thereof, with secret orders to note every circumstance that transpired, and forthwith report the same. Nothing, however, occurred worth mentioning, except St. Marcel's visit, which was duly communicated, so that from that period up to the time when he is again introduced to the reader—a lapse of one month—he had not progressed one step in the discovery.

It may, at first sight, appear unaccountable, that the spy should select the Carmelites as the best and surest refuge for Jeanne, and perhaps induce a supposition of his not having acted, in this instance, with the judgment which ordinarily characterized his movements; for this convent, it will be remembered, was in the immediate vicinity of her late dwelling, and D'Argenson, moreover, occasionally visited it in secret, assuming the garb of a capuchin, in order not to excite notice, which latter circumstance was not only known to

Jacques, but had already once provoked his sarcasms; though, in justice to the holy sisterhood be it said, those sarcasms were unmerited. So far, however, from acting unwisely, or incautiously, the spy displayed consummate policy in adopting this course, experience having taught him that a fugitive is scarcely ever safer from his enemies than when he casts himself, headlong, into the very midst of them; the boldness of the step shielding him from suspicion; and more than this, he knew that Jeanne, being of age, and having, by his advice, personally claimed the protection of the church, no secular authority could compel her to quit the sanctuary she had voluntarily sought, unless she first empowered that secular authority to claim her: thus she was doubly secure; and even in the event of the lieutenant of police discovering her—a circumstance not impossible—might boldly set him and his power at defiance.

But beside Jeanne de St. Auney, there existed another person who engrossed no inconsiderable share of D'Argenson's thoughts; this was Father Pierre Simon, who still eluded pursuit, in spite of every effort made to apprehend him.

It will be remembered that at the period when this tale opened, the attention of the lieutenant of police was already directed to the circumstance of an unknown capuchin having recently been remarked, at different times, lurking about in various parts of the city; this fact had sufficed to render him an object of suspicion, and spies were in consequence immediately sent out in quest of him, with a view to ascertain his business; strange to say, however, he evaded them all, a fact that increased the unfavorable surmises already entertained of him, and rendered D'Argenson more eager to ensnare him; but finding that his ordinary emissaries failed, he next commissioned his confidential agent, Jacques, to watch the stranger's movements, calculating upon his adroitness to discover the latter's retreat, and the motives of his visit to the capital.

Now, it so happened that the spy was at this precise period not only already acquainted with the secret project that had brought the capuchin to Paris, but pledged to certain parties to assist him in the accomplishment thereof, and to withhold the affair from D'Argenson, lest to gratify his malice and at the same time increase his credit with the king—whom they wished to keep in ignorance of their intentions until success was no longer doubtful—he should be tempted to divulge what he new of the transaction, and thus become the means of frustrating their plans.

Under these circumstances, it may be imagined, that Jacques readily fell into D'Argenson's views, and soon found a way of turning his position between the rival parties to his own account, serving the one to the utmost extent of his power, and cajoling the other with all manner of reports on the score of the capuchin's movements, so that for a whole month he contrived to keep his employer completely in the dark, whilst, by coloring his information with a shadow of truth—but only a shadow—he did not even excite a suspicion of the deceit he was practising upon him.

At this critical juncture, and whilst matters were still in this position, Jacques was first introduced to the reader, who is aware of the nature of the circumstances that subsequently arose to excite D'Argenson's suspicions of his emissary's sincerity, the consequence of which awkward discovery was a determination on the part of the former to arrest the monk without further delay; but in this instance again did the spy counteract his design; and from that time the capuchin was nowhere to be found, nor could D'Argenson, with all his cunning, and in spite of the efforts he made, succeed in discovering the holy father's retreat, though he ascertained the important fact of his being concealed somewhere in the capital; however, nowise discouraged by ill success, he redoubled his exertions, pursuing his object with a tenacity and a resolution worthy of a better purpose.

Some days—a fortnight perhaps—after his late visit to the Bastile, he might have been seen, early one morning, seated in a small closet situated on the ground floor of the establishment called the "*Bureau de la Poste*," very busily engaged in sorting and examining a number of letters that laid upon a small table before him.

Several of these had already undergone inspection, the process of breaking open the seals and re-adjusting them being performed with considerable dexterity by the individual in waiting—a tall, lean man, with pinched-up features, sallow complexion, and sandy hair—who, though perfectly *au fait* to the scandalous business in which he was engaged did not appear to take especial delight therein; whilst his superior seemed on the contrary, beyond measure pleased with the result of their labors, bestowing every now and then, a look of satisfaction upon his subordinate, and chuckling to himself and rubbing his bony hands together, in the exuberance of his glee, whenever a disclosure of particular moment fell under his observation.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed he in a tone of self-approbation after a long pause that had followed one of his fits of merriment, and at the same time seizing a fresh packet of letters; "it was lucky I saved thee from the rope, friend Grumeaud!" Here he untied the bundle.

The man behind him started, but remarking that his superior did not go on, replied in a husky voice, that "it *was, very* lucky—and that he felt very much obliged to him for the favor."

"But I *can* hang thee *yet;* remember that!" continued the first speaker, sorting and casting several letters aside, and taking no notice of his subordinate's answer.

The man said "he *would* remember it!"

"I don't promise thee I *will* do it; mind!" resumed his employer—who was in a very facetious humor—"for I value thy services; but I expect thee to maintain strict secresy on the score of thy occupation; or—*morbleu!*"

Grumeaud in reply muttered a few words to the effect that *he*—meaning D'Argenson—needn't be afraid.

The latter here commenced turning over the leaves of his book, still keeping up the colloquy with his subordinate.

"I said it was lucky I saved thee from the gallows;" remarked he, "and so it was; for hadst thou been hanged, friend Grumeaud, I could not have turned thy genius to account."

Upon this, the individual bowed to the back of the lieutenant's beaver, and trying to smile, began expressing his satisfaction at the circumstance of having, at length, found one who could appreciate his *genius;* he was, however, interrupted by the lieutenant:

"I like to give every man his due," said he; "and I cannot deny but that thou *hast* genius, Grumeaud! 'Tis to it I am indebted for the idea of the system I have established, of—" here he stopped short, and breaking open a letter, began reading it; when he had finished, he made an entry in his register, and cast the letter into the brasier, in a very business-like manner.

"What first put it into thy head to exercise thy ingenuity in this way?" asked the lieutenant of police, taking a newly manufactured seal from his colleague, and stamping with it one of the letters, which having perused, he had now refolded.

"Poverty, a small salary, and a large family," answered Grumeaud, in a choked voice.

"Ah!" resumed the other, examining the new impression with much apparent satisfaction; "honesty is always the best policy, friend Grumeaud! But thou hast nothing to complain of now; eh?"

"The *pay* is good enough, monseigneur," replied the man; "but—"

"But—but what!" exclaimed his employer, after a pause, expecting the other to continue.

"The work is dirty;" continued Grumeaud, hesitatingly, as if afraid that he had gone too far.

"Yes! it is," cooly observed D'Argenson; "the hangman's is scarcely dirtier. When thou art tired of it, however, let me know! thou hast a choice, remember!"

"Say no more, monseigneur;" resumed the man, trembling, and turning pallid at the allusion; "you shall not have reason to complain of me! I owe you my life, and my children's bread! that is enough!"

"Yes! and I intend to promote thee," remarked D'Argenson turning round, and speaking in a confidential tone; "which is more than thy late employers did! But, as I told thee before, secresy is an indispensable condition of our compact."

The respited felon bowed.

"'Tis in every respect worthy of monseigneur," replied the man.

"'Tis to thee I owe it," continued D'Argenson; "for thou didst first conceive the means of executing it with impunity, though it was left for *me* to make it contribute to the public good! But our secret must not transpire, Grumeaud, or we shall put people on their guard! By-the-bye! have there been no letters for Father Pierre Simon?"

"I examined and entered in the register, all such as came ad-

dressed to individuals bearing the name of Simon, monseigneur, but from none for *him!* Are you certain this is his name?"

"'Tis the only one I can discover that he bears, *mort-dieu!*" replied D'Argenson; "and I strongly suspect 'tis assumed! Keep a strict watch, notwithstanding, for sooner or later, we must obtain a clue to him! Hast thou seen any of Chamillart's people since I was last here?"

"Yes, monseigneur!"

"Well? what didst thou learn? Any news of that letter?"

"It was submitted by Monsieur Chamillart to the king, who after he had read it, signified his will that Quinault should be suspended during his majesty's pleasure, and further suggested the expediency of an immediate inquiry into the truth of the alleged accusation!"

"Good! good!" muttered D'Argenson, rubbing his hands; "this is quick work; but it must not be done too hastily, for all that!"

Their conversation was at this point suddenly interrupted by the clatter of horses' feet in the court-yard, the cracking of whips, the neighing of horses, and the voices of many persons; D'Argenson looked up inquiringly at his subordinate.

"I dare say 'tis the overdue courier who has arrived," observed the latter.

"Where does he come from?" asked the lieutenant.

"From the south, monseigneur!"

"Hum! 'tis almost too soon; or I expected news from Tours," said the former, musingly; "go and see who it is, Grumeaud!"

The man bowed and withdrew, but shortly returned in great haste, as though anxious to disburden himself of an important secret.

"'Tis the courier from Tours, monseigneur," said he; "but there are two others—special messengers—one from Madrid, the other from Rome. According to your instructions, they were stopped at the barrier, and have been brought hither under escort!"

"Let them be searched!" exclaimed D'Argenson, exultingly; "I have staid for something, *mort-dieu!*"

The man withdrew a second time, and after a prolonged absence—during which his employer entertained himself by chipping the table with his pen-knife—came back laden with several packets of letters, which he deposited upon the table.

"The special couriers have brought only these, monseigneur," said he, as he eased himself of two large, square, and well sealed packets; "the other letters are from Tours."

"Shut the door!" ejaculated D'Argenson.

The man obeyed, and resumed his position behind the chair of the lieutenant, who taking up the bundle of letters that had come from the last mentioned place, commenced looking at them *seriatim*, reading the superscriptions aloud.

"Nothing! nothing!" observed he, turning very rapidly over the few that remained—"I could hardly have expected one, either. Ah! what's this? *à Monsieur Monsieur le Baron de St. Auney, care of*

the 'Sieur Jean Petit, Public Notary, Rue de—Oh! oh! no wonder I was baffled! cunning! very! ah! ah! ah! but I have caught thee at last! The 'Sieur Petit was thy agent, eh?"

"Shall I take the fac-simile, monseigneur?" timidly asked the man behind, remarking that his employer was inspecting the seal very minutely.

"'Tis not worth while," answered the latter; and breaking open the letter, and spreading it out upon the table, began reading it in a low voice, but loud enough for his colleague to become acquainted with its contents.

During the perusal of this epistle D'Argenson manifested much impatience, though he could scarcely repress a smile as he stumbled over the knotty diction, and the knottier punctuation of the baron's servant, for it was from him. The latter portion, more particularly the postscript, appeared to interest him immensely, and he read it over two or three times as though afraid of missing its purport; having satisfied himself in this respect, he folded up the letter again, and making a few minutes in his register, conveyed the former into his pocket.

"This is better than I expected," said he, musingly; "much better! Every thing turns out as I could wish! But what does the old dotard mean by this box of papers! I must see into the affair without delay! he shall be made to give it up, *sang dieu!* The white tower—the secret closet—and the key buried! very well, Maitre Jerôme! take care of thyself!"

Apparently, the packet from Tours contained nothing more to interest the speaker, who continued his inspection, notwithstanding; muttering to himself the while; throwing it aside he took up the second—the one brought by the messenger from Rome—and read the superscription; it was addressed to the secretary of the Archbishop of Paris, was bound round with purple silk ribbon, and sealed with three large seals.

"Here's something for thee to do," exclaimed he, handing the epistle to Grumeaud; "the impression is bold, so it won't be difficult: quick! I'm impatient."

Holding the packet at a convenient distance from the fire, Grumaud began by loosening the ribbon, as soon as the warmth had melted the wax sufficiently to permit of its being done; he then repeated the process of warming, until the seals gave way, leaving the outer envelope intact; the inner ones were removed, in a similar manner, and the contents of the packet at length exposed to view.

They consisted of a small oblong box, which, on examination, proved to be a *reliquaire*, and a couple of letters; one of them addressed, like the cover, to the archbishop's private secretary, the second to "*Monseigneur the Archbishop of Toledo,*" both written in the same hand.

For a moment, D'Argenson looked the very picture of mystification, repeating the superscription of the latter epistle several times,

striving to remember in what quarter of the world he had heard of the individual to whom it was directed; his memory, however, proved treacherous; throwing aside the box of holy relics, accompanying the action with an oath, he proceeded to inspect the missive addressed to the secretary, Grumeaud having previously operated upon it.

The signature first struck his eye; it was that of Cardinal de Janson, the French envoy to the papal court; but to his great mortification and astonishment, the letter contained no intelligence of moment, being made up of private details concerning the recent proceedings of the Holy See; the squabbles and intrigues of the conclave; a paragraph relative to the declining health of his holiness (Pope Innocent the Twelfth), and a statement vouching for the authenticity of the relics.

"Seal up that packet again!" he pointed to the one containing the relics.

"And the letter, monseigneur?" observed Grumeaud.

"I can find a use for it!" replied D'Argenson, thoughtfully.

Grumeaud bowed, and proceeded to obey his employer.

The operation was simple enough, and performed with much dexterity; indeed, so neatly as to defy detection; the letter to the secretary being re-folded, re-sealed, and laid in precisely the same position upon the *reliquaire*, the ribbon was attached with scrupulous attention, that each fold and each seal fell in its proper place; the packet was next subjected to the process of warming, until the wax was sufficiently melted to adhere, and to receive the impression of the forged seal; it was then handed to D'Argenson, who having examined it very minutely, nodded his head in token of his satisfaction.

"Don't you think it wants something, monseigneur?" asked the man, casting a very sly glance at his employer.

The latter looked again, and observed that he did *not* think so.

"There's no gloss on the wax, monseigneur!" remarked Grumeaud, with a cunning smirk.

"*Pardieu!* thou art right!" exclaimed the lieutenant of police; "but surely that will not be observed."

"Can't make too certain," resumed Grumeaud; and taking from the shelf a small phial containing a clear, unctuous liquid, in which the feather end of a crow-quill was inserted, he drew the latter very lightly over the surface of the new impressions, and with an air of triumph, threw the packet upon the table.

"I told thee thou hadst genius!" exclaimed D'Argenson, looking at the seals; "thou hast taught me a lesson in cunning that I shall not soon forget!"

"Thou must deliver that packet thyself, Grumeaud," said he, pointing to the one which his colleague had just exercised his ingenuity upon; "'twill be early enough at night-fall."

"And the couriers, monseigneur?" suggested Grumeaud, in a faltering tone.

"Yes, I have thought of them," replied D'Argenson; "I will have no babblers; *tonnerre dieu!* Go and tell the sargeant of the escort to come hither."

Whilst the man was absent, the lieutenant of police filled up two papers, which he withdrew from his portfolio, and signed them; by the time he had done this, Grumeaud had returned, followed by the sergeant.

"Thou hast two couriers in charge," said D'Argenson to the latter, as he entered.

"Yes, monseigneur," replied the man.

"Conduct them to the Bastile; but be silent. Here is a letter for the governor, and here is the *lettre-de-cachet!* If they resist, shoot them! Go!"

The soldier made the military salute, received his instructions, and departed, leaving the lieutenant of police and his assistant to continue their nefarious operations.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SHROVE-TUESDAY IN PARIS, IN THE YEAR SEVENTEEN HUNDRED. HOW THE LUTETIANS ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

The lapse of exactly one week from the day on which these confiscations of private property were effected, brings us to Shrove-Tuesday, the thirteenth of February, in the year of grace one thousand seven hundred.

And a bright, glorious day it was too; the frost, however, still kept its hard grip of the earth, persisting in looking as black as ever, and when out of sight of the sun, venting its spite upon everybody that went along—pinching the tips of their fingers, nipping their toes, or tweaking the end of their nose—congealing the snow as it fell, half-melted, and wickedly covering the public thoroughfare with slippery places, on purpose to throw people down; but these trifling accidents only served to create more merriment, for every body seemed determined to laugh and to make fun of everything; even at his own expense.

A fine day generally effects wonders in the way of coaxing the multitude into a good humor, but most especially a fine holiday; need it be said that the day in question was a holiday—and that being a fine one, everybody seemed disposed to enjoy it to the utmost extent of his ability; (for the true-bred French citizen—be it said—is remarkably clever in this respect) it belonged, moreover, to that class of festivals, which, falling 'only once a year,' are the more relished on account of their rarity; nor was the excitement

that evidently pervaded all classes, diminished by their knowledge of the fact of its being the last day of the carnival; on the contrary, it appeared to be hourly on the increase, for, besides the privilege of assuming the mask for four-and-twenty hours, and of joking with the masquers as they passed—whatever their degree or rank—the mask placing all who wore it on the same level—it was the anniversary of the procession of the Bœuf-Gras, (Fat ox) and everybody was on tip-toe expecting it; those who had seen it, being every whit as anxious to enjoy the sight again as those were who had never beheld it in their life.

As the day wore, the crowd increased, every street, every lane, disgorging its masses of living beings; the old, the young, and the middle-aged, jostling one another as they elbowed and pushed their way towards the line of march that the procession was expected to observe. Every window commanding a view of it, rapidly filled with persons of each sex, gorgeously arrayed in costume of various climes, whilst from the balconies waved gay streamers and *oriflammes*, and banners characteristic of every nation, bearing appropriate mottos; here and there, bands of huntsmen habited in coat of green, wound their horns, whose echoes were repeated by others farther on until drowned in the hum of the multitude, from the midst of which, every now and then, arose a boisterous laugh excited by the buffooneries of some grotesque masquer, or by some well-timed jest: numerous chariots and carriages richly gilded and emblazoned, and drawn by horses sumptuously caparisoned, crossed and re-crosssed in every direction, their progress occasionally interrupted by the passage of the more modest sedan with its accompaniment of long poles and running footmen; now would appear a cavalcade consisting of some twenty or thirty knights, attended by their squires, and whose course was marked by the waving of plumes, and a glittering of burnished armor, and a loud snorting of steeds; anon—mounted on Quixotic coursers, bare of mane—followed a body of frolicksome clerks of the university, riding two and-two, some double, with their faces turned towards the tail of their steeds, they themselves being disguised beneath a prodigious length of nose, and an unequal growth of beard, and chaunting in full chorus the *chansons grivoises* of the period, intermingled with shouts, and yells, and gesticulations of peculiar significance; then came a sprinkling of masquers on foot, habited in costumes most diverse and strange; nor was there lack of mountebanks, with their jack-puddings and waggeries, to keep up the mirth of the populace whenever it began to flag: such was the scene on the grand boulevard.

The excitement had reached its height, when there arose in the distance, above the clamor of the crowd, a deep, continuous murmur, gaining strength as it traveled down the line; a moment of comparative silence followed, then a sudden rush took place forwards, little boys clambered up into the trees, and grown-up folks stood on tiptoe and ranged themselves as well as they could—those who were

behind, pushing and elbowing and squeezing their way through to secure good places in the front, and those who were already in front and had obtained them, resisting might and main every attempt to dislodge them from their post—the tall taking everything very coolly and comfortably.

First appeared a body of six or more halberdiers, clearing the line of march, followed by a full military band, procured for the occasion, walking four abreast, and attired in complete suits of mail, with plumed helmets, and visors up; immediately in the rear of these pranced a noble charger, magnificently caparisoned, bearing a herald sounding a trumpet; the next personage was Jacques, habited in the costume of the Roman emperors, with an imperial mantle thrown over his shoulders, and holding in his right hand a truncheon, whilst in his girdle was thrust a short sword; his feet were sandaled, and his head bare, with the exception of a wreath of laurel that encircled it; after him, towering high above the multitude, marched his two gigantic Lutetian subjects, Jean Bourliquet, the smith, and Samson le Gros, the mason, each habited in accordance with the cognomen given to him by their companion, Democritus; Bourliquet, as Vulcan, carrying upon his right shoulder a ponderous sledge-hammer, which he occasionally flourished in the air, as if to impress the people with the belief that it was not the real, *bona fide* sledge-hammer that he was in the habit of using; and Samson, as Hercules, with a lion's skin, fastened upon his head and hanging thence down his back, his left hand armed with a club that looked like the root of a small tree, and which—emulous of Vulcan's dexterity—he whirled about with as much apparent ease as though it were hollow and stuffed with feathers; these two, upholding a double garland, by which he was adorned, conducted the animal after whom the procession took its name, walking a little in advance of him, Vulcan to the right, Hercules to the left, and looking every inch the very heathen deities they represented. The ox himself, fat to unwieldiness, but symmetrically proportioned, was bedecked with flowers, and wore the sacred stole, stalking painfully along, with half-closed eyes, foaming mouth, and drooping head, notwithstanding his gilded horns and gilded hoofs. He was followed by two standard-bearers, appropriately costumed, each upholding a flag, on one of which the ox figured in a kneeling posture, the other being studded with the royal *fleurs-de-lys*. Next came a grand car, drawn by four spirited coursers, covered with trappings and housings of costly stuff, pawing and snorting in full consciousness of the importance that their caparisonings gave them in the eyes of the beholders; but the car itself excited demonstrations of vehement delight. The body, elaborately painted and gilded, was constructed in the form of a shell, in which reclined a beautiful young female, intended to impersonate Venus; she was attended by two nymphs, one on each side of her, whilst high over her head, securely ensconced in a small gilded throne, sat a smiling child, with curly, flaxen locks, holding in one hand a tiny bow, and in the other a sceptre,

and having a quiver full of tiny arrows, slung across his arm, and a pair of minute wings fastened to his shoulders; the charioteer, who was no less a personage than Democritus, in the dishabille of Father Time, occupied a prominent position in front, perched upon a curiously-fashioned box, distinct from the body of the car, behind whom, raised above all, sat Perè Pommier, the vintner, astride upon a wine-barrel, in the very appropriate character of Bacchus, being profusely arrayed with wreaths of flowers, and flourishing high in air a goblet of respectable capacity, whose fellow was in the possession of Father Time, the worthy pair emptying and replenishing the same, and hob-nobbing together with a frequency and a recklessness of demeanor totally incompatible with the dignity of such ancient personages. In the rear of the triumphal car figured a troop of horsemen variously habited, and bearing banners appertaining to every nation under the sun; Knights of the Holy Crusade, Infidel Saracens, Turks, Tartars, Romans, and modern Greeks, Persians, and ancient Gauls, men in armor with furbished helm and corselet, and graceful, waving plume; and, last of all, mingling indiscriminately together, a motley company of both sexes, on foot, not belonging to the procession, but which had joined it during its onward progress, and was every moment increasing by new comers who filled the air with their shouts and other extravagant demonstrations of joy.*

It had reached that point of the grand boulevard where the Rue Richelieu—then thickly studded with hotels and large gardens—abuts upon it, when it was suddenly hailed with a deafening burst of acclamation proceeding from a group stationed at the gate of the same name, in the midst of which figured the Duke of Chartres and his dissipated companions, the Abbé Dubois, the Chevalier de Brancas, and the Marquis d'Effiat, who had apparently only just come up, and was bowing to the duke. At the same moment, Jacques' quick eye caught a glimpse of the lieutenant of police, enveloped in a huge cloak, speaking furtively to two individuals whose faces were concealed beneath a mask, but whom, nevertheless, he had no difficulty in recognizing; they belonged to the corps of *mouchards*, and upon receiving D'Argenson's instructions, began moving in the same direction as the procession, evidently with a view to watch his (Jacques') movements. The spy, however, took no further notice of this circumstance beyond slyly pointing out the men to Vulcan and Hercules, who immediately commenced flourishing, the one his ponderous hammer, the other his not less formidable club, in a manner that greatly increased the delight of the crowd, and drew forth loud tokens of approbation from the duke and his merry party, which, as the show disappeared, was augmented by the presence of the lieutenant of the police.

* The custom of promenading an ox in triumph, on Shrove-Tuesday, is, to this day, observed generally throughout France. At Paris it is called "*Le Bœuf Gras*," but in the provinces, "*Le Bœuf villé, violè, or vielle*," from the word *viol*, the procession being usually preceded there by a party of musicians furnished with instruments of this description.

"Well, monseigneur," exclaimed the prince, as the latter drew near; "our friend Jacques does not appear afraid of showing his face!"

"*Sang-dieu*, no! But 'tis the first time he has shown it to *me* for these two months," responded the other; "it shall go hard with me though, if I do not catch him *this* time."

"He has out-witted thee so often, friend D'Argenson," stammered Dubois—who wore the habit of a *petit abbé*, his companions being adorned with an exuberance of nose—"that I would venture a wager with thee upon the strength of the chance of his out-witting thee again."

"Wert thou in my place, Sieur Dubois," retorted the gloomy lieutenant, "and I were in thine, I would wager in favor of Jacques; as it is, I am content not to win thy money, which shouldst thou lose, I well know thou wouldst never pay!"

"By St. Louis, Dubois is right," chimed in D'Orleans; "what sayst thou to the bet, if I become security for my virtuous preceptor? By my faith I am, myself, more than half inclined to bet too!"

"On which side, highness?" asked D'Argenson.

"On the side of the church, monseigneur," retorted the duke, slapping Dubois on the back, with a force that made him stagger forwards half-a-dozen paces.

"Your highness will have the worst of the bargain," observed the lieutenant of police, with a meaning smile.

"That's doubtful, friend D'Argenson; but since I think the chances pretty equal, and the turn of the scale in my favor, what sayst thou to a wager?"

"To what amount, highness?"

"I'm not at all particular," replied the spend-thrift duke; "so that thou wilt only provide me with the means of paying thee if I lose!"

"Your bond, highness, will suffice! Name the amount yourself!"

"Well! friend D'Argenson! I borrowed six thousand crowns of thee some time since; be that the sum! if I win, thou shall release me from the debt! if I lose, why thou shalt have another bond for the second six thousand!"

"And the interest, highness," observed D'Argenson, eyeing the duke, askance, and rejoiced at the opportunity of duping him; "make it eight thousand!"

"What! art thou, then, so sure?" exclaimed D'Orleans, hesitatingly.

"The chances are equal, highness, and the turn of the scale in your favor," responded D'Argenson with great readiness, quoting the duke's own words.

"Ah! ah! true! thou hast me there," responded the latter; "well! let it be eight thousand!"

"A bet! a bet!" ejaculated the prince's companions, who seemed to take great interest in the proceeding.

"And the abbé?" suggested the lieutenant of police.

"Take me in for a hundred and fifty louis," said the former.

"With pleasure," retorted D'Argenson; "if his highness will"—

"Oh, yes!" observed the duke; "anything for our little friend! We owe him too many obligations not to contract an extra debt or two on his account! Add another three thousand crowns, friend D'Argenson! I must, however, impose one condition: thou shalt be limited to time!"

"Say 'tis a fair wager, highness, and you shall name your *own* time!"

"By St. Louis, then, it *is* a wager," retorted the duke; "thy hand upon it, and 'tis done! Friends, witness the compact;" so saying, he held out his palm to D'Argenson, who placed his upon it, their companions exclaiming: "*a bet! a fair bet!*"

"And now for the time," continued D'Orleans; "we shall see thee, of course, at the masque to-night?"

"I shall be at Versailles within five hours from this time," answered the other.

"Good! then unless thou bringest me face to face with the 'Sieur Jacques as thy prisoner, at, or before nine o'clock this night, friend D'Argenson, thou shalt lose thy wager! mark that! and shalt pay me the balance due, five thousand crowns, within four-and-twenty hours after!"

"Agreed!" replied the lieutenant of police, exultingly; "I almost wish your highness had said within the next two hours; you might, then, have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing him captured!"

"What?" ejaculated the prince; "if this is the case, I tremble for my money?"

"I forewarned your highness that you would have the worst of the bargain!"

"By the mass," observed D'Effiat, "this a most pleasant affair! What says your highness to being present at the capture of this man? Our time is our own!"

"An excellent idea of thine, marquis," replied the duke; "and we will act upon it! Hearest thou that, friend D'Argenson?"

The lieutenant bowed, and answered that he did.

"Well," resumed the former; "where shall we meet thee? and at what hour?"

"At the *cabaret* called the *Cep-de-Vigne*, highness," responded D'Argenson, "where these mountebanks started from this morning; 'tis in the Rue des Mathurins, quartier St. Jacques, and is kept by one Maitre Chopin!"

"Excellently well, monseigneur," replied the prince, somewhat piqued at the palpable cheat that had been practised upon him; "excellently well, indeed, to rob me of five thousand crowns! But we will meet at the cabaret, notwithstanding; and by the Holy Cross, if Maitre Jacques escape thee this once, he shall for ever after have a claim upon my friendship!"

"No conniving at his escape, highness," suggested the wily, suspicious lieutenant.

"I leave such tricks for thee and thy craft to practise, monseigneur," retorted the prince, haughtily; "come, D'Effiat—come, Dubois," continued he; "we can find amusement until four!" and bowing slightly to D'Argenson, he turned on his heel, and was, with his companions, soon lost in the crowd.

Everything fell out exactly as he had anticipated; the procession continued its march through the principal streets, still followed by the spies, until it reached the Rue des Mathurins, where it stopped at the cabaret kept by Maitre Chopin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW MONSEIGNEUR D'ARGENSON THOUGHT TO CATCH THE EMPEROR JULIAN, AND DIDN'T SUCCEED.

The excitement and the commotion that had reigned during the whole day throughout the Quartier Latin generally, and in the Rue des Mathurins particularly, and the bustle amongst the students and *studentesses*, in consequence of it being industriously rumored abroad that the Bœuf Gras intended to eat his last dinner within the classical precincts of the University, were unprecedented; to say nothing of the afflux of customers to Maitre Chopin's establishment, the various and peculiar domestic advantages whereof were elaborately set forth in gigantic red letters over the first tier of windows, conveying a tempting allusion to the existence within of a "*Salon à Cent Cinquante Couverts*," and a "*Cuisine Bourgeoise*;" to keep them going the former, indeed, had been constantly full since noon-tide, and the latter in active operation, whilst the apparently everlasting influx of fresh, hungry visiters, as the day waned, promised a still richer harvest to the fortunate vintner, provided his stock of edibles failed not.

Within a few minutes of the appointed time, the Duke de Chartres and his companions, Dubois, D'Effiat, and De Brancas, made their appearance at the door of the *cabaret*; the party had been recognized on it way, and followed by a troop of masquers rending the air with their shouts, which, on the prince reaching the locality above-mentioned, burst forth with renewed vigor, summoning to every neighboring window a mass of visages anxious to learn the cause of the extraordinary and sudden outcry: "*Vive Monsieur de Chartres! Vive monsieur! Vive le roi! Vive le Duc de Chartres!*" were the cries that resounded from every side, in which many a fair maiden joined, as her eyes rested upon the graceful

form of the prince, and upon his really handsome face, now no longer disfigured by the prominent nose he had worn in the earlier part of the day, it having been snatched off by some impudent masquer, and appropriated to his own use.

"*Vive Louis Quatorze!*" shouted the duke, in reply to the compliment paid to him, accompanying the action by waving his plumed beaver: "the Quartier Latin for ever, with Shrove-Tuesday every day in the week!"

"Without Lent to follow," exclaimed De Brancas. "*Vive Louis Quatorze! En avant la joie!*"

Taking out a handful of gold coins and *petits écus*, the chevalier cast them into the midst of the crowd, which immediately rushed in a mass to the spot towards which the golden shower was directed, scrambling with desperate earnestness in all directions to secure a portion of the prize.

"*Vive Louis Quatorze! En avant le joie!*" vociferated D'Effiat, accompanying the reiteration of the chevalier's sentiment by a similar discharge of coin from his treasury, causing a second rush to the spot where it fell.

"My turn, messieurs," shouted the duke, showering his golden benefaction upon the multitude.

The confusion that already reigned was, by this last act, heightened to an extreme degree; the scramblers tumbling over and over, sprawling and kicking one another, and grasping at the coin as it rolled, swearing lustily when it was caught up by some fortunate individual outside the crowd, who had risked neither his garments nor his limbs to get it, and fighting among themselves to secure the ownership of what they had picked up, the shouts from the windows and from the lookers on increasing in loudness; the prime movers of the whole scene meanwhile manifesting the greatest delight, exciting the multitude by their gestures and vociferations.

At this moment two sub-officers of the *garde de sûreté* (a kind of day patrol), turned the corner of the Rue des Mathurins, causing a sudden diversion, and changing the prevailing mirth into a feeling somewhat similar to terror; for they were followed by D'Argenson, at the head of a detachment of soldiers, whose appearance, even unaccompanied by such an escort, was always known to be the forerunner of some catastrophe.

In a moment, the tumult was hushed, and every eye directed towards the cabaret, in front of which a space was cleared by the soldiers; in the centre stood D'Argenson, and the two sub-officers.

"We are here to our time, monseigneur," said the duke, making up to D'Argenson.

"Before the time; pardon *me*, highness," observed the latter, bowing:

"Well!" resumed the duke; "I cannot wish success may attend thy steps!"

The lieutenant of police bowed again in reply, and attempted a smile; in this, however, he wofully failed; beckoning to the agent

who had been keeping watch, he inquired of him, in a hurried, anxious manner, *whether all was right?*

"He is within, monseigneur," answered the man.

"Art sure of that?"

"Why, monseigneur, he was talking with Maitre Chopin not a quarter of an hour ago!"

"Thou art *certain* he has not come out!" asked D'Argenson, with marked emphasis.

"I would hold up my hand to it," replied the *mouchard.*

The lieutenant nodded, and selecting some seven or eight soldiers, his reserve, entered the cabaret, followed by D'Orleans and his friends.

All this occupied so brief a period, that the landlord of the *Cep-de-Vigne*, who was a good-natured-looking little man, with a florid complexion and a pimpled nose, and wore a leather apron, and his shirt-sleeves tucked up, had scarcely time to look surprised, before he found himself confronted with the much-dreaded lieutenant of police.

"Where's the man Jacques?" said the latter, abruptly, as he entered.

"Jacques, monseigneur?" answered Chopin, thoughtfully, and becoming intensely absorbed in the symmetrical arrangement of the glasses and goblets upon his counter.

"Yes! Jacques! *tonnere dieu!* the man who headed the procession of the Bœuf Gras; thou knowest him;" remarked D'Argenson, eyeing the vintner suspiciously.

"Oh!" retorted Chopin, closing one eye, and holding up a glass between it and the light; "Jacques, monseigneur! Yes! I know Jacques!"

"*Sang dieu!*" screamed the lieutenant, seizing the small door of the counter, and shaking it, in order to effect an entrance; "thou art trifling with me! Where *is* Jacques, I say?"

"Somewhere about!" answered the imperturbable vintner; "he was speaking to *me* just now!"

"He is my prisoner," exclaimed D'Argenson; "I must search thy premises, Maitre Chopin."

"Search away," responded Chopin, unfastening the wicket; "you have the right!"

Here D'Orleans nudged Dubois with his elbow, exchanging a significant glance with his companions, the whole party appearing perfectly to comprehend the true state of the matter.

"If thou hast concealed him anywhere, Maitre Chopin," observed the lieutenant of police, as he entered; "I command thee, in the name of the king, to give him up!"

"You heard what I said, monseigneur," replied the vintner; "you're welcome to look; he can't hide in a rat-hole, that's one thing, so you're sure to find him!"

Thus encouraged, the group at once crossed the rubicon of the *Cep-de-Vigne*, and the search immediately commenced, headed by D'Argenson.

First of all he looked in the bar, and then in the little back-parlor behind it, where he found a jovial triumvirate of deities in the persons of Vulcan, Hercules and Bacchus, oblivious of their immortality over a bowl of flaming spirits, which Vulcan was ladling out, his companions watching the operation with extended glasses and other marks of great interest; but Jacques was not here.

The lieutenant of police did not, however, betray any symptoms of disappointment, evidently persuaded that the spy was, as yet, unsuspicious of his presence, and that he should presently capture him when he least expected it. The very thought made him chuckle, and he peered into the faces of the three grotesquely habited individuals seated at the table, as if seeking to catch a glimpse of what was passing within their mind; all at once he addressed Vulcan, some circumstances relating to this worthy personage having, apparently suddenly recurred to his memory.

"Thy name is Bourliquet," said he; "Jean Bourliquet!"

"I have that honor, monseigneur," retorted the other.

"Thou art a smith and farrier; eh?"

"I am proud to say I am, monseigneur; I have raised the art of forging horse-shoes to a science; I can make one in a single heating!"

"Thy forge is in the Faubourg St. Antoine," continued the lieutenant of police.

"It is, monseigneur!"

"What has become of thy mate Pierre?" enquired D'Argenson, staring very intently at Bourliquet.

"I have n't seen him since this day week," replied Bourliquet, without a moment's hesitation; "I hope nothing's happened to the poor fellow!"

"Hum!" ejaculated the other; "thou art either very cunning, or thou art a traitor."

"I am no traitor, monseigneur," retorted Vulcan, with an air of wounded dignity.

"I am not so sure of *that*," replied D'Argenson.

Bourliquet made no reply, but forthwith renewed his attack upon the flaming punch, and taking advantage of that personage's disappearance, further indulged his humor in a quiet bit of pantomime, in the course of which his hammer was made to perform sundry aerial evolutions, the said pantomine being expressive of his determination to *take care of himself* to the utmost extent of his ability.

Pushing open a side-door that led into the dining-rooms on the ground-floor, now filled with masquers making merry, the lieutenant of police resumed his search; not a countenance escaped scrutiny; not a corner, not a nook that was not minutely examined; but unsuccessfully still. Placing a soldier at the door, with orders to let no one pass in or out, he crossed the court-yard, his next visit, greatly to the astonishment and terror of the cooks; being to the culinary laboratory, and also to the row of offices communicating

with it; then to the rooms upstairs, where there were more masquers, revelling, some of whom would, for sundry private reasons of their own, gladly have hidden anywhere rather than encounter the official who had so unexpectedly come amongst them; Jacques, however, was not forthcoming. D'Argenson looked dismayed, and cursed; D'Orleans and his companions laughed, whilst the soldiers ogled the table longingly, as though they would vastly like to join the feast. Placing another of these at each door, as a measure of greater precaution, the lieutenant of police returned to the bar, in front of which he found congregated the deities in question absorbed in close animated conference with Chopin.

"Thou art a traitor, *sang dieu!*" shouted he, threatening the latter with his sword; "thou hast concealed this man somewhere! Speak, knave; where is he?"

Nothing daunted by this ebullition of rage, Chopin coolly inquired, "whether monseigneur had examined every place *well*, and whether he felt *quite* certain that the man of whom he was in quest was not amongst the guests in the dining-rooms?"

"No! no! no! *ventre-bleu!*" vociferated he; "I am not so easily deceived! he is not amongst them."

"Then we must take for granted, monseigneur, that he is not on the premises," observed the other.

"Thou liest, varlet! thou liest! *mort dieu!* he *is* here! I know he is! Thou wouldst cheat me; but I will not be foiled thus! Lead the way to the cellars! By St. Marc he shall *not* escape me!"

"Oh! my five thousand crowns!" exclaimed D'Orleans, with mock dolefulness.

"This is no time for pleasantry, highness," remarked D'Argenson, surlily; "Jacques is a traitor! I have sworn to hang him, and 'fore God, I'll do it! Now, fellow!" continued he to Chopin; "go on!" and together they proceeded into the cellar.

"Where hast thou hidden him, I say?" continued the lieutenant of police, again menacing Chopin with his sword, and taking no notice of that individual's observation.

"Hidden him?" reiterated the latter, sneeringly; "perhaps I've hidden him in—in—in my pocket!"

"Ha! the walls! the walls!" shrieked D'Argenson; "I have it! there's some secret recess here into which he has escaped! I'll pull thy house about thy ears but I'll discover it! *tonnerre dieu!*"

Throwing down his sword, and snatching a musket from the hands of one of the soldiers, the lieutenant of police began sounding the walls in every direction, becoming so absorbed in the operation as not to be aware of the proximity of the smith and the mason, who, perceiving his object, quitted the position they had hitherto occupied in the rear of the soldiers, and to the great astonishment of the prince and his companions, suddenly placed themselves in the very centre of the party, apparently deeply interested in the result of D'Argenson's labors.

Vulcan and Hercules defy D'Argenson.

There was a moment when this individual's position, unknown to him, became exceedingly critical; he had reached that part of the masonry concealing the secret entrance to Lutetia, by which, as will already have been surmised, Jacques had in fact escaped; and without suspecting its existence there, commenced sounding the spot with renewed earnestness, increasing the restlessness of Vulcan and Hercules, to a degree that did not fail to attract the observation of the duke and his party; so artfully, however, was the door contrived by which the subterranean passage was gained, that he threw down the musket in despair, and turning suddenly round, encountered the deities in question, who were now standing close to him, watching his movements very narrowly.

"Hulloa!" exclaimed he, starting and eyeing them suspiciously; "what brought you here?"

"Why, monseigneur," responded Vulcan, with great coolness, "we are true and loyal subjects of his majesty; hum!"

"Fool!" ejaculated D'Argenson in reply; "What has that to do with your being here? eh! *sang dieu!*"

"Suppose there had been a traitor here, monseigneur?" observed the other, inquiringly.

"Well! what then? *ventre-bleu!*"

"Why—that's all," exclaimed Vulcan; and he allowed the end of his ponderous hammer to fall upon the ground in a manner that very expressively conveyed his meaning; Hercules brandishing his massive club the while with a dexterity that was more remarkable to the general observer than agreeable to those who stood close to him.

"Come, monseigneur," observed D'Orleans, laughing, "thou hast lost! Confess thyself beaten!"

"No! *tonnerre dieu!*" retorted he, "I have yet till nine to-night."

"Friends!" exclaimed the duke, "let us to Versailles! By St. Louis we have had a merry day of it! Maitre Chopin, broach a tun of thy best wine, or two if thou wilt, and let all thy guests pledge the health of his majesty. Huzza! huzza! Monseigneur D'Argenson loses eleven thousand crowns!"

"God save Louis Quatorze!" cried Chopin, "huzza for Monsieur de Chartres!"

"The Duke of Chartres for ever!" vociferated Vulcan, whirling his hammer till it whizzed again.

"The Duke of Chartres for ever!" echoed Hercules, flourishing his club!

"God save the king! Monsieur de Chartres for ever!" shouted the crowd.

In the midst of the general uproar, D'Orleans and his companions effected their retreat. Whilst the former, however, was striving to disengage himself from the multitude that pressed him on every side, a tall man, completely disguised, and closely masked, placed a hand upon his shoulder; the duke turned quickly round and encountered two dark eyes whose owner whispered him thus:

"I shall be at Versailles to-night, highness! Chut! I am Jacques!"

Ere the duke recovered from his surprise, the spy had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OF THE GRAND MASQUE AT THE CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES, AND WHAT OCCURRED THEREAT.

Although astounded beyond expression at Jacques' communication, the drift of which he was not less perplexed to fathom than to account for his sudden appearance and equally sudden evanishment, the Duke de Chartres betrayed no indications of embarrassment or of surprise when he rejoined his companions, from whom he had, during the brief lapse of time that this incident occupied, been separated by the crowd; but diverting the conversation into a different channel, chatted, and laughed, and jested with them the whole of the way to Versailles, where they arrived at seven o'clock, the prince's carriage having taken the party up at the Palais Royal.

The guests, who had received an invitation from Madame de Maintenon to figure at her grand masque that night, were already beginning to flock to the palace, which was brilliantly illuminated throughout, each window emitting a blaze of light that fell in a misty stream upon surrounding objects, imparting new life and animation to the scene, but casting the neighboring country into triple darkness.

In the great court-yard was stationed a military band playing divers popular and appropriate airs, a strong detachment of the musketeers mounted guard at the several gates, whilst a body of halberdiers formed a double line between which the visitors passed, extending from the principal entrance, up the grand staircase, to the *Salle de Réception*, which latter communicated with the grand gallery.

Outside all was bustle and noise, with carriages and chariots, driving up and setting down in one direction, and driving off in another; lackeys hurrying backwards and forwards, and pages, bearing links, dodging here and there, and everywhere; the cracking of postilions' whips; the neighing and snorting and tramping of horses; the hallooing of running footmen striving to push their way through the mass of bipeds and quadrupeds that obstructed it.

The ante-chambers and the *Salle de Réception*, besides being profusely decorated with garlands and nosegays of real flowers, were now thronged with the élite of the French nobility, male and female, arrayed in every variety of costume, from the most ancient to the

most modern, including the simple and the gorgeous, the grotesque, the civil, the martial, the outréz and the natural.

At eight o'clock the large folding-doors of the grand gallery were flung open, and a dazzling blaze of light fell upon the anxious crowd of masquers, who immediately commenced moving in a dense stream through the magnificent suite of apartments with which the grand gallery communicated, at the extremity of which latter figured a temporary construction for the accommodation of the orchestra, representing a Venetian bridge, the span of whose arch extended entirely across the saloon in its breadth, being raised above the second pair of folding-doors that opened from it into the other rooms.

Half-an-hour of suspense elapsed, during which not a voice rose louder than a whisper; suddenly an extraordinary movement became perceptible amongst the company, and every whisper itself instantly subsided; such of the guests as were seated rising to their feet, and such as were already standing ranging themselves so as to leave the passage free through the middle of the apartment; at the same moment the band struck up a triumphat air, composed for the occasion, descriptive of the *Grand Monarque's* military achievements, having received the cue from one of the pages who came to announce the approach of the king.

The royal party was preceded by twelve officers of his majesty's body-guard, the musketeers, in full court dress, and by six small pages in flowing perukes and *habits à la française;* immediately after these came Louis Quatorze himself, conducting Madame de Maintenon, and followed by his brother, Monsieur Duc d'Orleans and his duchess; his son, the Dauphin of France; his grandson, Louis Duc de Bourgogne, Grand Dauphin (*father of Louis Quinze*), his nephew and son-in-law, Monsieur de Chartres; his second grandson, the young Duke D'Anjou, and a host of *dames d'atours*, and lords in waiting, with pages numberless, and a mass of masked visitors bringing up the rear.

Although all the guests were masked and habited in fancy costumes, no one belonging to the king's suite was thus attired. The monarch wore a satin coat of deep purple hue, elaborately laced with gold, the cuffs being made of the same material, only white, and turned up nearly elbow-high, in order to display an abundance of ruffle of the most exquisite lace that could be manufactured, and with which the ends of his cravat were also embroidered, these being allowed to depend from his throat and fall over the front of his waistcoat; the latter was of satin likewise, but inter-wrought with *fleurs-de-lys* in silver; high-heeled shoes, fastened with large, square diamond buckles; a peruke arranged in long frizzy curls which covered his shoulders; and the elegant plumed beaver that he had himself introduced, completed his dress.

Madame de Maintenon was attired with equal simplicity and elegance; her petticoat was of white satin embroidered with gold, as was her train and bodice.

The first dance was no sooner over than there might have been discovered, standing apart from the other guests, and congregated in a remote corner of the saloon, a group consisting of four individuals; these were the Duke of Chartres, the Abbé Dubois, D'Effiat, and De Brancas, the two latter masked and disguised, apparently engaged in a most interesting conversation, the chief burden of maintaining which devolved upon the duke, for the others were listening to his recital with every symptom of astonishment.

"Chut, chut! chevalier," said D'Orleans; "thou knowest the proverb, speak of the devil and he straightways shows his tail!

"Pray were you talking of me, gentlemen?" exclaimed a voice close to the group.

D'Orleans and his companions turned quickly round, on hearing themselves addressed, and, to their astonishment and amusement, perceived that the owner of the voice was no less a personage than his satanic majesty himself, in proper person, with wings and horns, and dorsal continuation complete, upon a very extensive scale; the latter especially; which, for fear of being trodden on, was carelessly tucked beneath its possessor's arm, who occasionally imparted to it a very lively movement, switching it backwards and forwards with a great deal of grace and elegance, and an amount of coolness perfectly refreshing.

"And where in the name of fate didst thou come from?" asked D'Orleans, as soon as he recovered from the fit of surprise into which the apparition of this grotesque being had thrown him.

"Don't ask!" responded the unknown, with a comic leer, that threw the group into convulsions of laughter; "thou wilt know some day! I have only stept out for an hour!"

"This is capital," cried D'Effiat, enjoying the perplexity of the prince; "perhaps your majesty can now tell us who will win the wager?"

"Wait till nine," replied the mysterious gentleman, pointing with the end of his tail to a magnificent time-piece that stood upon the chimney; "thou wilt not then need my prescience. News! news from Pandemonium! Wilt thou learn, my dear colleague, what they say in my dominions respecting a certain Abbé?"—here the speaker linked his arm very familiarly into that of Dubois, who struggled in vain to release himself—"who not long since was instrumental in dragging a young, innocent girl to the Bastile? News! news from Pandemonium! I will tell thee her name!"

"Chut!" interrupted the Duke of Chartres; "thou art carrying thy pleasantry too far; were we alone, it might pass; seest thou not that we are surrounded?"

This was true, for the extraordinary appearance of his satanic majesty had excited general attention, and the masquers were now congregating in a mass around him, curious to witness his proceedings. Instead, however, of producing the effect he anticipated, the Prince's remark served only to divert the attack from the abbé, (who was unable to answer,) to himself; for loosing his hold of

Dubois, the personage in question laid a hand upon the duke's arm, and continued:

"Nay, then, our royal brother; since thou wilt not hear her name, shall I tell thee that of a friend of our's"—here he pinched him—"who stole a ring from a certain maiden's finger, and was robbed of it in turn? News! news from Pandemonium! hear the name!"

"Peace!" whispered D'Orleans in the speaker's ear; "let me have the laugh of D'Effiat and De Brancas, and I will forgive thee!"

It wanted yet a few minutes of nine o'clock, when the prince perceived Monsieur D'Argenson enter; directing the attention of his companions to the fact, they at once made up to him, D'Orleans opening the dialogue.

"Well, monseigneur," said he smiling, "where is the prisoner?"

"Curses on him, and on all who had a hand in assisting him to escape," replied the other, bitterly; "I have been duped; *mort dieu!*"

"And so have I," retorted D'Orleans; "I thought to lose five thousand crowns and have gained eleven! See! monseigneur; the hand of the dial is on the stroke of nine!"

"Don't ask him to look," stammered Dubois; "monseigneur never sees anything that is against his interest! Every stroke costs him a thousand crowns, and a pain in the side!"

"Go on, go on!" muttered the lieutenant of police; "I expected this! But by St. Marc, though I have lost this time, I will yet have the laugh of you!"

"Thou art quite welcome to the *laugh*, monseigneur," observed the duke, "so thou make me welcome to the money!"

"By my faith," remarked D'Effiat, "he shall laugh at me as often as he likes, provided he pay me at the same rate for the privilege!"

"Or at me, either," chimed in De Brancas.

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed D'Argenson, chuckling—suspecting who they were—"the privilege is not worth purchasing! I can enjoy it gratuitously!"

"'Tis a great pity the office of court-jester is abolished," retorted the Chevalier de Brancas; "the marotte could not devolve upon a more fitting personage than our worthy friend the lieutenant of police!"

"So much for the opinion of *one* fool," quickly responded D'Argenson; "what sayst *thou*, Dubois?"

"Let me first hear *thy* opinion upon the subject, monseigneur," replied he, adroitly; "though, by the way, I think the cap would fit thee!"

D'Argenson's retort was drowned in a burst of laughter that the abbé's rejoinder had excited.

He had scarcely disappeared, than a tall personage, habited in the costume of the grand inquisitor, emerged from behind the crowd

that had congregated around the duke's party, and taking advantage of a moment when the attention of the others were diverted, gently tapped the former on the shoulder.

"Highness!" whispered he, "I told you I should be here! I presume you know me!"

"Thou art the spy, Jacques," replied the other in the same low tone. "What, in the name of all that is unearthly, brings thee hither? D'Argenson is here!"

"I know it, highness. But, save yourself and a friend or two of mine, no one possesses the secret of my disguise, nor is even aware of my presence."

"Pardon me, 'sieur mask," observed the duke, coloring up; "I fear I have incautiously betrayed you to Dubois, D'Effiat, and De Brancas."

"It was mal-address on your part," answered Jacques, gravely; "there was no necessity for babbling."

"If I have foolishly endangered your personal safety," said D'Orleans, as they withdrew into a recess formed by one of the large windows, and concealed themselves behind the folds of the ample drapery, "thou mayst depend upon my co-operation in case of any emergency! But what brought thee hither at all?"

"That is *my* secret, highness," responded the mysterious spy; "and provided none of your companions suspect me beneath this disguise, I am safe!"

"I would answer for them, unhesitatingly, friend Jacques; for did they even suspect thee, their sense of honor would seal their lips! I must say thou art a bold man, notwithstanding. Hadst thou any particular motive for retiring with me to this place?"

"I had, highness! I wished to speak with you, undisturbed! You were acquainted with the late Baroness de Montfort, who died at Fontainebleau about a twelvemonth ago, or rather more?"

"I was," answered the prince, falteringly.

"She had a protégé," resumed Jacques; "a young girl; whom she had adopted when quite a child!"

"Beatrice; the beautiful Beatrice!" observed D'Orleans, with impassioned accents.

"That was her name, highness. Did the baroness ever tell you that young girl's history?"

"I had it from the lips of Beatrice herself! Her mother died one night from exhaustion, at Fontainebleau, at the baroness' door; she was on her way to Paris, to seek the tomb of her husband; and had travelled from somewhere near Tours on foot! This is all I know!"

"The baroness, nay the girl herself, knew no more," said the spy; "her unhappy parent—" here he became deeply moved, and sobbed audibly—"expired before she could relate her tale of woe and suffering!"

For a moment the Duke de Chartres stood as one paralyzed, gazing at Jacques with vacant air and changing countenance, his

whole frame trembling with agitation; at length he said, or rather stammered out:

"Is this truth, or but a tale of thine own inventing?"

"Truth, truth, highness," gasped the spy, his large chest heaving convulsively; "the mother of Beatrice was *my* mother; Beatrice is my sister!"

"Jacques!" exclaimed D'Orleans, seizing the man's hand, and pressing it with ardor; "believe me, I knew it not! I have wronged thee."

"Thou hast, highness," responded Jacques, withdrawing his hand from the prince's grasp.

"And thou hast sought me to demand reparation," continued D'Orleans; "I understand!"

"Reparation, highness! What reparation wouldst thou offer to a brother, after thou hast destroyed his sister's honor?"

"I will forget my rank, my station, my royal blood, and for the time descend to thy level; with equal arms, I will meet thee on the field, and thou shalt have fair opportunity to avenge thy sister's wrongs! I have injured *thee;* I have injured *her!* but before God, I swear I loved her. Speak, Jacques! Is there any other satisfaction thou wouldst have?"

"And dost thou think, highness," responded the spy, "that thy blood can wash out the stain upon my poor sister's name? Can thy life restore her to purity? Will thy last breath save her heart from breaking? No, no, highness; no! the satisfaction thou offerest me is none! The impulse that warmed thee to offer it was generous, noble; but thou canst not repair the wrongs thou hast inflicted upon her and me."

"True, true, Jacques," ejaculated D'Orleans, after a brief pause, a tear starting to his eye; "but other atonement than this it is out of my power to make! Give me thy hand! I offer thee my friendship!"

"There is my hand, highness, in token of my forgiveness," replied Jacques, placing it in that of the duke, who again pressed it fervently; "thy friendship I do not ask!"

"Nay!" observed D'Orleans, with an air of wounded pride; "dost thou refuse it? It is a prince's!"

"I know it, highness, and therefore it may not be accepted! The experience of others has taught me the danger of such a gift!"

"Canst thou not take my word of honor, in earnest of my sincerity?" asked D'Orleans.

"Yes, highness!" answered the spy, proudly; "but I would not barter *my* honor to gain the friendship of a king; still less if that king had injured me!"

"Jacques," said he; "I deserve thy contempt! Thy revenge is indeed magnanimous! But although thou contemnest my friendship, as any atonement for the injury I have done thee, thou wilt not scorn it as a slight token of the gratitude I owe thee for the service thou didst once render me upon the Pont Neuf! I owe thee my life!"

"Name not the circumstance," responded Jacques; "I recognized thee not at the moment, and would have succored any other stranger with equal promptitude! Had I known then of my sister's shame, and that thou wert the perpetrator of it, I might, perhaps, have allowed the robber's steel to avenge my Beatrice's wrongs! Ah! highness! was it an act worthy a prince, to conceal his name and rank from a poor orphan girl, in order the more securely to win her affections?"

"Stay, Jacques, stay!" uttered D'Orleans, interrupting the spy; "I loved Beatrice with all the ardor of a first and virgin love. If I concealed my name and rank from thy sister, I hid it also from the old baroness, whose long retirement from court and secluded life, by precluding the possibility of her recognizing me, favored the deceit I practised upon her! But even this was the result of accident! I was hunting in the forest, accompanied only by two attendants, and was overtaken by a violent storm, from which I took shelter in the baroness' house! There was no necessity for disclosing my name, wherefore I assumed one! I saw Beatrice! I loved her! The next day I returned; and the next, and the next! I could not resist the impulse of my passion! What shall I say in extenuation of my conduct? That having introduced myself under a feigned name, and having gained thy sister's heart beneath the disguise, I had not courage to throw it off! We loved! Thou knowest the rest!"

"Not all, highness! Go on!" remarked Jacques.

"Well!" resumed the prince; "the baroness died, bequeathing the half of her property to the convent at Moret, and the remainder to Beatrice, who, discovering at length that I deceived her, though still ignorant of my rank, made over her legacy to the same convent, and retiring there, took the veil. From that hour she has been lost to me."

"Hear the sequel, highness," said Jacques, growing every moment more intensely moved. "Beatrice took the vow of chastity ere she was aware of her position! Too soon, however, she became sensible that there would be a living proof of her weakness and her dishonor! She concealed the fact from the sisterhood, until she perceived the impossibility of doing so longer. Disguising herself as well as she could, she effected her escape from Moret, and fled, on foot, to Paris, in search of her betrayer; of *you*, highness! How she ever reached this city alive, or without suspicion, is a mystery! But reach it she did! For two days and an entire night she wandered about without a home—without a friend—without a hope! On the second night, despair drove her to self-destruction—"

The spy stopped, for his articulation grew indistinct, his efforts to suppress his sobs increasing his agitation; the duke, meanwhile, incapable of uttering a syllable, seized Jacques' hand and pressed it in silence within his own, his tears falling upon it, hot and scalding; Jacques' communication cut him to the heart, bursting upon him, as it did, in the midst of a scene of mirth and revelry, life and

hilarity; the contrast was too painful to be dwelt upon, and the really fine sensitiveness of his nature, obscured and deadened by evil precept and pernicious example, shone forth for the time with all its native brightness.

"Jacques," sobbed he, as soon as he had somewhat recovered; "restore her to *me* also; let me see her; does the infant live?"

"Both mother and son have been spared, highness," responded Jacques, returning the pressure of the speaker's hand.

"Thou hast not told me the name of their saviour," continued D'Orleans, inquiringly. "Was it thou?"

"It was a young officer, who serves in your highness' corps—the musketeers; St. Marcel le Trouvé! 'Twas he saw her clinging to the wheel at the miller's bridge, and plunged after her. This occurred on the night of the seventh of December last. The shock brought on premature travail; before the morning she gave birth to the child that will one day call thee father! She has not recovered from the effects of that dreadful night; indeed, I fear she never will. Her heart is broken, highness; and 'tis thou, thou who hast done this! I gathered from her sufficient facts to give me a clue to her betrayer—"

"Where is she, Jacques?" asked the prince, impatiently; "bring me to her at once—lead thou the way, I will follow!"

"Not so fast," remonstrated the spy; "thou canst not see her to-night! Besides, I have other business on hand! To-morrow night, if thou wilt, I will conduct thee to her!"

"To-morrow be it, then, friend," replied the prince, who, perceiving that Jacques was resolute, felt the uselessness of insisting further; "till then I shall not rest!"

"There is one condition, highness, which thou must pledge thy word to observe, ere I consent to fulfil thy wish—"

"Name it," ejaculated the other; "I consent before-hand!"

"Secrecy!" answered the spy.

"I swear it!" was the duke's reply, elevating his right hand above his head; "where shall I meet thee?"

"At the *Cep-de-Vigne*," responded Jacques; "where thou wert this afternoon; come alone and disguised, to avoid suspicion!"

"At what hour shall I be there, 'Sieur Jacques?"

"At midnight, highness! Ask Maitre Chopin for a draught of wine, and drink to the health of Julian! He will understand the signal!"

"Count me already there," answered the duke.

At this moment the colloquy was interrupted by a roar of laughter in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where Jacques and the duke stood concealed; when it had subsided into a titter, a voice, which the spy immediately recognized, exclaimed:

"News! news from pandemonium! old, young, and middle-aged, hear the news from the glowing region, whose paving-stones are good intentions, and where the houses are built of broken promises; hear the news, hear the news!"

"Highness," whispered Jacques; "let us take advantage of this uproar to steal out unobserved! Do thou go first!"

The duke placed a finger on his lips, and seizing a favorable opportunity emerged from behind the hangings into the saloon, and mixing with the merry group that formed the suite of his satanic majesty, followed the stream until he again fell in with his own party, now on its return from an unsuccessful search in quest of him.

"Whence comes your highness, pray?" asked De Brancas, somewhat astonished to see the duke pounce so suddenly upon them; "we have sought you everywhere! By Jove! you have lost a delicious scene! Our satan has been intriguing Monsieur D'Argenson until he has beaten him from the field!"

"There is no such thing as dancing for him," observed D'Effiat; "the orchestra plays to idle legs; everybody follows yonder droll; women and men, all pell-mell together!"

"Let us imitate the general example then, in order not to look particular," replied D'Orleans; assuming an air of gayety that he was far from feeling at heart, as he linked his arm into that of the last speaker. "Come, Dubois! why art thou staying behind?"

"I will rejoin you in a moment," replied the abbé; "I have game in view!"

"Hum!" exclaimed Dubois, as the pair mixed with the crowd; "I think I can make something out of this! We shall see!" and with this he departed in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XL.

HOW DEMOCRITUS ASTONISHED THE COURT OF LOUIS QUATORZE.

In the interim, the Duke of Chartres, accompanied by his gay companions, reached the dense and continually increasing circle of masquers congregated in the immediate proximity of the throne. They had been attracted thither by the eccentricities of the nameless personage of regal attributes whom nobody recognized, and who, notwithstanding, appeared intimately acquainted with every body, whatever his or her degree.

Armed at all points, invulnerable to every attack, the individual in question successfully rebutted witticism and sarcasm, jest or repartee, how well timed or how smart soever, never failing to turn the tables upon his unlucky opponent by raising a general laugh at his expense, the epigram directed at himself falling absolutely pointless, or instantly recoiling upon its progenitor imbued with three-

fold poignancy. He was the life, and soul, and spirit of the party; whithersoever he directed his footsteps, the crowd followed; standing still when he stopped, or, when he advanced, again rushing forwards, pell-mell, amalgamated and jumbled together, without reference to etiquette or rule of precedence.

In vain the conductor of the orchestra flourished his baton until he grew red in the face; the musicians under his control, wearied of piping to no purpose, laid down their instruments, and looked on, petrified with amazement, at the scene below; dancing being for the time, entirely confined to the inner suite of rooms; and even there, cavaliers gazed vacantly about in search of partners, and after wondering awhile what powerful magnet had drawn these into the grand gallery, themselves flocked to the same centre, and became immediately absorbed in the common vortex.

"You will remember my request," whispered the prince to his two friends, as, linked arm-in-arm, they pushed through the crowd.

"You have my word of honor for *my* secrecy," replied the marquis.

"And mine," observed the chevalier; "the man deserves it for his boldness."

"Where is Dubois?" resumed the duke, looking anxiously about in search of him.

"Oh! never mind the abbé," responded D'Effiat; "let us hear what this droll is saying."

"He is an extraordinary fellow, whoever he is," said De Brancas, dragging D'Orleans along; "even his majesty and the grave De Maintenon appear entertained."

"News! news from pandemonium," exclaimed the personage who formed the subject of the above conversation; "I have news for the young, news for the old, and news for the middle-aged! You husbands who have lost your wives' affections, come to me and I will tell you where to find them! Does no one speak? Alas, then, all husbands are unfortunate alike!"

Here a burst of merriment interrupted him awhile; when it had subsided he resumed:

"Come then, you wives who have faithless husbands and know it not! whisper in my ear and I will tell you the name of your rivals! What? not a word! Beware then, husbands all; and close the doors of your house against handsome cousins, and foster-brothers fresh up from the provinces! Young maidens, who are on the look-out for lovers, I have advice for you too! Come to me and I will instruct you how to ogle, and smile, and play the simple! I will teach you how to make secret assignations at Notre-Dame—and how to cheat the vigilance of parents and guardians, devout old grandmammas and bewrinkled, bead-telling duennas!"

Probably the grotesque newsmonger would have continued his harangue much longer, but at this moment his eyes rested upon a knot of three females, disguised and closely masked, who stood conversing apart from the principal group of which he was the centre;

quitting his own circle, he immediately advanced towards the smaller one in question, and fixing his gaze upon one of the ladies —the most animated of the trio—made her a formal bow, and at once addressed her:

"I know you, fair mask," said he.

"Indeed!" replied the lady, disguising her voice; "I very much doubt it!"

"I will tell you a secret or two shall prove it," continued he. "You are beautiful."

"Hum!" retorted she, unfolding her fan, for the purpose of better displaying the symmetry of her hand and wrist; "there is no lack of beauty at the court; so for once, 'sieur demon, you may have guessed aright!"

The king, who was so situated as to be able to overhear every word of the conversation, and was moreover acquainted with the lady who maintained it, appeared greatly delighted with this little comedy, and laughed heartily at it, commenting thereupon to Madame de Maintenon; the latter however, did not seem to take more than a passing interest in it, being deeply engaged in a colloquy with the gray friar, the companion of the grand inquisitor.

"You are a supreme coquette," continued he of the tail.

"That is a proof my youth and beauty find a surplus of admirers," replied the lady; "and that I like to amuse myself at their expense!"

"Shall I give you the list of them?" asked his diabolic majesty, whisking his tail about with a careless air.

"Spare yourself the trouble," retorted the fair one; "it would take up too much of your time! Besides; 'twere labor lost!"

The conversation, which had been several times interrupted by the titters of the lady's friends, and the scarcely smothered mirth of the remainder of the assistants, was here abruptly brought to a close by the orchestra, which struck up the prelude to the *Minuet de la cour*, a dance of which Louis Quatorze was passionately fond, and in the execution of which he, in his younger days, far surpassed the most celebrated ballet-masters of the period.*

Whilst the symphony was being played, the lady in question turned round to her companions, exclaiming in a whisper:

"Will no one rid me of this pest! Do thou avenge me, my dear duchess."

"Nay!" replied the other; "after *thy* signal failure, how should I fare? I decline, most positively!"

* Louis excelled in the dance, and until the year 1670, figured with great eclat in the ballets given at the court, but at this period, according to Voltaire, he suddenly discontinued exhibiting himself to his courtiers, conceiving it to be derogatory to his kingly dignity. This author asserts, that the monarch's distaste arose thus: Being present at the representation of the tragedy of Britannicus, before the court of St. Germains, he was vividly struck with the contemptuous allusion made therein to Nero, and to save his own memory from a similar stigma, at once gave up dancing in public.

"Who can he be?" said her other companion; "hast thou no idea, my dear marchioness?"

"Not the remotest," answered the latter; "he evidently knows *me* well, and I will discover *him* before the evening is out!"

"Pardon me, madam," observed the last speaker's tormentor, at the same time making her a low bow, according to the very strictest rule; "if you will forgive my *badinage*, which was not intended to offend, I would solicit the honor of your hand for the minuet."

This question appeared to startle the lady more than any circumstance that had yet occurred, for the minuet happened to be a favorite *pas* of her's and one in which she excelled, it affording her an opportunity of displaying the really symmetrical figure and the voluptuous graces with which nature had endowed her; nothing loth, in spite of what had passed between them, but on the contrary, rather eager to accede to the stranger's request, she placed her hand within his, and arose for the purpose of accompanying him to the spot he had selected, which was immediately in front of the throne; as she did so, she said to him, in a low tone:

"'Sieur mask! you say you know me!"

"I do, madam," responded he, in the same low tone; and she remarked that his voice trembled as he spoke, whilst his hand slightly pressed her's.

"Who, then, are you, who have so cruelly held me up to ridicule this evening?"

"I have the privilege of a long acquaintance with you," replied he; "but I do not see how I have scandalised you, unless what I have said be untrue!"

"I confess the justice of the remark," resumed she; "but if you would have me unmask, first tell me my name!"

"Elise, Marquise de Beauvais!" answered her cavalier, tremulously.

"You are right," said the marchioness, unmasking, and disclosing her lovely features; "and now I know whom you should be, or I am much mistaken!"

"In my ear, lady; in my ear! I wish to remain unknown."

"You are the Chevalier de Mont-Fleuri," replied she, whispering his name in his ear. An eloquent glance of recognition passed between them, and the colloquy ceased; the oddly-assorted couple taking up their position for the minuet.

Notwithstanding the quaintness of the dress that the latter had thought proper to adopt, it was rich in the extreme, being made entirely of the finest black Genoa velvet that could be purchased, fitting close to his faultless though slender limbs, and wholly covered with scales of various hue, from bright crimson to deep blue, wrought in floss silk; the wings, which reached to below the calf of his legs, and were attached in some imperceptible manner to his shoulders, so that he could expand them at pleasure by slightly moving his arms; were constructed of feathers dyed jet black, tipped with red, of which latter color was the dorsal continuation of

his costume, projected to an extreme length, and further ornamented with a gigantic rosette of white satin; he wore close-fitting shoes of red velvet, ribbed with black, terminating in a point, and his head was encased in a hideous mask of a brick-dust color, adorned at the summit with a pair of long, pointed horns, curved backwards.

His partner, now unmasked, wore a skirt of white satin elaborately embroidered with flowers of gold, and over it a *jupe* of blue velvet, her bodice being of the same material, lacing up the front, and fastened by a girdle; the sleeves, full to the elbow, were slashed with white satin, and trimmed with a deep bordering of rich lace, the latter overhanging her snowy arms, and depending as low as the wrists, which were enclasped by diamond bracelets of great price: she likewise wore a stomacher of the same precious gems, and a large *solitaire* fastened round her throat by a narrow strip of black velvet; white satin shoes, with tiny, round, diamond buckles; on her head, a small *chapeau à la marquise* ornamented with three ostrich feathers, and confined at the side by a clasp of brilliants, her splendid hair falling in graceful, natural tresses over her white throat and shoulders, completed her elegant costume.

When the dance was ended, the lady resumed her mask, and, after they had made an obeisance to the monarch, was conducted by her cavalier to the seat she had occupied in the earlier part of the evening, he taking up a standing position close beside her, and for the moment forgetful of his identity with a certain individual, chatting cosily with her and with everybody around.

Meanwhile, apart from the inter-intriguing of individuals, scenes of a totally different character, and replete with interest of a very opposite nature, were enacting in various parts of the grand gallery.

In the suite of Madame de Maintenon, though not appertaining thereto, figured a female of tallish stature, closely disguised beneath the habit of a white nun; she seemed not to—indeed did not—take any interest in the general mirth, but stood or sat, motionless as a statue, close to Madame de Maintenon, who from time to time addressed her soothingly, as if striving to alleviate the mental anguish her fair companion was suffering. Shortly after the dancing commenced, an officer of musketeers, in full court-dress, but masked, came up to her, and addressing her in tones of great respect, and with a tremulousness of manner that almost alarmed her, said:

"Excuse me, fair nun; I would not presume to address you, but that I fear no other such favorable opportunity may present itself for some time to come!"

The nun drew her veil closer about her person, and hesitatingly replied that she "had not the honor of recognizing the person who had spoken, whom she entreated would leave her."

"Nay, mademoiselle," continued the stranger; "I know you well! I have only just now learnt of your being here! You are Mademoiselle de St. Auney!"

Jeanne, for it was she, started on hearing her name pronounced, and hastily answered:

"Whomsoever you may be, monsieur, I beseech you not to breathe my name here!"

"Do you not then recognize me, mademoiselle?" asked the first speaker, in a tone of disappointment; "has an absence of five weeks so altered me?"

"Ah!" ejaculated Jeanne; "I know now! You are the 'Sieur St. Marcel! I did not remember your voice at first. How did you learn I was here?"

"From our friend Jacques, who is also at the masque to-night! He merely mentioned where I should find you, after giving me a clue to your costume."

"I am so overjoyed to see you again," said he, as she placed her arm within his, "that I cannot find words to express my feelings. I am bewildered! When Jacques informed me you were here, I prevailed upon a brother officer to mount guard for me whilst I came to you. Ah! mademoiselle! this pleasure is indeed an unexpected one!" and he pressed the hand of the maiden to his heart, which throbbed fiercely on the contact, driving his blood rapidly through every vein, and rendering each pulsation audible. "I fear," continued he, "you have suffered much since I saw you last?"

"My sufferings, 'Sieur St. Marcel, have been chiefly mental! The fate of my poor father, and that of my dear innocent Julie, fill my heart with bitterness! Ten weeks now the poor child has been deprived of her liberty; my father more than nine; and I fear there are no hopes of procuring their release for some time to come."

The poor girl's tears flowed fast as she spoke, and with the greatest difficulty she suppressed her sobs; whilst St. Marcel, who was equally affected by her tale of woe, silently pressed her hand, in vain striving to overcome his own agitation.

"I have had news since then," said he, in reply to her last inquiry; "but only a week later! Poor St. Leu!"

"Another victim!" ejaculated the maiden; "what of my sister and my father? what of St. Leu?"

"Your sister was well, and your father also, as far as St. Leu knew; for you must know he too was incarcerated in the Bastile, from which he contrived to effect his escape! It was from him I obtained intelligence of your father and of Julie!"

"Heaven's will be done!" ejaculated Jeanne; "it is a sore trial! But poor Leon! What crime had he committed?"

"Well, I believe I am in a great measure to blame!" answered St. Marcel; "but the circumstance was involuntary, and arose out of the theft of the ring, which you doubtless remember. It is, however, too long a tale to tell now. I will take advantage of the earliest opportunity you afford me to inform you of everything. For the present, St. Leu is safe!"

"Where is he?" inquired Jeanne; "if 'tis he has escaped, I

have heard the circumstance mentioned, though not his name, and I know that the most active exertions are being made to discover his lurking-place!"

"I need not fear to confide in you, who are almost his sister," responded the young man. "After his escape, he took refuge at an honest blacksmith's in the faubourg St. Antoine, who contrived, by a subtle artifice, though a dangerous one, to pass him through the Porte St. Antoine with the very guards who came in search of him! Late as it was, he made the best of his way to our commandant's, where he arrived half-dead with cold, wounded and lacerated! He is still there; but dangerously ill!"

"Ah, Monsieur St. Marcel," responded she; "I do not know why we should be thus persecuted! Monseigneur D'Argenson is a wicked man, and is in league with others—though I know them not—as wicked as himself!"

"Jacques also informed me, mademoiselle," replied St. Marcel, "of your being forcibly abducted from home, and how he rescued you from the convent of the Sisters de la Madeleine du Trainel."

"Jacques took me from the convent you mentioned," answered Jeanne, with a view to divert the conversation into a channel less fraught with danger to her trembling heart, "to that of the Carmelites, which I entered the very same morning."

"But—" observed the young man, trembling violently, and turning deathly cold; "you—you are not—a—a novice! You do not intend taking the veil—"

"No! no!" responded the maiden; "Madame de Maintenon, who was intimately allied by friendship to my dear mother, thought it better I should be near her; she wished to afford me greater protection; I was prevailed upon by her to come to the masque this evening, and in order to conceal myself more effectually, adopted this disguise!"

Here she sobbed so vehemently, that St. Marcel became alarmed, and conducted her to a vacant seat somewhat apart from the crowd of masquers; sitting down by her side, and still detaining her hand, he said, in the warm accents of sympathy:

"I fear, mademoiselle, that I have caused these reflections to recur to you more forcibly, by bringing the painful subject whence they arise more immediately before you! I am sorry—believe me!"

The hand he held within his, trembled violently, growing feverishly hot and moist; he could see the fair nun's bosom swell and fall irregularly as he spoke; a convulsive sob escaped from her lips, whilst she hung down her closely-veiled head, abashed; she seemed irresolute whether to quit the spot, or stay, but after a short pause arose, saying, almost inarticulately—

"Let us go back to Madame de Maintenon."

"I will not seek to detain you, mademoiselle," observed the young man, rising too:—"yet, listen, to me a moment longer! I cannot quench the ardor of the passion with which you have inspired me! If I offend by confessing it thus abruptly, pardon my presumption,

but do not scorn me! The feeling is stronger than I! Jeanne! I could die for you!"

The agitation of the maiden continued to increase; she would fain have quitted the spot, but stood powerless, as if rooted there; in a choked, sobbing voice, that did not rise above a whisper, she exclaimed, or rather stammered:

"Let us return, I beseech you."

"Mademoiselle de St. Auney," responded he, scarcely less agitated than the lovely girl at his side; "I do not know whether I have—I hope I have not—misinterpreted your sentiments towards me—your looks—your smiles—your present agitation; if I have—undeceive me! I am no trifler myself, and feel assured you are not one of those who delight in gratifying their vanity at the expense of a man's affections! Speak then, I implore you—a word—a sign—but let me know—"

The phrase remained unfinished, for the hand he still held clasped, tremblingly, almost imperceptibly, responded to the pressure of his own.

"Do not," said she, falteringly, "let us remain any longer."

"Thine—thine for ever, dear, beloved Jeanne," answered he, advancing in the direction of the throne; "when shall we meet again?"

"I know not, indeed," was her reply.

"But can you not contrive to see me sometimes?" inquired St. Marcel.

"I can engage to do nothing," responded the maiden; "I am entirely under my protectress' control for the present, and cannot promise to take a single step without first informing her! Be assured, that when we do meet again, it will be under her auspices, and I hope under happier circumstances."

"Heaven grant it!" replied St. Marcel.

At this moment his quick eye rested upon the Abbé Dubois, who was engaged in intimate conference with D'Argenson, the pair having retired into a nook in order to converse more at their ease. Desirous of avoiding the observation of the latter—under whose orders he had been placed for the evening, and who would have been certain to recognize his costume—he whispered to Jeanne, and accelerating his pace, pushed through the crowd, and soon gained the spot she had so lately quitted.

"Adieu, dear Jeanne," said he, once more pressing her hand; "you have made me to-night the happiest being here!"

"Adieu! St. Marcel," answered the young girl, responding to the silent token; "for heaven's sake! return to your duty, lest your absence be discovered, and you should be involved in trouble!"

Raising his hat, St. Marcel bowed, and whispering "to our next meeting, Jeanne," slowly took his leave.

Let us now return to Dubois, who, after encountering Jacques under the circumstances already mentioned, hurried off in quest of D'Argenson, who, incensed at being made the subject of public ridi-

cule, had quitted the gallery, and was now cooling his wrath in the ante-rooms. A long time elapsed, however, before the designing abbé found him, so great was the press of masquers, and so continuous the bustle and the confusion amongst them: having fallen in with him at last, he whispered something in his ear which caused the lieutenant's keen eyes to light up with savage joy, and a hideous smile to distort his countenance:

"Say'st thou so, indeed!" said he; "bring me to him!"

"This way, friend D'Argenson," replied Dubois; "mind, I only think! I wont assert positively; but 'tis most likely!" and he led the way to the spot where they stood when St. Marcel descried them, carrying on a colloquy with him in whispers.

"Well! well!" ejaculated D'Argenson, impatiently, when they reached the nook in question; "show me; *sang dieu!*"

"Say 'tis a bargain then," observed the other; "I sadly want money, and the duke's exchequer is always low!"

"It is a bargain," retorted the other, "provided it be as thou say'st!"

"A thousand crowns, mind," said the other; "to be paid by to-morrow, noon!"

"Yes! yes! *mort dieu!* is not my word sufficient? there's my hand upon it! But show me! show me!"

Dubois whispered a word or two in his ear, and D'Argenson's eyes immediately rested upon the group indicated.

"Good!" said he; "good! Do thou rejoin thy party; I will soon satisfy myself!"

With this the honest couple moved off in opposite directions, D'Argenson towards the door, and Dubois towards the duke and his companions.

"Where on earth hast thou been so long?" asked D'Orleans as the abbé sidled up to him; "I wanted to speak with thee! Thou wilt not mention to D'Argenson what I told thee about Jacques! eh! I have reasons for it; I have promised not to betray him."

"I will *not*, highness," replied Dubois, with his customary stammer.

The duke nodded, and the whole party became once more confounded in the crowd of masqueraders.

Meanwhile, the grand inquisitor and the gray friar had advanced closer to the throne; as they drew up to it, the latter personage retired somewhat in the rear, so as to be as much as possible hidden from general observation, whilst the friar, partly throwing back his cowl, and moving the mask from his visage, turned towards Madame de Maintenon and disclosed himself.

"You here, father!" exclaimed she, concealing her astonishment; "how didst thou obtain admittance?"

"Our friend Jacques' address," responded he.

"But the danger! D'Argenson!" said she.

"D'Argenson is a traitor!" replied the friar, resuming his mask; "but for his treachery, which had been nigh proving fatal to our

project, neither I nor Jacques would have ventured hither this evening."

"What has happened then?" asked Madame de Maintenon.

"You received a letter from me on Thursday last," observed the holy father.

"Yes! the news from Rome and from Madrid," replied she; "I am much perplexed what course to follow; I expected to hear again from you as you promised."

"The couriers who brought the news, were arrested by D'Argenson, their despatches taken from them, opened, and detained by him! His agent, however, a friend of Jacques, made Jacques acquainted with the purport of these despatches, so that D'Argenson has been himself deceived! I could not tell you all this in my letter, and waited to write to you again, until further intelligence reached us from De Janson or De Harrach! A courier has arrived to-day from Rome. Thanks to Jacques' precautions, his despatches are safe here! It was to acquaint you with their contents, and to resolve upon a decisive step that we came hither. Whatever happens, D'Argenson must not, for Jacques' sake, as well as for that of his informant, know how we obtained intelligence of the former epistles, or the failure of our project will be the consequence of our indiscretion."

"Is Chamillart acquainted with this abominable wretch's proceedings?" asked Madame de Maintenon.*

"He is," replied Father Simon; who, as will have already been guessed, was the gray friar.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the other; "we are not safe!"

"We must act promptly, sister;" the friar spoke spiritually; "first take cognizance of the intelligence I have obtained to-day, and then we will decide! Both Jacques and I incur risk of discovery by remaining here, wherefore we must be as brief as possible!"

In a low tone of voice father Simon communicated the important information he had received, Madame de Maintenon listening with the profoundest attention; when he came to an end, they relapsed into the conversation already alluded to, which lasted until some time after the termination of the minuet in which Democritus and the fair Marquise de Beauvais figured so gracefully, Jacques still keeping near, occasionally diverting himself by intriguing a certain few of the by-standers, whilst the king, perceiving his consort so deeply engaged, though not suspecting the nature of the subject that engrossed her attention, chatted with such of the members of his family as stood near him.

"Let it be so then," said the friar, in reply to an observation of Madame de Maintenon; "it is decided; somebody shall be despatched to Madrid forthwith."

* D'Argenson was the first who conceived the idea, and introduced the infamous system of intercepting and opening individual correspondence. The practice is still carried on in France, and the *cagnet noir* is in full operation at the *Grande Poste*.

"You had better quit this place," remarked she; "D'Argenson is at your elbow, and by his countenance I think he has mischief on foot."

Father Simon looked round and beheld the lieutenant of police advancing through the crowd in the direction of the throne; beckoning to Jacques to follow him, who was apparently still intent upon intriguing one of the masquers; he abruptly quitted Madame de Maintenon, and mixing with the company, soon gained the exterior of the palace, and proceeded to the rendezvous where Jacques and he had agreed to meet.

The spy, however, was less fortunate, for the lieutenant of police, who was followed at a distance, in order to avoid suspicion, by a picket of the musketeers, seeing him about to depart, stopped him almost in front of the throne, with the usual exclamation:

"I know thee, mask!"

"So do I thee," answered the spy in a counterfeit voice; "and the less anybody knows of thee, the better! Let me pass!"

"In the name of the king," shouted D'Argenson, his suspicions amounting almost to certainty; "I command thee to unmask! If thou art the man I seek, thou art a traitor!"

This peremptory order, and the loud tone in which it was conveyed, attracted the notice of the king, whilst the guests rushed in a mass to the spot where stood D'Argenson, face to face with the grand inquisitor, the picket of the musketeers that had now come up, forming a half-circle about the latter.

"'Tis not *thou* who commandest here!" replied the spy, boldly. "I shall not unmask!"

A dead silence reigned throughout the saloon.

"'Sieur D'Argenson," observed Madame de Maintenon, rising; "this is an unpardonable impertinence; no person has come hither, *save yourself*, but upon *my* invitation! This is surely a sufficient guarantee that there are no *traitors* in the royal presence!"

D'Argenson looked intently at the speaker, and smiled with a mingled air of scorn and gratified malice; his reply, however, was cut short by the king, who said, half-aside to his consort:

"If there are no traitors here, the cavalier cannot object to unmask! Monseigneur D'Argenson's zeal for our safety screens him from the charge of impertinence! 'Sieur mask," continued Louis, addressing the spy, at the same time inclining his body towards him; "it is our pleasure that you unmask!"

"It is the duty of every loyal subject to obey your majesty's pleasure," responded the spy; "I obey!" and taking off his mask disclosed his features—drawing himself up to his full height, and eyeing the eager groups around him with an air of pride and a calmness of demeanor that perfectly astounded them.

"A stranger!" exclaimed several voices.

"A stranger!" observed the king; "how is this madame?"

But Madame de Maintenon, perceiving the hopelessness of the case, made no reply, save a look of indescribable mystification

that everybody, except the lieutenant of police, believed to be genuine.

"I arrest this man," shrieked the latter, scarcely able to suppress his joy; "'tis Jacques, the *mouchard!* I arrest him on the charge of high treason! Guards! do your duty!"

"Take him away," exclaimed the king; "and let the dancing continue!"

"Don't give yourselves the trouble," said Jacques, shaking off the soldiers who attempted to seize him; "I will follow you!"

"Fall in!" cried D'Argenson; "take him to the *Salle des Gardes!* You answer for him with your lives! *sang dieu!*"

The soldiers obeyed, and Jacques, perfectly unmoved, and collected, was at once conducted to the *Salle des Gardes*, the lieutenant of police bringing up the rear.

As the party left the gallery, they encountered D'Orleans and his companions, whom the extraordinary outcry had attracted from one of the inner apartments; the duke was thunderstruck, and gazed at Jacques, paralyzed, unable to open his lips; the spy bowed to him, smiled scornfully, and stalked by in silence; but D'Argenson made up to the party, and with a fiendish chuckle exclaimed:

"This time he shall not escape me!" and with this he quitted them.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH SUNDRY PARTIES FIND THEMSELVES IN EMBARRASSED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Confused by the calamity that had befallen Jacques, and almost suspecting one of his companions of treachery towards him, the Duke of Orleans stood rooted to the spot, unable to articulate a syllable, and gazing with a vacant, stupefied air, alternately at Dubois, D'Effiat and De Brancas, who on their part, more especially the two latter, were every whit as astounded as himself, whilst Dubois had excellent reasons for assuming an astonishment he did not really experience.

"Dubois is right," remarked the prince; "Jacques *was* imprudent, very! Poor fellow! But we must not leave him in the lurch! Come friends! Let us see whether we cannot concoct a plan of escape, and put him in a position to profit by it!"

"I must confess," chimed in D'Effiat, "that I prefer Monseigneur D'Argenson's friendship to his enmity, if I may prostitute the term, friendship, so far as to apply it to the sentiments he professes towards me! Let those who choose to put themselves *in* his power,

get out of it again themselves, say I! I'll have nothing to do with the business!"

"Nor I," observed De Brancas; "the less we meddle with the affairs of the lieutenant of police, the better! Highness! abandon this project, and let us rejoin the dancers!"

D'Orleans, stung to the quick by this indifference, but too proud to let his mortification rise to the surface, remained a moment silent, as if considering the matter, but really to regain his self-composure; having succeeded in doing this he resumed, with more gravity than he usually exhibited:

"I think you are right friends! I possess no claim upon your sympathy in favor of this man, nor has he any upon your friendship! I understand why you dread D'Argenson, and am, therefore, not surprised you decline to oppose his power in this instance. But I have no such fear! I have no account to settle with this redoubtable character! Go you, then, and rejoin the dancers! I will risk everything to save him; for I do not believe Jacques guilty of treason in any shape!"

"Nay," remonstrated D'Effiat, perceiving the changed manner of his illustrious friend, and exchanging with the chevalier a rapid, intelligent glance; "if your highness is resolute, we will accompany you! You shall not have to tax our friendship with insincerity!"

"Come along then," resumed Dubois; "I owe him one!"

And away they went in search of the philosopher, whom, however, they did not succeed in discovering; for, ascertaining the cause of the sudden emotion that had just taken place, he slipped away through the dense throng of masquers, and following the lieutenant of police and his escort, saw Jacques safely lodged in the *Salle des Gardes*, the doors of which were immediately closed.

Thus precluded from all communication with his unfortunate friend, and determined that he should not be taken away from the *château* without his knowledge, he took up his position behind a huge marble pedestal that supported a magnificent alabaster statue of the three Graces, whence he could see every thing without being seen, resolving there to await the event.

He had not stood long there, when he observed D'Orleans advancing; stepping furtively out from his hiding place, ere the latter got to the door, he laid his hand on the prince's arm, saying:

"A word in your ear, highness! a word in your ear!"

"Out with thee!" cried the duke, impatiently, pushing away the intruder somewhat rudely; "I am in no mood to listen to thy fooleries!"

"Don't forget twelve o'clock to-morrow night, highness; at Maitre Chopin's; alone and disguised, to avoid suspicion!" observed Democritus, nowise daunted or offended by the prince's violence.

"What!" ejaculated the latter; "thou wert listening then?"

"Plesantry apart, highness," resumed the philosopher, "I know nothing! If Jacques had not seen you to-night—for he was doubtful of it—I was to give you a certain message—"

"What dost thou purpose doing then?" asked the prince, hesitating.

"Nothing at present," replied the other; "circumstances must prompt my invention! Let us not lose time, highness," continued Democritus pointing to the door before them; "every minute is of importance now!"

The prince bowed, offering his arm to his strange companion, and they entered the small ante-chamber adjoining the *Salle des Gardes*.

Here they found assembled the sub-officers and soldiers belonging to the corps of musketeers, who did duty at the *château*, the latter apartment being set apart for the superior officers; when the duke made his appearance, they simultaneously carried their hand to the side of their head; D'Orleans returned the salute, and traversed the room, making for the inner chamber (whither Jacques had been conducted) at the door of which, much to his surprise, he perceived two sentinels posted.

"Your highness can't go in," exclaimed they, presenting arms.

"Not go in?" said he, falling back.

"'Tis the *consigné!*" replied one.

The duke made no answer, but was about to grasp the handle of the door; the sentinels lowered their muskets and opposed his passage.

"Very sorry, colonel," said the first speaker; "the *consigné* before everything!"

The prince was too rigid a disciplinarian to resist, for he suddenly remembered that the command of the corps, of which he was colonel, had for twenty-four hours, been transferred to D'Argenson; he looked at Democritus irresolutely; the position was embarrassing: fortunately, however, the ready wit of the latter sharpened by the perilous situation of his friend, came to his assistance:

"'Tis not against orders to knock at the door, friend?" observed he, inquiringly, and shewing off the elasticity of his dorsal appendix.

The sentinels smiled, and answered negatively.

D'Orleans lost no time in profiting by the hint, but knocked vigorously at the door with the hilt of his sword: a momentary pause ensued, and it was half opened by St. Marcel.

"Ah! St. Marcel! brave St. Marcel!" exclaimed the prince. "I enter; but it is contrary to the *consigné*, it appears!"

"Yes, highness;" responded the young man, confusedly; "Monseigneur D'Argenson's orders were peremptory."

"Are there no means of obtaining admittance?" asked D'Orleans; "I wish to speak with monseigneur on affair of moment!"

"Wait an instant, highness," answered St. Marcel; "I will see!"

The door was again closed, but re-opened after the lapse of a couple of minutes:

"Let his highness pass!" cried St. Marcel.

The sentinels presented arms, and the duke and Democritus entered the *Salle des Gardes*.

"Well, highness? well?" exclaimed the lieutenant of police, ex-

ultingly, as D'Orleans approached; "we have trapped the wolf at last! *Sang dieu!* 'Twas not without trouble! I suppose you have come to wager me another eleven thousand crowns that he will escape, eh? Or perhaps to move me in his favor."

"But the crime thou hast alleged against him, monseigneur, is not proved," remonstrated D'Orleans; "he has yet a right to be considered innocent!"

"Innocent!" screamed the lieutenant of police; "*ventre-bleu!* Innocent or not, he shall to the Bastile this very night!"

"Give the man an opportunity of justifying himself before his majesty," resumed the prince; "I can induce my royal uncle to grant us an audience as soon as he retires from the masque."

"I tell you," exclaimed D'Argenson, "that I will see him safely lodged in the dungeons of the Bastile this very night! He shall be hanged within a week! Hanged, Maitre Jacques: hearest thou that?"

The spy smiled scornfully, and shrugged his shoulders, but a close observer might have seen his kéen eyes glisten momentarily as they rested upon Democritus.

D'Orleans, who was intensely moved, cast upon the speaker a reproachful glance not unmingled with disgust, for the brutality of this banter roused his anger, though he deemed prudent to suppress it.

"Nay, monseigneur," said he, in a conciliatory tone; "'tis already near midnight! you are four leagues from Paris—and—"

"Were we forty instead of four," shouted the other, "I would not lose sight of him; *sang dieu!* No, no! He shall not escape from me this time!"

Jacques smiled contemptuously.

"No, no, highness," continued D'Argenson with increasing acrimony; "I have sworn to hang him, and I'll do it! I told you to spare yourself the trouble of interceding for him, but you chose not to listen to me! You ought to have known, long ago, that my determination is not to be shaken; *ventre-bleu!* He has bearded me, and braved my power long enough! For fifty thousand crowns I would not set him free! He shall be fed well in his dungeon, to keep him strong."

A shudder, a movement of horror, pervaded the assistants; Jacques alone stood impassable, whilst D'Argenson, having partially vented his rage, began impatiently pacing the apartment.

Taking advantage of the temporary calm, Jacques stepped towards D'Orleans, and extending his hand, said, in a voice that his emotion rendered indistinct:

"Highness! I thank thee for this mark of friendship! I just now did thee wrong, though only in thought, for I believed thou hadst betrayed me! Forgive me; I am convinced of thy sincerity! That I have *been* betrayed, there is no doubt; but yonder craven's dark agents have done it! Spare thy intercession for some one more worthy than I! I would not have thee humiliate thyself further to

him!" Here he pointed to D'Argenson, who having stopped short in his walk, was now staring intently at him, chuckling with savage satisfaction.

"Ah! ah! ah!" screamed the lieutenant of police, whose face was now rendered perfectly hideous by the workings of the evil spirit within him; "thou hast cheated me, not once, but fifty times! Dost thou remember the capuchin? Five louis *that* time! And Maitre Quinault? A hundred thousand crowns upon a forged bond!"

St. Marcel became visibly agitated, and the perspiration began to roll down his cheeks; Democritus observed his confusion, and placed himself between him and D'Argenson, lest the latter should remark it likewise.

"And the Baron de St. Auney?" continued he: "thou didst strive to save *him* too! And his daughter; villain! 'twas thou didst take her from the convent! Didst thou not one day rescue that same capuchin from my agents—when on his road to Versailles—whither I knew he was hastening? and yet thou camest to me with mealy-mouthedness and pretended ignorance! I'll be revenged upon thee for all these tricks; *sang dieu!* Not all thy friends shall save thee from the rope!"

"Hear me, once more, monseigneur," observed D'Orleans, with flushed face and lowering brow; "thy power is doubtless great, but that of his majesty is greater! I will not condescend to hold further parley with *thee* on this matter, but at once seek the king, my uncle, and solicit *his* interference!"

He drew near the duke, and nowise abashed by the manifest repugnance of the latter to be in such close proximity, whispered a few words in his ear, relatively to the part he had consented to play in the abduction of Julie de St. Auney. The prince started, turned pale, then red, then drew his hand across his forehead, and exclaimed:

"'Sieur D'Argenson, thou hast insulted me!"

"Monseigneur Duc," retorted the other, making him a bow with derisive humility; "I have simply told the truth!"

"I do not know what restrains me," cried the prince, in a burst of indignation, and apparently fired with a sudden resolution. "Friends," continued he, addressing the officers, "will you see a comrade insulted thus? Seize that man—" he indicated the lieutenant of police—"I will hold you harmless, and take upon myself the whole blame! Block up the door, so that he effect not his escape, and keep him a prisoner here until I return. Jacques! be prepared!"

Without waiting to perceive whether his allocution produced the effect he meditated, but listening only to his generous impulse, the duke drew his sword and advanced precipitately upon D'Argenson, who stood perfectly collected, eyeing him intently, and without stirring an inch from the spot, though the prince's comrades manifested

an intention of joining issue with their superior, and protecting Jacques' retreat; to their astonishment, however, the latter remained passive, as if an uninterested spectator, though exchanging, unperceived, certain signals with his satanic majesty, whose tail was now left to hang despondingly upon the ground, in order that its owner might be free to employ his fingers.

"Fly, Jacques!" shouted D'Orleans, placing himself so as effectually to prevent D'Argenson from following him; "'tis thy only chance."

But Jacques stirred not.

There ensued a movement of surprise and a pause.

"Jacques is wise," coolly remarked D'Argenson, still retaining the same position; "and as for these gentlemen; *tonnerre dieu!* there is not one of them but should rue any violence done to me! Look at them, Monseigneur Duc! They are all your friends! Do you think they go to mass and confession when they are off duty? And at night! Shall I tell you what they do; but no, that would be useless!"

Philippe D'Orleans hung down his head, abashed, and the remainder of the group likewise; D'Argenson chuckled, and looked around triumphantly; Democritus gazed abstractedly at the ceiling; Jacques appeared buried in reflection.

This silence, so embarrassing and disagreeable to the majority, was interrupted by the entry of a soldier, bringing a piece of cord.

"The coach is ready, monseigneur," said the new comer, saluting the lieutenant of police; "it waits in the court."

Democritus and Jacques exchanged a glance of intelligence.

"Bind his arms!" exclaimed D'Argenson, pointing to the spy.

Two of the soldiers proceeded to follow their superior's instructions without experiencing the slightest resistance on the part of the prisoner, who designedly appeared to lend himself to the humiliating operation, D'Orleans pacing the apartment the while in the greatest agitation of mind.

"Bind him fast," continued D'Argenson, trying the cord to assure himself of its strength; "tighter! tighter! *sang dieu!* There!" resumed he, when all was done; "escape now, if thou canst, brigand! Ah! I hold thee at last! safe! Let the coach be drawn up to the door!"

The soldiers to whom he spoke shouldered their muskets and departed.

Jacques had, up to this moment, maintained the same calm, haughty demeanor, nor betrayed the slightest emotion; but all at once his dark eyes gleamed with indignation, his brows knitted together, and the large veins of his massive forehead became surcharged with hot blood, growing nearly purple from the workings of the fierce passions suddenly kindled within him; swelling out of his ample chest, he jerked his arms from his sides, and with a loud crack the thick cords that held them confined gave way; to release

himself from them was the work of a moment, whilst the action was so unexpected and rapid, that, before D'Argenson or any of the assistants could interfere, he stood before them once more free and unshackled.

"Keep *them* for thieves and malefactors," exclaimed he, dashing his bonds down upon the ground in the midst of the astonished group; "if I go hence at all, it shall be free!"

"Miscreant!" cried the lieutenant of police recovering his presence of mind, and threatening the spy.

"'Tis thou art the miscreant, 'Sieur D'Argenson," retorted the spy; "and in thy very teeth I dare to tell thee so!"

"Never mind his rant," shouted D'Argenson; "I will find a gag for that. To the coach with him! I follow! As for you, messieurs," continued he, addressing the officers; "you will find silence on the score of what you have heard, better policy than babbling!"

The philosopher was the first to speak:

"Highness," said he in a whisper; "there is no time to lose! Return to your friends; I will see what can be done for Jacques."

Saluting the rest of the witnesses, who stood in a group around the fire, the duke and Democritus shook hands with St. Marcel, and were on the point of quitting the chamber, when the sentinels outside barred their exit.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked D'Orleans, angrily.

"Don't know, colonel," responded the vigilant guardian; "Monseigneur D'Argenson's orders are not to let anybody quit the *Salle* before one o'clock! You must wait an hour, highness!"

"What's to be done, friend?" exclaimed the mortified duke to his companion; "the guard of the palace is under D'Argenson's command until noon to-morrow! I dare not force the *consigné!*"

"I must get out somehow, notwithstanding," whispered Democritus, pulling D'Orleans by the arm back, into the room: "this is a master-stroke of D'Argenson's!"

"What dost thou purpose doing?" inquired the other; "Jacques is lost unless we assist him!"

"You can be of no possible service, highness," replied Democritus, "and must be content to remain inactive. The attempt is desperate; but I see only one way! Where does that window look out upon?"

"The garden!" responded D'Orleans.

"Can I gain the great court by the path?" resumed the philosopher.

"Yes! but there is a sentinel at the gate that opens into it!"

"Saved!" ejaculated Democritus, beckoning to St. Marcel. The latter drew up to his friend, who stood somewhat aloof, and whispered a few words to him out of ear-shot of the duke.

"But my duty!" said the young officer in reply, his countenance growing troubled.

"Remember the services the emperor has rendered thee," responded Democritus; "besides, who is there to betray thee? not

I! However," resumed he, after a brief pause, "if thou wilt *not*, I must chance it! If I fail, so much the worse for us all, and good night to the emperor!"

"Good night, then, Marcellus! Your highness"— here Democritus slightly bowed to the prince, and, hastening to the window, unfastened the *espagnolette;* after looking out and about for an instant, he leaped into the garden, leaving both his companions entirely ignorant of his intentions.

CHAPTER XLII.

VULCAN AND HERCULES GIVE STRIKING PROOFS OF THEIR LOYALTY TO THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

A SIMULTANEOUS movement of curiosity prompted the duke and St. Marcel to rush to the open casement, whence they beheld Democritus, already afar off, rapidly advancing by a succession of leaps in the direction of the lateral gate by which the communication between the gardens and the great court was established. Having watched him until his receding figure had become confounded with the tiny trees and shrubs that besprinkled his path, they closed the window, and re-fastening the *espagnolette*, rejoined the astonished group of officers within, who were looking at one another in great perplexity, as if seeking amongst themselves for an elucidation of the motive of the grotesque stranger's sudden disappearance.

Both St. Marcel and D'Orleans were too deeply absorbed in their own reflections to heed the nods and winks and whisperings that went round, and silently took up their stations at opposite sides of the large chimney; the latter folding his arms, and with one elbow resting on the marble mantel-shelf, gazing abstractedly at his feet; the former staring at the bright flames that flickered on the hearth.

Brought up from almost infancy in the midst of a licentious camp, the child of fate, St. Marcel's life had been one continued, ever-varying round of dissipation and debauchery; for being endowed with an ardent temperament, and enjoying, moreover, ample opportunity of indulging in sensual pleasures, without having ever possessed that of appreciating the delights arising from more refined entertainments and intellectual intercourse, he gave free rein to his wild passions, and, as he grew up to manhood, rapidly became initiated in all the fashionable vices of the voluptuous age in which he lived.

But from the day on which St. Marcel first beheld Jeanne de St.

Anney, the film fell from his eyes, and a new world, bright, radiant, and refreshing, burst in upon him all at once. He loved! The nascent passion wrought an immediate change in his habits; excited into action the nobler qualities of his nature, and by rendering him susceptible to the charms of virtue, as exemplified in the conduct, manners, and bearing of his heart's idol, led him to appreciate the distance that separated her from others of her sex to whose society he had hitherto been chiefly, almost solely habituated, and showed him at a glance his unworthiness, tainted and corrupted as he was, to inhale the same atmosphere with one so pure.

Certain now that his love for the maiden was reciprocated, delectable visions of future happiness floated before his eyes; as fast as one vanished, his entranced imagination penciling another. One dark cloud alone obscured the warm sunlight that had so unanticipatedly broken in to cheer his existence—the uncertainty of his origin—a circumstance that had never before much troubled him, nor caused him more than a passing regret, since, in the absence of parents and relatives, he had found amongst his martial companions a whole colony of brethren. Now, however, his surmises upon this chapter became painful, for his birth might be unhallowed by legitimate bonds, and though he felt that great deeds need no ancestry to ennoble their author, a blush tinged his cheek, whilst honor whispered him that on the eve of perhaps contracting an intimate and lasting alliance, it was imperative upon him to acknowledge the painful truth of the dubiousness of his parentage.

He entertained latent hopes, notwithstanding, that a discovery of the secret might reflect honor instead of disgrace upon him—if any honor there be incidental to gentle birth—for the chances were, to say the least, equally divided; and he determined, in the temporary absence of Jacques, forthwith to enlist Democritus into his service as the most likely person to obtain a clue to the desired fact.

This theme, so suggestive of painful speculation, was abruptly banished from his mind by the keen gaze of the Duke of Chartres, which, on suddenly looking up, he perceived riveted upon him with an indefinable expression of interest. An angry tide of blood rushed into his cheeks, for he thought of Jeanne, and how nearly, but for the providential interference of the spy, she had been falling a victim to the evil designs of her abductors. Unable entirely to master the outward expression of his feelings, he averted his eyes, lest they should betray him, and became again apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the fire.

The prince's thoughts, be it said, had evolved almost wholly upon Beatrice, and upon the extraordinary manner in which, after so long a separation, he was about to be placed once more in communication with her under circumstances so distressing. The remembrance of her narrow escape from an untimely and violent death filled his heart with gratitude towards him who had proved instru-

mental in rescuing and restoring her to him; and it was at the precise moment when his mind was dwelling on this fact, that he bent his gaze upon St. Marcel, though he spoke not.

Neither the prince nor the young man had even hazarded a surmise as to the means Democritus purposed employing to compass the rescue of their mutual friend, whose escape appeared impossible, though they were not wholly hopeless that it might be effected, notwithstanding the risk and difficulty of the enterprise.

Whilst these two were respectively absorbed in their own reflections, the group of officers assembled in front of the fire, perceiving that their superior took no notice of them, carried on the following colloquy in a low tone of voice, as if unwilling to disturb the meditations of the abstracted pair:

"Does anybody know him?" asked one, alluding to Democritus.

There followed a general shrugging of shoulders and a winking of eyes, a stray glance falling upon the duke and St. Marcel.

"Hum!" continued the same speaker; "I wonder what induced him to fly out of the window after that fashion?"

"Oh! he didn't like being imprisoned here for an hour," observed a second; "he will scale the walls."

"What would he gain by that?" resumed the first speaker; "they are high, and there are the sentinels!"

"He appeared very anxious to get away after Jacques," remarked a third.

"That Jacques is a famous fellow!" observed a fourth.

"Aye! and knows a few secrets, I warrant!" rejoined the first.

"So does that cursed evil spirit that has clawed him," said another; "I wonder how he found us out?"

"Bah! 'Tis no great mystery! Has he not spies almost everywhere?"

St. Marcel perceived the prince's drift, and anxious to procure some positive clue to confirm his own suspicions as to the nature of the intrigue that had ended in St. Leu's incarceration, which, notwithstanding Jacques' hints, he had been unable to fathom—for his inferences did not amount to certain evidence—he determined to conceal nothing from D'Orleans of the occurrences of that fatal evening, and throw himself upon his clemency.

"The affair did *not* rest here, highness," continued he after a brief pause; "but your highness will pledge your word that the circumstances I am about to detail shall not transpire! My comrades are already acquainted with the facts, and sworn to secrecy!"

The crisis was interesting. D'Orleans perceived something more was beneath than he had anticipated, and knowing that he was himself the main-spring of the transaction, of what nature soever it might be, made no scruple of pledging his honor to observe strict silence.

Bowing in answer to the prince's engagement, St. Marcel took up the thread of his narrative:

"There was in the capuchin's purse, highness, besides a considerable sum in gold, a small ring, set with a single diamond. I was examining this trinket, when one of my comrades who entered after me, and was consequently ignorant of my rencontre with the capuchin, demanded in a peremptory tone how I had obtained it? I inclined to treat the matter as a joke, and hesitated, never suspecting how deeply he was interested in my reply. Again he asked me the question, but this time accompanying his request with a threat. I did not wish to quarrel with a comrade, but the demon of mischief was in me, and instead of satisfying him, I threw out an ambiguous hint about a fair damsel. The words were no sooner out of my mouth, than he gave me the lie and called me a coward! The powder took fire! I could not brook the insult. We fought before the commandant and our companions. St. Leu fell!"

"Ha!" ejaculated D'Orleans, much astonished at the issue of the adventure; "was St. Leu the victim? this becomes serious."

"Serious indeed," continued St. Marcel; "I was placed under arrest until St. Leu should recover from his wound; and to save appearances, the commandant reported us upon the sick list!"

"*Coquin de commandant!*" exclaimed D'Orleans, sententiously, a smile playing about his mouth.

"He acted for the best, highness!" resumed St. Marcel; "and at the end of a week I was released. The next morning poor St. Leu disappeared."

"And has never been heard of since," remarked one of the party.

"And perhaps never will be again!" said a second.

"But the name of thy capuchin, St. Marcel," exclaimed another; "since thou knowest it?"

"Aye, his name!" echoed the others.

St. Marcel looked at the prince, and observed his countenance to change, whilst a slight twitching of the eyebrows conveyed an expressive hint that he did not wish his identity divulged. The young soldier understood in a moment, and turning towards his comrades, said:

"I am sorry I cannot satisfy your curiosity, my friends; I am under a pledge not to disclose his name!"

D'Orleans thanked St. Marcel with a smile, the others shrugging their shoulders with a careless air, implying their wish not to inquire further into the matter, the two former relapsing into their fit of taciturnity.

Though both were, from different motives, desirous of renewing the colloquy, neither dare venture; D'Orleans for fear of compromising himself further, and St. Marcel because of his connection with Lutetia and Jacques; and both again, lest they should betray themselves to their companions. But these, silenced by St. Marcel's reply, made no attempt to disturb their moody ruminations,

and a long and embarrassing pause ensued, the conversation being confined to the group of officers, and carried on in whispers, when the monotony of the scene was diversified by the sudden opening of the door.

"The *consigné* is relieved," observed a sub-officer, entering. Having delivered himself of this brief communication, he made the military salute and disappeared.

The duke breathed once more, and prepared to follow the soldier.

"Messieurs," said he, doffing his beaver, "I wish you a very good evening." At this moment he caught the eye of St. Marcel, and calling him by name, added, "a word with thee!"

Notwithstanding the peculiar tone of voice in which this was uttered, and the urbanity of the prince's manner, the young man hesitated to follow, for he could not banish from his mind the remembrance of the duke's intended perfidy towards Jeanne, nor how nearly she had fallen into his power; however, his hesitation was only momentary, and in the anticipation of some new revelation, he hastened after him, and they quitted the apartment together, the circumstance affording to those who remained food for further comment.

"Friend St. Marcel!" observed D'Orleans, speaking in a half-whisper, at the same time taking his hand and cordially pressing that of the young officer; "I owe thee a debt of gratitude which I can never repay! We understand each other."

"Highness," replied St. Marcel, astounded at this apostrophe, and misapprehending the cause of the prince's emotion; "I am overwhelmed, I do not comprehend; indeed I do not deserve this magnanimity; I did not recognize your highness; it was very dark; and the circumstances——"

"Yes," retorted the duke, laughing; "rather extraordinary, certainly! But I forgive thee that escapade right willingly, for I was far more culpable than thou. Don't think 'tis for robbing me that I promise thee, henceforth, my friendship and protection! Thou didst nobly compensate for an act of involuntary treason by another of heroism, in risking thy life to save a poor girl's!" St. Marcel started. "Thou art surprised, eh?" continued D'Orleans; "and well thou mayst be; 'tis a service I shall not forget. Let me see thee at the palais royal, at noon, the day after to-morrow. I must converse with thee upon another matter equally interesting. Poor St. Leu! I am sincerely sorry for his fate. Would that I knew whither he had escaped."

St. Marcel remained a moment silent, much embarrassed what to answer, having no other alternative than to divulge all he knew, or to pretend total ignorance. The latter course appeared the more prudent, and he observed it, reiterating the duke's last word with as great a semblance of surprise as his knowledge of the truth would allow him to assume.

"Ah, yes!" replied D'Orleans; "escaped from the Bastile."

"It was thither that he was taken, then?" continued St. Marcel, still practising upon the prince's credulity; "was it by your highness' command?"

This was the precise point, it will be remembered, on which St. Marcel most wished for enlightenment; the duke looked at him very hard for a moment or two, and then answered, in a troubled manner:

"Not exactly, and yet he was! But D'Argenson misguided me. I have been duped, I apprehend, and done St. Leu great injustice. However, there is yet time to make reparation, and I commission thee to endeavor to discover some traces of our comrade; but let the result of thy researches remain, for the present, a secret between ourselves. I must see D'Argenson upon this matter. Good night. Remember our rendezvous."

"At the palais royal, noon, the day after to-morrow," replied St. Marcel, bowing; "I will not fail, highness."

D'Orleans smiled, and again cordially shaking hands with the young officer, quitted his side, leaving him overjoyed at the change that had taken place in his sentiments, due intelligence of which he now panted with impatience to convey to St. Leu; the more so that he had procured it without breaking his parole to Jacques, or giving D'Orleans room to suspect his sincerity.

In the mean time Democritus was very differently employed.

On leaping from the casement he alighted upon his feet, with the agility of a cat, and bounding across a bed of valuable exotics, young tulips and narcisses, crushing them mercilessly as he fled, and clearing every obstacle in his path, he continued his onward progress in the direction of the small side-gate already mentioned, purposing to reach the great court-yard as soon as D'Argenson; or at latest, before the vehicle containing him and the spy left the same.

The night was excessively dark, for the moon had risen totally obscured by huge masses of heavy clouds, so that his form was scarcely distinguishable from the inanimate objects that surrounded him.

In his anxiety to reach the great court in time, he almost forgot the gate and the sentinel who guarded it, until his attention was aroused to the fact of the existence of the latter by a stentorian "*qui vive?*" His satanic majesty stopped short, in order to procure a sufficient supply of breath to answer, and gathering up his tail, stepped out of the path back amongst the shrubs, as a measure of greater precaution.

"*Qui vive?*" again shouted the guardian of the gate.

"A friend!" replied the other, advancing leisurely in the direction of the voice, dodging amongst the shrubs, for fear of accidents, and suddenly resolving to amuse himself at the expense of the sentinel.

"The pass-word!" resumed the other, lowering his musket.

"Louis!" responded the invisible, taking a stride forwards.

"Stand!" continued the sentinel; "Louis for a friend! The counter-sign."

"Compiégne, and go to the devil!" answered the tailed one.

There was a moment's silence, for the soldier—who fortunately for the other, chanced to be young in the service—unable to see anything now, and hearing no noice of footsteps, became somewhat alarmed; he shaded his eyes with his hand and peered through the darkness in vain, though the stranger was at that instant standing within six yards of his elbow.

"Advance!" ejaculated he, timidly.

"Good night, friend!" said the unknown, bounding to his side.

On catching a sight of the frightful figure at his elbow indistinctly defined in the gloom, the unfortunate recruit was seized as with a fit of palsy, and trembled so violently that he let his musket fall out of his hand to the ground, his knees knocking together, and his teeth chattering in the most unmusical manner possible, whilst he was totally unable to stir a foot.

"Open that door! I must pass!" resumed Beelzebub, whisking his tail, and letting the barbed end tap the soldier on the cheek.

"*Ave Maria!*" cried the terrified sentry, dropping on his knees.

"Didst hear me?" hissed the stranger in his ear: "quick;" here he struck him smartly on the arm with his dorsal continuation; "open the door!"

"*Miserécorde!*" gasped the other, falling flat on his face; "'tis only to draw back the bolts, sir!"

This was sufficient for the philosopher, who at this moment heard D'Argenson's voice in the court on the other side, giving directions to the soldiers, and felt there was no more time to lose; showering down upon the prostrate sentinel a succession of raps inflicted with the lithesome adornment already alluded to, he strode to the gate and soon removed the bolts, but had scarcely completed his task than he heard the sound of footsteps, and turning half round perceived the sentinel running away in the direction from which he himself had just come, leaving his musket on the ground and the empty sentry-box to guard the door: laughingly heartily at the poor fellow's fright, he pulled the door towards him and entered the court-yard as the coach containing Jacques and his capturers left the great outer-gate of the *chateau*.

Taking advantage of the bustle and confusion consequent upon the arrest and the departure of the criminal, Democritus slipped through the crowd almost unobserved, certainly unsuspected, and was soon in full chase after the coach, keeping it in view as it dashed along the main-road, but not diverging himself from the small path, in order to cover his person as much as possible from observation, continuing the chase until they gained a more lonely part of the *grande route*, when he darted out, and redoubling his speed, soon came up with the vehicle and seated himself behind, immediately adopting the salutary precaution of doubling himself up into as small a compass as possible.

It may be necessary to state, that the coach—which was very large, square, and lumbering, and "*on this occasion only*" drawn by three horses, one leader, and two wheelers—contained seven persons in all, namely, Jacques, D'Argenson, and five soldiers; the former being seated between two of the latter, with the lieutenant of police and their companions facing them. On leaving the *Salle des Gardes*, some little delay had arisen in consequence of D'Argenson's wish to assure himself that the escort's muskets wese loaded, as also that a brace of large pistols which he always carried concealed about his own person, were likewise in order. Having satisfied himself upon this point, they proceeded to the door of the vestibule, where another trifling delay took place, the leader in question having turned restive, absolutely refusing to go any way but backwards, rendering it for some time impracticable for the coach to draw up so close to the door as D'Argenson wished.

How much often depends upon trifles such as these!

However, everything was satisfactorily arranged at last; three soldiers stepped in first; then the prisoner, then D'Argenson, then the two other soldiers; and the postillions were bidden to drive on in all haste to Paris.

The vehicle continued to roll onwards with the greatest rapidity, the horses striking up behind them a shower of sparks with their iron-shod hoofs, and snorting loud and frequently as though they gloried in the excitement, and did not feel the spurs or the whips of the postillions as it rattled along.

The masquer once more doubled himself up, and taking off his head, began pulling it to pieces, dropping these in the road, after reducing them to the tiniest shreds imaginable. He next relieved himself of his right wing, then of his left, disposing of them as he had disposed of his head; and lastly, after many a violent and fruitless effort, succeeded in dislocating his tail, which came off in his hand; of this appendage, however, he was compelled to retain possession, for all his endeavors to destroy it proved ineffectual; wherefore he secured the same by twisting it and tying it about his waist.

This dismemberment of himself was not determined upon without due cause, nor without mature deliberation; probably not without a passing regret. Foreseeing the contingencies likely to arise, and prudentially resolving to guard against any mischance—for the slightest would inevitably ruin the bold project he had conceived—he adopted the precaution of disencumbering his limbs of whatever would impede their free action, for reasons that will soon appear obvious, the moment being come when he should require full and unrestrained exercise of them.

The party had arrived within a short distance of the hamlet of St. Cloud; at this period the principal residence of the Duchess of Chartres, where there was a *corps-de-garde*, forming the head-quarters of the military and the night-patrol, whose notice it was to the interest of Democritus to elude. Sliding down from his perch, he allowed the vehicle to go a few yards ahead of him, and taking a

slight run, of the width of the road, bounded over the hedge, and dashed onwards, under cover of it, until he got beyond the village, and considerably in advance of the coach, which, as he had anticipated, stopped at the *corps-de-garde*. It staid here only for a few minutes, D'Argenson wanting merely to inquire whether any circumstances had occurred needing his interference.

Not a word passed between the parties in the coach, though a low, hollow chuckle from time to time escaped the lips of D'Argenson, who held one of his pistols tightly grasped and ready cocked, in the event of there being a necessity for using it, taking care, whenever an opportunity occurred, not to allow this precaution to escape the eye of Jacques.

D'Argenson's thoughts were only of one nature—evil. He gloated over the prospect before him of at length satiating his malice, and for getting rid of the man who, in the most unaccountable and mysterious manner, was always in his path, counteracting his malign influence; with him, the baron would lose his last, his only friend.

Jacques' reflections were various and conflicting, and not untinged with bitterness. Upon him depended the fate of the baron and his daughter Julie, whose release he had not, up to that time, found either the opportunity of procuring, or indeed of completing his own arrangements for the accomplishment of this desired end; upon him, too, reposed the entire weight of an important political plot, pregnant with events of unprecedented interest, upon whose issue depended the fate of empires; upon him, in a word, rested the safety of a vast association, compounded of the most dangerous elements, inasmuch as it comprised men of opinions inimical to the reigning government and order of things, who, in the absence of their prudent leader, alone able to control their turbulence and render the formidable resources at their command subservient to the noble, patriotic purpose he contemplated achieving through their instrumentality; might, by a sudden outbreak, for no definite object, compromise the great cause for which he had united them by the mystical ties of freemasonry, though still, wary of accident, keeping locked within his own breast, the secret of his ulterior views.

Meanwhile the coach continued to roll rapidly on, now jerked heavily forward or swinging from side to side, and jolting its occupants most unmercifully; suddenly it seemed to sink upon itself, as if the axle had yielded beneath its weight, though it still dashed onwards with increasing speed; another moment and the ponderous machine gave a heavy lurch, and came with a crash side first to the ground, along which the over-driven horse continued to drag it until the postillions were able, by dint of pulling and tugging at the bridle, to stop them.

By this accident the travellers were thrown pell-mell upon one another, the concussion causing the pistol D'Argenson held, to discharge itself through the bottom of the vehicle, the ball traversing

the calf of his nearest companion's leg, upon whom he fell, pitching head first partly through the window, grinding his face upon the rough road and lacerating it cruelly. Jacques, more closely wedged in, fell upon him, topmost but one, and sustained no injury.

Half stunned and bruised as he was, the lieutenant of police still retained his presence of mind, and by a desperate struggle contrived partly to extricate himself from his perilous position, vociferating with a tremendous oath; "Look to the prisoner! the prisoner!" but for the moment forgetting that his companions were just then more particularly occupied in looking to themselves.

By this time the postillions had dismounted and come to the assistance of the travellers, who were one by one released and set once more upon their feet, D'Argenson perceiving with secret gratification that his prisoner was secure, and closely surrounded by four of the soldiers.

"*Sang dieu!*" muttered he, grinding his teeth with concentrated rage at this mischance; "what's the meaning of this?"

"Both wheels have come off, monseigneur!" responded one of the postillions, pointing to the coach.

"The axle-pins are gone!" exclaimed the other, examining by the touch the damaged part.

"*Tonnerre dieu!*" cried D'Argenson; "what's to be done? Guards; keep close to the prisoner! Where are we! How far from Paris?"

"Rather less than a league," answered the first postillion; "but we can't get there without wheels to the coach!"

"*Ventre-bleu!*" growled D'Argenson; "'tis fortunate we are no farther! Who's hurt? Anybody?"

"There's a bullet through my leg," groaned the wounded man; "luckily there's no bone broken!"

"Thou must get to Paris somehow," replied D'Argenson; "we will bind thy leg to stay the bleeding, and then thou must march with us! I'll make thee a corporal for it!

"There's a horse," suggested one of the others.

"To the devil with thy horse," muttered the irritated lieutenant; "I can't spare the man! Besides; he'll suffer more on horseback than on foot! I've known men walk with a broken shin! come there's no time to be lost!"

The moon gave sufficient light to enable D'Argenson, assisted by the postillions, to bind up the injured limb, and the soldier, after walking a few paces, declared his ability to continue the journey afoot, preferring to endure the pain of his wound to losing the chance of promotion. During this time Jacques stood perfectly passive, looking on the scene with the greatest apparent indifference, but really suffering intense torture, for he doubted not but this was the work of the philosopher, whose signal he every moment expected to hear; his suspense was horrible, but though more than once he thought of taking advantage of this opportunity to escape from his capturers, whom he knew he could distance, he resolved to

wait patiently for succour, in order the more effectually to lull D'Argenson's suspicions, if he entertained any, inwardly resolving, if he expected assistance did not arrive, to make a bold attempt for his liberty when they reached Paris, the intricacy of whose streets would better cover his retreat.

Seeing his prisoner so calm, D'Argenson was completely deceived, but did not for that, neglect taking due precaution to prevent his eluding him on the road. Placing two soldiers in front, Jacques next, side by side with a second, and the wounded man and his comrade after them, himself bringing up the rear, he gave the word "march," adding:

"If the prisoner moves right or left, shoot him!"

And in this order they advanced towards Paris.

Jacques' surmise was correct as to the cause of the accident. Having determined upon his plan of operations, the philosopher had only waited to execute the first part of it, until he was at a convenient distance from Paris to enable him to carry out the remainder. He first assured himself of the practicability of removing the axle-pins, which he successfully effected, almost simultaneously, by simply pressing the tiny spring that kept them in their place; this done, he once more exercised his saltatory talents, and placed the friendly hedge between himself and the travellers; nor had far to run before he ascertained the success of his stratagem, the main object whereof was to gain time. Not a word of the colloquy was lost upon him, and as soon as the party was fairly on the march, he set off with the speed of a deer in the same direction as they, clearing every obstacle that came in his way, until again considerably in advance of them, when he vaulted back into the hard road, only to redouble his speed, never slackening it until he reached Maitre Chopin's, whose establishment he found brilliantly illuminated, for the carnival was being kept up in style by the incongruous and diversified tenantry of the Quartier Latin, which was in a complete uproar from one extremity to the other; what he did it is not necessary to relate; the sequel will tell the tale far more effectually.

It struck a quarter past three when D'Argenson and his party reached the Porte St. Honoré; three-quarters of an hour more would bring them to the Bastile! They continued their march through the now silent, deserted streets.

D'Argenson, who had hitherto kept in the rear, now changed his position, with a view to watch the prisoner more closely, and was sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, sometimes in advance, but restless always, and ready to pounce single-handed upon Jacques, should he attempt to elude his vigilance. The latter individual, however, made no demonstration whatever calculated to justify this extreme caution, but walked deliberately on, as though quite unconcerned as to what was to become of him, though, if the truth must be told, growing every moment more anxious, and almost beginning to entertain some doubts as to the degree of success that had attended the philosopher's efforts.

The *Rues St. Honoré, de la Ferronnerie, des Lombards, de la Verrerie*, were already left behind, and the expected signal had not been given. At last they reached the *Rue St. Antoine;* the dark towers of the Bastile, just visible by the pale light of the moon, already frowned upon him! Where could his friends be?

At this moment D'Argenson came up close to him, and pointing to the Bastile with his naked sword, chuckled in his face, and got in advance of the soldiers, who pressed upon him more closely than before! A few minutes more must decide his fate!

Still they went on! They reached the *Rue St. Paul!* Jacques hesitated a moment! his quick ear had caught a sound! It was the signal! he distinctly heard the word "JULIAN" repeated thrice, though he could see no one!

Quick as thought, he turned upon the soldier at his side, and grasping him by the throat and sword-arm with one hand, seized him by the leg with the other, and with tremendous force literally hurled him half a dozen yards ahead! At the same instant, he heard the dead *thud* of heavy blows, and distinguished Vulcan and Hercules laying about them right and left with superhuman energy, the former brandishing his ponderous hammer over one of the prostrate soldiers, the latter, after demolishing beneath his formidable club, two of his opponents, including the maimed man, in the act of attacking the third.

The whole affair occurred so suddenly and so rapidly, that D'Argenson, who, as already stated, had in his anxiety got considerably in advance of the escort—never dreaming of a rescue—saw nothing but the confused struggle; the truth at once came home to him. He rushed towards the combatants, leveling his pistol as he advanced and discharging it upon the person of Jacques; ineffectually however; for before he could come up to the spot, the spy and his rescuers had disappeared. He heard their retreating footsteps, and bounded in pursuit of them, shouting for the patrol, whilst a dozen heads belonging to as many owners, made their appearance at the various windows, frightened out of their sleep, and anxious to learn the cause of the uproar: but D'Argenson could not overtake the fugitives, whom after following some distance, he had the mortification to see retreating across the *Pont de la Tournelle* with the fleetness of greyhounds, and plunge into the intricate windings of the *Ile St. Louis*, where he lost sight of them.

He sat down on a stone-post near, and wept from excess of rage and disappointment, muttering curses upon himself, and the most horrible threats of vengeance against the men who had rescued Jacques.

He had recognised them.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NECESSARILY A VERY SHORT ONE, BECAUSE VERY UNINTERESTING.

It is now necessary for the reader to retrace events to the night on which St. Leu not only escaped from the Bastile, but thanks to the ingenuity of Maitre Bourliquet, the smith, was likewise enabled to elude the vigilance of Corbé and the peril of again falling into the power of his relentless jailers.

Surrounded by the lieutenant-governor's escort, he passed the Porte St. Antoine without the slightest demur on the part of the soldiers in charge of it, and once safe within the city walls, forgot the dangers he had undergone. Wishing his conductors a good-night, he proceeded along the by-streets in the direction of the commandant's, now and then concealing himself in a church porch, or a friendly door-way, in order to escape the questionings of the patrol, whose attention might have been attracted to him from the singularity of his appearance in the streets at that late hour. As he drew near the asylum he sought, his strength, hitherto kept up mainly by excitement, began to fail him, and he was several times obliged to stop short to gather sufficient courage to go on. At length, exhausted and ready to drop from excess of exertion, he reached the *Rue Traversière*, and after knocking a long time in vain, dreading every instant lest he should be interrupted by the watch, the door was opened by the porter, whom he instantly addressed by a certain familiar name which he was in the habit of applying to him, and which at once sufficed to convince this astonished individual of the speaker's identity. Scarcely had St. Leu succeeded in making himself known than he fainted.

The commandant's establishment was, by this unexpected event, soon in a state of unprecedented confusion. Dame Dorothé was called up out of her warm bed, from beneath a small mountain of eider-down, but upon hearing the news, and understanding them—which she did at last—as also that the immediate exercise of her medical talents was required—actually attempted to make haste, and dressed herself in exactly two minutes less time than she had ever done before. As for the commandant, accustomed as he was to hear the trumpet sound a charge when in the midst of the dog's sleep so common to sailors and soldiers, he was up and bustling about in a trice, though in his haste to assure himself that St. Leu had really returned.

To be brief, Dame Dorothé's restoratives soon produced the desired effect, but the poor young man's strength had been over-taxed, and he fell into a state of delirious fever that lasted six hours, end-

ing in a short sleep from which he awoke somewhat refreshed, and conscious. Though extremely ill he related some few particulars of what had occurred to him, to Dame Dorothé and the noble-hearted Schwillwein, who both perceived the necessity of keeping his return a profound secret, to observe which religiously, every soul in the establishment who had come to the knowledge of it was forthwith sworn.

But there existed one person whom he knew to be so deeply interested in St. Leu's fate, that to conceal any portion of, much less the whole transaction from *him* would, in the commandant's eye-and-a-half, have amounted to a crime little short of desertion; this person was St. Marcel, who was accordingly informed of all that had happened, and bound over to keep his peace upon the subject.

On the evening of the day immediately following that whereon occurred the important events recounted in the last chapter, St. Marcel, relieved awhile from his extra military duties, repaired in all haste from Versailles to the commandant's, full of his recent colloquy with the Duke of Chartres. Impatient to communicate the important intelligence, and overjoyed at the certainty of his comrade's speedy reinstatement in his patron's favor, he hardly waited for the porter to open the door, but rushed in, and mounting the stairs, four at a time, made his way, unannounced, into the chamber where St. Leu lay, still confined to his couch, and in a breathless voice exclaimed, grasping him by the hand:

"Good news! glorious news! saved my boy! saved!"

In his precipitation to approach St. Leu, he overlooked the commandant—who had taken up his quarters in the sick man's apartment—nor became aware of the fact of his presence until his attention was aroused thereto by the violent fit of coughing that had overtaken the noble Schwillwein whilst in the act of emptying an overgrown goblet of bishop into his throat, and which was induced by the surprise consequent upon the new comer's sudden entry; causing half the contents of the goblet aforesaid to travel the wrong way down his gullet, the remaining half being ejected into his face, neck, and waistcoat.

"What! Why! St. Marcel?"

"A thousand pardons, my dear commandant," answered the latter; "I really did n't see you! I was in such a hurry to tell St. Leu the news! I see he is better!"

"Much!" answered the sick man; "almost well; but intolerably weak! What is this news? Something concerning me!"

"Thou shalt hear!" resumed St. Marcel, addressing his comrade; "his highness knows of thy escape, and is more thy friend than ever!"

This announcement was all Greek to Schwillwein, entirely ignorant of the part the duke had played in St. Leu's incarceration, and caused him to wink the eye-and-a-half with unusual meaning, and to dash his empty goblet down upon the table with a force that

made it ring again, at the same time ejaculating with peculiar energy, the words "*thunder and lightning!*"—his favorite oath when intensely excited or more than ordinarily pleased. Nor was St. Leu less astounded, though his emotion did not betray itself in so violent a manner. Half raising himself on his couch, and resting on one elbow, he gazed at St. Marcel with that intensity which ever accompanies the sudden announcement of a great and unexpected event, and remained a moment silent, for this intelligence was not less inexplicable to him than to the commandant, inasmuch as he was equally unable to comprehend the cause of this unlooked for change in the duke's sentiments towards him, as to understand how St. Marcel had arrived at the knowledge of the fact; all his thoughts, however, resumed themselves into the one great motive of his imprisonment: the duke's unholy passion for Julie; and of her he spoke, as soon as he found utterance.

"And Julie—Julie!" exclaimed he; "what of her?"

St. Marcel shook his head, saying:

"I know nothing more than thyself, St. Leu. But be calm; I don't think matters are after all so bad as we imagined. Let me tell my tale, and thou shalt judge for thyself."

"And I am ready to tell you everything," responded the sick man; "I have not very much more to add than you know already, and gathered from me during my fits of abstraction!"

"Take this, boy," cried the commandant, pouring out and handing to him a glass of the beverage in which he was indulging to a considerable extent; "it will keep up thy courage! St. Marcel, make thyself at home."

St. Marcel remained seated close to St. Leu—who reposed upon a couch—the two former having their back turned to the door.

St. Leu commenced his narrative from the day of his capture up to the evening of his return to Schwillwein's, during the recital of which the worthy commandant had frequent recourse to the flagon of bishop, and occasionally relieved himself of an oath or two, or an exclamation of satisfaction, according as the circumstance warranted the one or the other, the tears standing in his eye-and-a-half when the young man spoke of the perilous position of the baron's daughter, and his lusty fist clutching the arm of the chair with nervous energy when he mentioned the name of the governor or of his nephew.

"This is the whole of *my* tale," observed the narrator, coming to an end! "Now, St. Marcel, thy turn! I am all impatience!"

"And don't spare the bishop!" ejaculated Schwillwein.

Our hero promised he would not, and in turn recounted such particulars of his own adventures as bore upon the fate of St. Leu, carefully abstaining from the slightest mention of his association with the Lutetians, but candidly avowing the scruples that the knowledge of his friend's embastilement had all along caused him, accusing himself of cowardice and want of honor, for not having sought the duke and confessed all to him, from the first.

The Commandant at Home.

"Wilt thou forgive me, St. Leu?" exclaimed he, as he touched upon this delicate point of the narrative; "my heart was good to do my duty, but I was bound by oath not to divulge the circumstances that came to my knowledge! Thou hast suffered much through me!"

"Give me thy hand St. Marcel," responded St. Leu, extending his own, and pressing that of his comrade; "I have nothing to forgive thee! Indeed, much to thank thee for! Nay! don't shake thy head, and smile so incredulously! I repeat that I owe thee much! Hadst thou on obtaining information of my incarceration in that hideous den, gone to his highness and acknowledged the theft of the ring, he might indeed have pardoned thee *then*, as well as now, but the motive for detaining me a prisoner would have still existed; for, that he sought the ruin of Julie is beyond a doubt! Heaven protect her! To return, however, to the point! I was going to observe, St. Marcel, that supposing the Duke de Chartres had released me upon thy representations, I might have lost the opportunity of chastising those wretches Corbé and Riquelet, and what would have become of that poor child!"

The commandant was here seized with a slight shivering fit, and uttering a strange guttural noise, emptied his seventh bumper of bishop.

"Thus, friend St. Marcel," resumed St. Leu, "thou see'st I have something to thank thee for! But now of the duke!"

"Ah!" echoed the commandant, looking round and sliding himself a little lower down in his arm-chair.

St. Marcel repeated his conversation with D'Orleans, confining himself, as heretofore, strictly to those points touching St. Leu, who became visibly affected, for he was attached to the prince, though he could not pardon his perfidy to Julie.

"And so thou art to see him to-morrow?" said he, as St. Marcel concluded; "dost thou think he is to be trusted?"

St. Marcel was about to reply, and the commandant to imbibe an additional cup of bishop, when the door behind them opened, and two capuchins entered, one of whom remained in the rear, with his cowl drawn close over his face, whilst the other advanced towards the surprised group, disclosing his features.

"Jacques!" exclaimed St. Marcel, starting half up from his chair.

"Thunder!" echoed the commandant, opening his eye-and-a-half to their utmost extent.

St. Leu said nothing, but looked at the spy with feelings of deep interest.

"Don't disturb thyself, commandant," observed Jacques; "my business is with St. Marcel."

"Escaped!" ejaculated the latter, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"Yes!" responded he; "and bravely done! But I have no time to lose, friend St. Marcel; thou must quit Paris this night! See! These papers—" here he produced a sealed packet of letters which

he placed in the young man's hands, "must be delivered as speedily as possible! 'Tis an affair of life and death!"

Within an hour from that time, St. Marcel, having received certain instructions from Jacques and Father Simon, was dashing along the great southern road, on his way to Madrid.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DUKE OF CHARTRES PAYS A NOCTURNAL VISIT TO LUTETIA.

The arrest of Jacques was an event that not only deeply concerned but much perplexed the Duke de Chartres. It concerned him, on account of the great personal interest he took in this incomprehensible individual, an interest arising from the peculiar nature of the connexion so unexpectedly established between them by an extraordinary complication of circumstances; it perplexed him, inasmuch as it left him undecided how to act with regard to the appointment he had made for the following night; moreover, being ignorant entirely of the fate of the spy, whose escape from the personal custody of D'Argenson appeared to him next to impossible, unconscious as he was of the resources his unknown friend had at his command to accomplish the same, he beheld his hopes of again seeing Beatrice suddenly frustrated at a single blow; for these rested solely upon Jacques, who alone possessed the secret of his intimacy with this unfortunate girl, and whose potent agency he felt desirous of securing in order to neutralize the terrible and irksome influence D'Argenson already sought to exercise over him.

Although no longer in a frame of mind to take part in the gayeties of the masque, which continued to increase as the hours waned, the duke was in a measure compelled to return to the grand gallery in order not to commit a breach of etiquette towards the king by retiring without first making his obeisance. On his way, he learnt that both his majesty and Madame de Maintenon had already withdrawn from the hilarious scence, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the latter. Half rejoiced at this occurrence, which rendered his return to the gallery unnecessary, he was hastening to his chamber, when a small black page, who apppeared on the watch, intercepted him on the way, and placed a slip of paper in his hand. D'Orleans opened the missive, and having perused it—not without some degree of surprise—motioned the messenger to go on. The latter bowed, and led the way to the private apartment of Madame de Maintenon.

She was alone, reclining in an easy-chair, into which she had appar-

ently thrown herself, dressed just as she was on quitting the masque. Her countenance betrayed deep anxiety, but lighted up when the king's nephew entered, to whom she made a graceful movement of the hand, bidding him be seated; the page withdrew.

"You are surprised," said she, smiling, as she addressed the prince, "at my sending for you?"

D'Orleans answered, "*rather.*"

"I thought you would be," she continued; "but having learnt that you had accompanied this man Jacques and D'Argenson to the Salle des Gardes, I felt anxious to ascertain what had passed."

Delighted at the opportunity so unexpectedly afforded him of engaging interest for Jacques in so potent a quarter, where his fate seemed already to have excited commiseration, D'Orleans recounted the particulars of the scene in the Salle des Gardes, dwelling with considerable force upon the acrimony manifested by D'Argenson against the prisoner, and expressing his own firm conviction of the spy's innocence of the charges alleged against him; an opinion in which Madame de Maintenon acquiesced.

"And yet," observed she, thoughtfully, "what *can* D'Argenson mean by these proofs of Jacques' guilt?"

"You appear to take a very lively interest in this man!" said Madame de Maintenon in a half inquiring tone.

"I do madame! a deep interest!" responded the duke, emphatically.

"May I know the reason of it?" asked she, fixing her penetrating gaze upon his countenance.

"Oh yes! why not?" answered he; "Jacques once saved me from an imminent danger, and I seek to return the service in kind!"

"I thought," rejoined she, "that he might have a stronger claim upon your gratitude for the manner in which he seconded your honest designs upon the daughters of the Baron de St. Auney."

"Madame!" ejaculated the prince, changing color, "this irony is —is—ill-timed—"

"Perhaps unmerited," responded madame.

"No! not unmerited," answered the prince; "though if you knew all, you would perhaps be less severe towards me! Dubois and D'Argenson are more to blame than I!"

"Picture to yourself that young flower, pining and drooping within the unwholesome, tainted atmosphere of the Bastile, to which she has been confined upwards of ten weeks! And her lover! Ah! You start to see me so well informed! Well, then, answer me this—how have you acted towards him? The Bastile—the Bastile—always the Bastile! And Jeanne de St. Auney? Finding that you could not possess the one sister, you would have contented yourself with the other! What reparation can you hope to make to that unfortunate family should they ever regain their liberty? I blush for you, highness! I knew you dissipated; I did not believe you vile!"

D'Orleans, overcome by excess of shame, and actually unable to

look Madame de Maintenon in the face, avoided her gaze by hiding his burning face in his hand, his head sinking every moment lower upon his breast; her last observation roused him, and starting in his seat, he once more addressed her in a voice almost inaudible:

"Hear me, madame," said he; "let me explain"—

Madame de Maintenon shook her head, and replied:

"You can explain nothing. I am acquainted with all the particulars"—

"I beseech you, madame!" exclaimed the duke, in an agony of emotion, "to cease these upbraidings! I confess that I deserve them, but am willing to atone for my errors!"

"'Tis too late, highness! Julie de St. Auney would have been released long since had my influence been great enough to overcome his majesty's reluctance to interfere in the affairs of his lieutenant of police, whose power increases every day, and who renders the state such services that his ministry cannot be dispensed with! One man alone could save her: that man is Jacques!"

The duke stood silent for a few moments, and then in a desponding voice said:

"Have you anything more to say to me, madame?"

"Nothing, highness! Indeed, our conversation has been protracted to a greater length than I anticipated."

Here she rang a silver hand-bell, which was instantly responded to by the appearance of her black page; the duke took her hand, placed it to his lips, bowed, and withdrew to his chamber—not to sleep, but to ruminate over the occurrences of the day; the result of his cogitations was a determination to repair to Maître Chopin's, according to appointment.

After a night of feverish inquietude, he arose unrefreshed from the couch on which he had thrown himself without undressing, and summoning his attendant, ordered a horse to be saddled. Before the clock struck ten, he was at the Palais Royal. Here he passed the day, growing more uneasy and anxious as the night approached; at length, warned by the clock of the palace, he assumed his disguise—a plain hunting-suit of green—and sallied forth from the pavilion already known, gaining the street by the small door in the wall. As the *bourdon* of Notre Dame boomed midnight, he stood on the threshold of the Cep-de-Vigne.

The quarter he was now in, only the day before so animated, was silent as the grave; not a light was to be seen at any of the windows, so completely had the revelries of Shrove-Tuesday expended the vitality of the denizens of the Pays Latin.

The duke, though enmuffled in an ample cloak, and wearing a large Spanish hat, or *sombréro*, devoid of plume, slouched over his eye-brows, was instantly recognized by Chopin, who, notwithstanding, from habitual caution, did not allow the fact to be observed by the principal party.

"I'm a late customer," said the latter, on entering; "I'll thank you for a draught of wine!"

"Half a *sétier* or a *chopine?*"* inquired mine host.

"Oh! which you please," responded the prince, throwing a piece of gold on the counter; "a glass for me and another for yourself will suffice, and never mind the change!"

"You'll have the best, of course?" muttered Chopin, eyeing the glittering coin!

"Of course!" replied D'Orleans, bowing.

"I shall be compelled to blindfold your highness," observed the vintner, setting down his glass after his last libation.

"Then I suppose I shall be under the necessity of submitting to it," responded the prince; "very well, Maitre Chopin; only be quick! Here is wherewith. But tell me, is he safe?"

The worthy host of the Cep-de-Vigne nodded his head, and smiling significantly, took the tendered handkerchief, and proceeded to bandage the prince's eyes, which he did very effectually; D'Orleans, overjoyed at Jacques' escape, lending himself to the operation without manifesting the smallest symptom of impatience. When it was done, the former lighted the stump of a torch, and opened the door of the parlor, which, as may be remembered, led into the court-yard, and into the suite of dining-rooms on the ground floor.

"Take hold of this, highness," said Chopin, thrusting a corner of his leathern apron into the prince's hand, "and follow me!"

D'Orleans grasped the garment as he was bidden, and followed the vintner, who first took him twice round the court, and making him pass through the dining-rooms on the ground-floor, brought him back to the place they had started from.

"Now for the steps, highness!" exclaimed he, guiding the prince down the steep flight of stone-stairs that led to the vaults beneath; "only thirty-three of them besides the landing in the middle."

They soon reached the wine-cellar, where the duke was again made to describe a number of angles and zig-zags which completely set at nought his ingenuity to obtain even a slight idea of the locality. When Maitre Chopin got to the spot where Vulcan and Hercules had been only a few hours previously, so nearly immolating the lieutenant of police, he applied his thumb to a small spring that was concealed in a crevice of the masonry, too low down to be easily detected, and immediately a square door flew open noiselessly, disclosing a dark passage, into which he entered, dragging his mystified companion after him, adopting the precaution of pulling the door to.

After traversing a series of passages, and passing through some half-dozen doors, the pair reached the one that opened into the

* The *sétier*, from the Latin *sextarius*, was the Roman pint, and until the introduction of the decimal measures of quantity, &c., a few years back, was in use all over France; indeed, is to this day. The *chopine* (chopin), also still employed, contains nearly a pint English.

apartment of Jacques; Chopin at once ushered the prince in, observing that he might now unloose the bandage from his eyes. As the latter did so, the vintner, making a very low bow, backed out of the door, leaving the prince alone with Jacques.

The spy had not long since come in, for he was still enveloped in the capuchin-frock and cowl, and seated on a low stool in front of a wood fire which he was kindling, stooping over it, with one arm resting on his knees, the other hand being employed in raking together the live embers. When the prince came in, he turned his head, and, perceiving who it was, waited until he broke silence.

On removing the handkerchief, D'Orleans was for a moment dazzled by the light of the lamp—though dim enough in all conscience—and shaded his eyes to accustom them to it, for they were strained by the pressure of the bandage; a slight start of surprise escaped him when he caught the first glimpse of the locality to which he had been brought; but his unpleasant surmises were immediately dispelled on seeing Jacques, who now rose to receive him.

"Well, friend Jacques," said D'Orleans, with unfeigned pleasure; "I sincerely congratulate thee on thy escape; though, to be candid, I dreaded the worst! How was it managed?"

"Simply enough!" answered the spy; "I had friends who did not abandon me! It was a mere matter of time."

"So doubtful was I of the practicability of any assistance being afforded thee, that I hesitated to come hither! The inducement, however, was too powerful to be resisted!"

"You have done well highness," responded Jacques, "and shall not be disappointed of the object of your visit. You are surprised to find me inhabit such a place!" continued he, remarking that the duke's eyes wandered restlessly about; "but such as you see it, it is the only home I have."

"And Beatrice!" observed D'Orleans, tremulously; "does *she* dwell here too?"

"She does!" answered the spy.

"Thou wilt bring me to her!" exclaimed the prince, anxiously.

"She is asleep, and must not be disturbed!" replied Jacques. "Poor girl! 'tis not often she thus forgets her sorrows!"

The duke's heart beat violently, and he hung down his head, abashed, but though he would have asked a hundred questions about her, his tongue refused to perform its customary office: a short pause ensued, when the spy resumed:

"I have a favor to ask your highness, which I know you will not refuse."

"Not if it be in my power to grant it!" replied D'Orleans looking up.

"'Tis to give the 'Sieur St. Marcel leave of absence from his regiment for a twelvemonth," rejoined Jacques.

"What does this signify, 'Sieur Jacques?" exclaimed the astounded prince. "I saw St. Marcel late last night, and appointed him to meet me at the Palais Royal at noon to-morrow!"

"You will not see him," observed the spy, with incisive brevity; "I have only now returned from escorting him a league or two on his way to Madrid, whither I have sent him!"

"To Madrid! But for what purpose?" asked D'Orleans, more and more surprised.

"To serve him and myself, too," responded Jacques. "Your highness knows the proverb: "*two birds with one stone:*" I had important business to transact at Madrid which required the aid of a man whom I could confide in; that man was St. Marcel; so I despatched him. Again, he was, although ignorant of it, in imminent danger of being incarcerated in the Bastile; one motive the more for getting him out of the way!"

"In the Bastile!" ejaculated the duke; "for what?"

"Ask Monseigneur D'Argenson;" returned the spy.

"Nay, then!" continued D'Orleans, with increasing earnestness; "from what quarter does this danger come? Who is his enemy?"

"D'Argenson!" answered the other.

"Mystery upon mystery," exclaimed the prince; "pray throw some light upon these enigmas!"

"Is your highness acquainted with the history of this young man?"

"I cannot say that I am, 'Sieur Jacques. My earliest acquaintance with him dates at the siege of Mons; he was then a sub-officer, having risen from the ranks—"

"Ah! I see!" said Jacques, interrupting the speaker; "your highness is not aware of his being a foundling!"

"I confess," observed the duke, "my ignorance of this circumstance, up to the present moment. How didst thou discover it?"

Jacques smiled and resumed:

"You must know, highness, that a short time since, D'Argenson commissioned me to endeavor to trace the heir of a certain Count de St. Angin, who had long been missing, and was indeed believed to be dead, until, apparently, accident brought to light the fact of his being still alive, though he could no where be found. D'Argenson's motive for discovering the young man was to revenge himself upon him for an imaginary wrong he had sustained from the old count, his more fortunate rival in an affair of the heart. The lady was the sister of the Baron de St. Auney!"

The duke appeared thunder-struck. Without heeding his astonishment, Jacques continued his recital from the period of the Count de St. Angin's decease up to that time, enumerating the various machinations D'Argenson had set on foot to ruin the baron and procure possession of the estates, which he held in trust for the heir.

"Thou hast reason then," observed D'Orleans, as Jacques ended, "to suppose that the lost heir and St. Marcel are identical?"

"We can only surmise at present," responded Jacques; "for we have no positive proofs. In the absence of these, I have kept St. Marcel in ignorance of the few facts that have come to my knowledge, though I need but two or three links to complete the chain of

evidence which up to this moment is insufficient to establish his claims with any chance of success. Unfortunately, the testimony requisite is of such a nature, that the vitality of the question rests solely upon it; in short, we lack the proofs of his identity, for the female to whom he was entrusted is dead, or, which is nearly the same, is not to be found! Accident placed me in possession of all I know concerning him, and has doubtless served D'Argenson, who, a few weeks ago, first subjected him to surveillance, merely on account of the great resemblance the young man bears to the baron's late sister; to-day, however, he ordered one of his secret agents to arrest him, as soon as he retured to Paris, and convey him to the Bastile.

"I see it all," observed D'Orleans, writing; "D'Argenson has obtained some private clue to his identity, and no longer hesitates! Here! here is the furlough you asked me for, though I cannot perceive its use."

"You do not know D'Argenson, highness," rejoined Jacques, smiling bitterly, at the same time folding up the paper and thrusting it into his breast.

"I will gain a march upon him there," answered the duke; "to-morrow, St. Marcel's furlough shall be duly enregistered; I shall thus not only serve St. Marcel, but revenge myself upon D'Argenson, whose plans I have sworn to frustrate by every means in my power; and I solemnly engage, 'Sieur Jacques, to assist thee to accomplish the same end! I am his enemy until death! He has made me the instrument of his detestable vengeance and caused me to act a part of which I am ashamed—"

"And duped you into the bargain, highness," chimed in Jacques; "and though I too condescended to figure in that transaction, it was with a view to serve the girl, not to destroy her."

"Ah!" exclaimed D'Orleans; "the affair of the ring! Yes! I suspected him of designs upon that young maiden from the day Dubois assured me he saw D'Argenson, disguised as a capuchin prowling about the neighborhood of the Carmelites."

"Dubois was right too," replied Jacques, "for the lieutenant of police frequents that convent secretly; he is the bearer of his majesty's letters to one of the sisters—"

"*Sister Louise de la Misèricorde! Madame de la Vallière!*" ejaculated D'Orleans, with a movement of surprise.*

"The same," responded the spy; "Dubois, however, was in

* The amours of the beautiful Duchess de la Vallière are too well known to need more than a cursory mention here.

"In 1675, perceiving that she no longer held empire over the affections of the fickle monarch, who had now transferred them to Madame de Montespan, she took the veil, at the Convent of the Carmelites at Paris, where she died in 1710. Notwithstanding her retirement, however, she still corresponded with the king, and with the two children she bore him; a son and a daughter; the former was the Duke de Vermandois; the latter married Prince Armand de Conti, the Great Condé's nephew."—*Voltaire.*

error when he inferred that D'Argenson and the capuchin whom he saw enter the baron's residence were one and the same person; it was St. Leu!"

"St. Leu! Then why disguised, 'Sieur Jacques? Was she not betrothed to him? Why had he now to fear?"

"He assumed a disguise, highness, to avoid notice! The house as you know adjoins the Chartreuse, and a capuchin friar might resort thither unsuspected, when a dashing young officer—and of the musketeers too—could not!" said Jacques smiling.

Although the spy's simile was none of the most complimentary to the duke—who could hardly refrain from smiling at his laconism—it put him at once in possession of the secret of D'Argenson's duplicity; and by exposing his cool villainies naked, in all their disgusting hideousness, rendered him painfully alive to the enormity of having lent himself to the perpetration of them, incensing him more and more against the lieutenant of police for inveigling him into such a plot. D'Orleans perceived the usefulness of pushing, his inquiry further continued:

"I feel that I have no right to be considered in the light of a friend of the *demoiselles* De St. Auney; yet, believe me, 'Sieur Jacques, I seek only an opportunity to prove the sincerity of my sentiments towards them! I certainly sought their ruin, regarding *them* only as I did many others; but a new interest has sprung up in my heart in their favor, and sooner than injure either, I would lose this right hand!"

"Your lips must be sealed," observed Jacques. "Let what you know serve you as a guide in your future relations with D'Argenson, but the name of your informant must not transpire, for it cannot tend to ensure you a single advantage. This you must promise, highness!"

"Thou art right, Jacques," answered D'Orleans, after a brief pause; "my indiscretion might, as thou sayest, injure instead of serving! I pledge my word to observe secresy on this point! But a word about St. Leu! Hast thou any clue to his hiding-place? If thou hast, tell me, that I may seek him and acknowledge the injustice I have done him!"

"I know your highness is well inclined," replied the spy; "St. Marcel made me acquainted with your sentiments towards St. Leu; for the moment, however, you can do nothing for him! Let it suffice you to know that he is with friends!"

At this moment the door of the cell was opened noiselessly, and a matronly figure appeared in the aperture, who withdrew, after muttering a few words to Jacques, in a jargon unintelligible to D'Orleans.

"Highness," continued the spy, in a subdued, almost inarticulate voice, and rising as the female made her exit, "will you come with me?"

D'Orleans colored deeply—his thoughts reverting to Beatrice—

and drawing his mantle about him, followed Jacques to the door, who inclining his head, signed to him to go out first; he obeyed, the spy closed the door, and they were both in total darkness.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DUKE'S INTERVIEW WITH BEATRICE.

The prince was much startled at this extraordinary proceeding, and remembering the kind of place in which he was, began to entertain misgivings with regard to his personal safety, uttering a faint exclamation of astonishment; he was the next moment somewhat reassured by the voice of his mysterious friend, who clutching him firmly by the arm, said:

"Fear nothing! These passages are as familiar to me as the streets of Paris!"

D'Orleans answered not a word, but strove to smother the disagreeable sensations that overpressed him, as his companion led or rather dragged him along the cold, damp windings of this subterranean dwelling, through which the wind, at times, swept in gusts, sometimes warm and suffocating, and strongly impregnated with an odor of mildew; at others, icy and fresh, as though the circulation were unimpeded from above; he pushed the door open, and they entered the chamber of Beatrice.

In form and size it was similar to the one they had just quitted, but more comfortable in its appointments. The walls and the ceilings were white-washed, and the floor was overspread with matting as a guarantee against damp; there were three shelves, one adorned with a few books, the others appropriated to domestic conveniences, and on the table, which was oaken, and occupied by a motley assemblage of phials, and glasses, and tisanne-cups, stood a night-lamp, shedding a dim, red light around, but whose paucity was amply compensated for by the bright and cheering blaze of the crackling logs on the low hearth.

The bed, around which the curtains of faded damask were closely drawn, was placed with the head in the recess, so as to leave the sides free; an elderly female—not the same who had ere-while warned the spy, but she to whom Democritus had given the name of Galatea—occupied the cushioned chair when the visitors entered, but upon a sign from Jacques, courtesied and withdrew.

"What is that? Who is there?" inquired the invalid in a faint but hurried voice, and starting as she heard the door close.

Jacques glanced at D'Orleans, signing to him to keep out of sight, and approaching the bed drew the curtains aside, replying:

"'Tis I, mademoiselle!"

"Ah! Jacques!" answered she, recognizing his voice; "you have been a long while absent! Why did you remain so long away?" and she held out her hand, and he kissed it.

"So long!" said he; 'tis scarcely three hours ago since I was here!"

"Ah, yes!" muttered the girl; "I remember now; I have slept! Oh! what happiness to sleep! To sleep and forget one's troubles!"

Here she heaved a sigh that touched D'Orleans to the quick, the tears filling his eyes when the soft voice of the only being he had ever really loved again smote his ear; whilst his heart throbbed every moment more fiercely as he remembered the days of happiness he had enjoyed in her company, though the felicity of retrospection was embittered by the painful contrast of the present with the past.

"Are you sure, Jacques," resumed Beatrice, after a brief pause, "that 'tis not three days instead of three hours? What is the day of the month?"

"We have entered on the fifteenth, mademoiselle," answered Jacques, huskily.

"The fifteenth!" echoed she; "right! right! 'tis two months and a week exactly. How short the time seems. It is as yesterday to me; yet I have suffered much since then! very much!"

The hot tears followed one another down the prince's cheeks, for he perceived that the maiden's intellect wandered; he understood too Jacques' motive for signing to him to remain concealed, though wondering much at the distant, formal manner in which he addressed *her;* a circumstance, which, when he remembered their relationship, gave birth to certain vague suspicions as to the truth of the spy's communication relative to their affinity, though he could not perceive any motive for the cheat. A word, however, will solve this riddle. Jacques had not yet revealed himself to his sister, his reasons for which a retrospective glance at the events of the last two months will elucidate.

In the first place, the shock which Beatrice's constitution had sustained from her attempt at self-destruction, added to the acute physical sufferings terminating in the premature birth of her infant which this attempt induced, were casualties of themselves sufficient to engender a prostration of mind even greater than that of her frame, setting aside the ravages previously made upon the latter by the long months of mental anguish she endured, whilst immured within the lonesome cloisters of Moret, she was devising the means of escaping from the scandalous consequences of a shameful exposure—an exposure of which the stigma would attach not alone to her, but to the saintly sisterhood she had so recently joined. Beneath this accumulation of misfortunes her exquisitily sensitive mind eventually gave way, and for seven tedious weeks after her providential escape from so untimely a death, she remained almost unconscious of everything that passed around her, seldom recog-

nizing the hand that ministered to her necessities, or the voice that whispered consolation, or if she spoke, her thoughts constantly ran incoherently upon a diversity of subjects relating to her past history. From these aberrations, however, Jacques gleaned a few rambling, disconnected facts, the nature of which singularly interested him in the girl, by giving him room to suspect her identity with the sister from whom he had been separated since childhood; hence his solicitude for her recovery continued daily to augment, and he would sit by her bedside for hours, gazing with tearful eyes upon her wan countenance, his heart alternately swelling with hope, or sinking with despondency, as her malady fluctuated.

Taking advantage of the few lucid intervals that Beatrice enjoyed, Jacques contrived, by a series of adroit questionings, to elicit additional facts bearing directly upon the subject next his heart, and which not only corroborated her former statements, but confirmed his latent suspicions as to her identity; nor could he longer entertain a doubt as to the melancholy manner of his mother's death—subsequently borne out by the duke's testimony—though, restraining his feelings, he prudently deferred discovering himself to his sister, lest the surprise should prove fatal.

In the course of his interrogations Jacques likewise obtained a clue to Beatrice's betrayer, which, though slight, he followed up with untiring perseverance until, by the aid of other collateral evidence, he arrived at the truth; and in seeking out the Duke of Chartres, and consenting to bring him to Beatrice, he yielded less to his own inclinations or to the duke's request, than to the earnest wishes of Beatrice herself, who impressed with a firm conviction that her dissolution was at hand, would call upon him by name, not only whilst her mind was wandering, but when it was comparatively tranquil, praying half aloud that he would come and "*see her once before she died!*"

Thus the time sped swiftly on from the night of her melancholy attempt upon her life up to the present period, the slightest excitement sufficing to bring on a paroxysm of mental bereavement that would leave her completely exhausted, and for fear of which Jacques still abstained from disburdening his heart of its oppressive load.

In the midst of the darkness that overshadowed her intellect, Beatrice retained a confused recollection of the mode of her rescue, but ever under the influence of a predominant idea, originating in her unhappy attachment, persisted in confounding her deliverer with the author of her misfortunes.

"It was Philippe"—she only knew the duke by his christian name—"who plunged into the water after her." His name had been the last on her lips, ere she took the fatal leap! He must have been at hand and heard her call him, for no other than he could have any motive for risking his life to save hers! Her—an unknown, unfortunate girl! She believed he loved her tenderly, because he had often told her so! It was her own fault that he had abandoned her! She ought to have consented to leave Fontainebleau when he offered

to take her under his protection, and not have angered him by a refusal! Why did she retire to Moret? Were not the sisters certain to discover her position? Every day that she remained with them increased the risk! She would lose no time! All was ready! How surprised they would be on the morrow to find her gone! She knew where to go! It was not far to Paris! She would ask the first person she met if he knew her Philippe? No! Well! there were more people to ask the question of! Never mind that laugh! She is not crazed, although she *has* walked up from Fontainebleau to Paris to find her lover, having no other clue to him than that his name is Philippe!

"How the lights dance! and how cold the wind strikes! Is death so cold! There is the bridge! She marked the place when she passed in the morning, as she fled from the mob! How lonely it is! Now! There is no one by! Hark! a step! Another moment and it will be too late! She will be discovered! If that footstep should be Philippe's! 'Tis gone! Courage! One look at the bright moon—and at the brilliant stars—and at the deep blue sky! How quiet they seem in their beauty! But the moon is cold though bright! and the stars, though brilliant, are cheerless! and the deep blue sky smacks of the frigidity of the grave! Oh! for one ray of sunlight! only one! The sunlight and the broad noon are for the happy! Night and its darkness for the wretched and miserable! Why should she hesitate any longer? How fearful to look down into that deep, cold gloom beneath, with death returning the gaze! Courage! *Forgive an unhappy wretch, Great God! Philippe! Philippe! Thou couldst save me.*"

"Down! Down! Down! 'Tis done! Oh! the horrid consciousness of an unnatural death! No hope, now! Ha! A straw! What strength to grasp it! How rapidly and buoyantly it rises to the surface! Again the keen air—and the bright moon—and the brilliant stars—and the deep blue sky! Horror! Horror! She has clutched the wheel! Higher it rises, and higher still; now sinks again! Lower, and lower, and lower! Again the hoarse pladge—and the cold plunge—and the deafening rush of waters—and the still colder darkness—and the fiery, bursting brain—and the choking throat! Then this awful, awful stillness!"

St. Marcel meanwhile remained ignorant of the relationship between Beatrice and Jacques, and although unable, when he began frequenting Lutetia, to disconnect the remembrance of his introduction to it from the circumstance in which it originated, the latter gradually effaced itself from his mind, until he might be said to have almost forgotten not only that such an event had ever occurred, but with it, the existence of the unhappy being whom he had so providentially rescued. On several occasions, however, he made inquiries of Jacques respecting her, receiving such answers from him as her state of health warranted; but observing the spy's extreme reserve upon the subject, forbore to question him further, notwithstanding the vague recollection of her features that remained

still impressed upon his mind, like the newly-awakened reflect of a dream long since numbered with the shadows of the past. His friend Democritus, too, was as ignorant on this score as himself, and though equally desirous of learning whom the girl might be, abstained—from motives of delicacy towards Jacques, who always appeared pained when the subject was mentioned—from taking any steps to satisfy his curiosity, consoling himself and St. Marcel with the assurance that it would "*sooner or later come out.*"

A very short coloquy ensued between Beatrice and her deliverer, whom she could not be made to recognize as such, her thoughts remaining fixed upon her lover, and St. Marcel took his leave with a heart torn by commiseration for her sorrows, and with the firm conviction that he had at some anterior period beheld her features, though unable to recollect where and when.

Strange to say, this conversation remained distinctly impressed upon her fevered imagination; but as a thing of yesterday, or of some other day; and by one of those transitions characteristic of the disordered brain, she suddenly recurred to it, after the brief pause that followed her last allusion to her own sufferings:

"Jacques!" continued she, gazing intently at him whilst she spoke; "you remember what he said? The young man who came to see me last! When was it? Never mind! He said that when he returned I should be happy! Do you know what he meant? That I should be dead! He promised, too, to send me a token of remembrance—a flower—from the sunny clime to which he is gone! It will be withered! Keep it, Jacques! It will remind you of me!"

The spy knew that in speaking of her approaching dissolution, his sister spoke the truth, and the tears stood in his eyes as he listened to her wanderings; D'Orleans could scarcely refrain from sobbing outright. In order to turn the tide of the maiden's thoughts into a more wholesome channel, Jacques said, as soon as she paused:

"Mademoiselle, these reflections are too gloomy to be indulged in; your fears are groundless; you are much better, and with proper care will soon be well! You must live for—for your infant, and for its father!"

"Ah, yes!" ejaculated the young mother! pressing closer to her heaving bosom the babe that nestled there; "yes! I must live, for my child, and for Philippe."

D'Orleans could no longer control his feelings, and dashing his hat and cloak to the ground, advanced a step towards the bed, for the purpose of disclosing himself, when he was checked by a peremptory sign from Jacques, who once more addressed the weeping girl:

"You have often wished to see him, mademoiselle," said he, with a view to provoke a more favorable juncture for introducing the prince.

"Oh, yes!" responded Beatrice; "and have prayed fervently

that he might come! Is he not the father of my child? my poor innocent child! See him! Oh, yes! Once more before I die!"

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" ejaculated D'Orleans; and unable to restrain his feelings any longer, he precipitated himself towards the bed.

"Eh! that voice!" exclaimed the maiden, raising herself up a little; "who calls me by name? It should be Philippe's voice!"

"It *is* I, Beatrice!" responded D'Orleans, as Jacques stepped a little on one side in order to afford him room to approach the bed; "dost thou not recognize me?" and, seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses, at the same time that he bedewed it with his tears.

The unhappy girl stared vacantly in the face of the speaker, seeming neither to understand nor to recognize him, but her recollection gradually returning, her bosom heaved twice or thrice convulsively, whilst a stifled sigh burst from her lips as though her heart would break with the effort, and passing her hand over her brow, she sank back on her pillow, and gave vent to her tears.

"Forgive me, Beatrice! Forgive me!" ejaculated the duke, as soon as he could command himself sufficiently to speak. "Look up! 'Tis I! Philippe!"

"Yes! yes!" sobbed the maiden, removing her hand from her pallid face; "I know thy voice! 'Tis thou, indeed! But see, Philippe, see!" and she pointed to the infant that still lay sleeping on her breast; "I have not murdered him! he lives! and thou wilt forgive me! He lives, Philippe! Our child lives!"

"Let me embrace my son," rejoined D'Orleans, as, with the hot tears trickling down his cheeks, he leant over, and imprinted a kiss on the pale cheek of the slumbering babe.

"Thou wilt forgive me, Philippe?" continued Beatrice, sobbing hysterically; "I was crazed when I did it; but I did not think of murder! Oh, no! Say thou dost forgive me!"

"Forgive thee, Beatrice? 'Tis I should, on my knees, ask pardon of *thee!* I have nothing to forgive *thee;* but if nought but my pardon will appease thee, I do give it thee!"

"I knew thou wouldst," said she, her eyes glistening with wild delight; "thou art doubly its father, for hadst thou not plunged in after me—! ah! that horrid night!"

"And I am the cause of all thy sorrows, Beatrice! But cheer up! All will yet be well! Bright days are yet in store for us!"

Beatrice raised herself upon her elbow, and fixed her dark eyes full upon the duke, gazing at him with an intensity that made him almost shudder; she then said, in a solemn, nearly inarticulate, but distinct voice:

"Look at me, Philippe, and tell me; dost thou think I am, even now, of this earth?"

D'Orleans was indeed heart-stricken to perceive the fearful havoc that grief and a long malady, especially the former, had made in

that fair being. Her face, bearing a striking resemblance to Jacques', only that it was exquisitely feminine, still retained its former loveliness; but the carnation of her cheeks had faded, and their marble pallor was rendered yet more dazzling by contrast with the ebon hue of her profuse chevelure.

"No! no!" continued the sufferer, with a sad smile; "'tis here, at my heart! I feel it here! But it will soon be over! And here too I feel it!" she now pressed a hand on her forehead; "I cannot forget it! 'Tis indelibly stamped upon my brain!"

Casting a look of maternal solicitude upon the infant nestling on her bosom; smiling in its happy sleep with that sweet smile of innocence which belongs so exclusively to the babe, she raised herself higher in the bed, and resting her head on her hand, gazed intently at the duke once again, and resumed:

"Why didst thou stay so long away? I have reckoned the days, and can count them, so I am not mad as they say of me!"

"Speak not thus, Beatrice, I implore thee," exclaimed D'Orleans, making an effort to overcome his emotion; "to hear thee cuts me to the heart! Take courage in the future, and forget; try, Beatrice, to forget the past!"

"Never!" rejoined she; "never could I live long enough to forget it! I have tried to blot it out from my memory, but no!"

Reclining back upon her pillow she gave free vent to the torrent of anguish that overpowered her, shuddering with horror at the remembrance of her crime. D'Orleans sank, mute and conscience-stricken, on the edge of the bed. Jacques covered his eyes with his hands, but as soon as his sister's paroxysm of grief had somewhat subsided, said, with affected serenity, and in a tone deeply commiserative.

"Mademoiselle, this constant recurrence to the past unnerves you! Besides, you judge yourself too severely! The occurrence of that fatal night resulted from excess of grief! Misfortune is not crime!"

"Ah! Jacques!" answered the young girl, with an angelic smile; "you are ever the same! A good kind friend; when I dare to pray, I pray for you, for you have been everything to me! You echo the consolatory words of the holy father who is so constantly at my bed-side; but you do not know all."

"I know enough of your sufferings," rejoined Jacques, interrupting her, "let us rather look forward to happier days!"

"Oh, yes, Beatrice!" exclaimed the duke, animatedly; "let us speak of the brighter horizon before us!"

"That horizon may be bright for thee, Philippe," rejoined Beatrice, solemnly; "but for me 'tis dark and desolate; a horrid blank! But thou shalt know all, and judge what I have suffered!"

"Not now, Beatrice; not now," ejaculated the prince; "thy wanderings lacerate my heart! Not now?"

"Yes; now!" she replied, becoming more wild and animated; "thou must know it."

"Nay, then, Jacques, do thou add thy entreaties to mine, and persuade thy sister"—the spy started and cast a reprehensive glance upon the speaker; "to defer this task until her mind is more composed! See, Beatrice! thy brother and I."

"Brother! brother!" ejaculated the maiden, hurriedly; "who speaks to me of brother! Thou mockest me! I have no brother! I had a brother once; but 'tis a long time ago; a very long time. But I recollect him, and the green meadows, and the daisies that grew there; and the bright river! Oh, yes; I was happy then; a happy child! But that time is past! A brother! No! Poor father! Poor mother! Both dead! and my brother too!"

"Beatrice! sister! dear sister!" gasped Jacques, his immense chest heaving as though the intensity of his emotion struggled to burst the material bonds that confined it; "canst thou not believe that *I* am thy brother?" and the hot tears leapt from their source, falling in a torrent upon the hand of the girl, which he had grasped convulsively, and now covered with fraternal kisses.

Beatrice, however, responded not to his appeal, of which she did not in fact, comprehend the nature, and though she listened to his words, it was with a vacant, unintelligent gaze. She remembered her brother, it is true; but remembered him a child like herself, and her diseased mind could not picture him all at once a man. In the recognition of her lover, her heart had spoken; the bond of love was stronger than the tie of nature; his voice suddenly awakened sympathies that lay dormant, but which gathering strength from quiescence, burst forth with renewed energy as soon as the susceptible chord they hung upon was struck. Her brother's voice touched no chord whose vibrations could ring upon her heart; roused no slumbering sentiment; as regarded *him*, the past was a blank, the present a chaos, the future like a mist.

A silence, a deep silence followed Jacques' outburst of fraternal affection, but perceiving that Beatrice remained unconscious of the truth, he once more addressed her:

"Dost thou not hear me Beatrice? sister! I am the same brother that used to ramble with thee through those green meadows, and gather the flowers, that grew there! Oh, that thou wouldst but call me brother once again! look at me, sister! I am indeed thy lost brother!"

"I tell thee no!" exclaimed Beatrice, half petulantly; "did not the Bohemians steal him away?" and passing her hand across her pallid brow, she suddenly fell into a state of deep abstraction.

Jacques wiped the tears from his eyes, and drew back a pace, intimating to the prince that the case was hopeless, and that it would be prudent to withdraw. D'Orleans returned his glance, and gently taking Beatrice's hand, pressed it with his own.

"Beatrice!" said he, "I am going! But I will return soon—"

"Remain!" answered she abruptly, seeming to wake as from a dream; "remain, and I will tell thee something that thou knowest not of, and that shall make thy blood run as cold as mine! Thou

didst deceive me! Thou didst break thy vows, and abandon me to shame and infamy! I renounced thee! To avoid thee, I fled to the holy cloister. I had better deprived myself of my loathsome existence, for I was from that hour lost! Lost! Hearest thou that? Oh, I have since then suffered the torments of the souls unblessed, the fires of purgatory consume me! And why? I have perjured my soul, and there is no salvation for me! Before the altar I vowed; to live chaste! Horrid mockery! I was already a guilty, polluted thing; a defiled vessel! It was a deadly sin, and the Virgin punished me. Night after night I had laid my burning cheek upon the cold stones of my cell, and prayed for death; but it came not! Wickedness of heart grew upon me, and hypocrisy was my safeguard! I approached the holy table with a lie in my mouth, and though vowed to religion, hated it in my heart, for it was defiled! My despair gave me courage to execute another project! I thought of flight and of thee! How easily I cheated my confiding companions! They knew nothing, and suspected nothing! Bit by bit I got a few garments together, and when all was ready, under the pretext of visiting the sick wife of a peasant in the forest, I left Moret! I sought an unfrequented spot amongst the trees, and then stript off the habiliments of a cloistered nun, and put on those I had brought! Then I buried the others under the leaves, and fled! Then came the long journey, and the lonesome roads, and the terror of being overtaken! Still I walked on! I reached Paris!— and then—! * * * * * * Great God! how fearfully I have sinned! My own life! my child's! 'Twas a fearful deed! But oh, the tortures of an evil conscience!"

The bewildered, bereaved girl again burst into tears, and continued for some time sobbing piteously, nor could Jacques or the duke refrain from giving vent to their anguish:

"Oh, forgive me, Beatrice," ejaculated the latter; "forgive me for the wrong I have done thee! I have nought to plead in extenuation of my fault, but the intensity of my passion! Before heaven I swear I loved thee! Thou art the only being who inspired me with that holy sentiment! Would I had known thee earlier—"

"Would that thou hadst never known me!" exclaimed Beatrice, interrupting him; "my heart would have been free from guilt; my conscience unsullied!"

A brief pause ensued, when she resumed, with greater calmness, and as if the violence of her malady had almost expended itself in its late outbreak:

"There Philippe is my hand! My forgiveness is thine! I cannot forget! 'twas thou didst save me from destruction! Leave me now! I would be alone—alone!"

"But I shall see thee again, Beatrice?" said D'Orleans, imprinting a kiss on her meagre hand; "and our son! I must see him too! One kiss on his innocent cheek!"

Beatrice gazed steadfastly into her lover's countenance, and with solemn accent, answered:

"Yes, Philippe! I will see thee again! Jacques, my friend, shall tell thee when!"

"Thy friend, Beatrice?" observed the duke; "say thy brother!"

"Again, my brother!" responded she, half mentally; "it cannot be! He is dead! And yet I know not why it should not be! But no! no! I have no brother—no father—no sister—no mother—I am alone in the world—alone!" and again she sobbed hysterically; after the lapse of a few moments, she turned to D'Orleans, adding, "do leave me I beseech thee!"

Jacques beckoned to the duke to come away, for he perceived that Beatrice would relapse into another fit of excitement if her dawning reason were at present overtaxed; the duke slightly inclined his head in reply, and taking Beatrice's hand carried it to his lips without a word; then kissed the sleeping infant, and casting a parting look upon it and upon its now abstracted mother, quitted the chamber, preceded by Jacques.

A quarter of an hour after, having been by Jacques' directions conducted, blind-folded, from Lutetia, by a different way from that by which he entered it, D'Orleans was on his way back to the Palais Royal.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CHATEAU LA GACHERIE. THE WHITE TOWER.

On reaching his chamber, after bidding the prince good night, the spy found Democritus seated there apparently awaiting his arrival with some impatience, for he arose hastily as the former entered, and without saying a word placed a slip of paper in his hand. Jacques glanced his eye over its contents, and bit his lip, remaining awhile plunged in thought.

"When did this message go off?" asked he of his companion.

"At three this afternoon," responded Democritus.

"Who was the messenger?" inquired Jacques again.

"Maroy!" rejoined the philosopher.

The spy appeared questioning in his own mind.

"Dost thou not recollect him?" exclaimed the other.

"For the moment no!" answered Jacques.

"He is the son of Maroy the draper on the *Petit-Pont*," resumed Democritus; "Dubois *was* his preceptor; he is his protector now! To save him from starvation or the gallows, he recommended him to D'Argenson, who took him at once into his service as courier extraordinary!"

"I thought he was not one of us!" observed Jacques. "I recol-

lect him now! He assisted in smuggling Jeanne de St. Auney to the convent in the Rue de Charonne! Nothing else from Grumeaud but this?" continued he, holding out the paper.

The philosopher responded negatively.

"We must circumvent D'Argenson," resumed Jacques; "the contents of that box must not fall into *his* hands! I know Jerôme of old! His fidelity will defeat the projects of his master's enemies, but it will likewise mar the good offices of his friends. This must not be chevalier. Those papers must be ours!"

"But D'Argenson, and Maroy!" exclaimed the philosopher.

"By stratagem and promptitude only," responded Jacques, musing, "we may hope to baffle this mischief. I can depend upon *thee!*"

"Unto death!" replied the latter.

"I know it," said Jacques. "We must act at once; not an hour must be lost. A fleet horse and a disguise will serve our turn, and fortunately both are at hand."

"Ah! I comprehend," remarked the philosopher; "'tis to follow Maroy to la Gâcherie. But I shall never overtake him."

"So thou reach the château even an hour later than he, is all that is necessary;" rejoined the spy. "At the *Auberge du Chien qui Court* we shall find a fleet horse; gold will procure thee others to relay. I will accompany thee to the *Auberge*, and on the way give thee thy instructions. Let us first see to the disguises."

Jacques opened one of the large chests which adorned, or rather encumbered his chamber, and took out several suits of apparel of various ages and fashions, submitting them to the ken of the philosopher, who at length selected one that he thought of convenient dimensions. It was a plain, unpretending costume of the period, and he proceeded to invest himself therein, casting his own incongruous garb into a corner. By this time Democritus was dressed, and looking at the spy's manœuvres with no inconsiderable degree of interest. The latter, his arrangements completed, placed in the philosopher's hand a *rouleau* of gold coins, which he took from a bag that was in another smaller box, and without opening his lips, put the bundle under his arm, and lighting a torch, led the way out, followed by his companion.

They proceeded for some distance through a series of long, crooked passages—so long that there seemed no end to them—traversing several halls similar to those already known, but more dilapidated, and tenanted only by a host of bats, which attracted by the flame of the torch flitted around it, uttering a small piercing cry that resounded through the lofty arches, and along the passages, until lost in the distance, or drowned by its own echo; now and then a troop of rats scampered across their path, pell-mell into their holes, whence, secure from the sudden danger, they would immediately after thrust their tiny black muzzles, sniffing the departing steps of the intruders, previously to re-commencing their gambols; occasionally too an owl would dart out with a loud *who whoo* from the

lodgings it had taken up in a convenient nook, and make a rapid exit through the nearest aperture in the masonry. At length a sudden turning brought them into a cavern of immense dimensions, obstructed, as far as the eye could reach, by huge masses of stone, hewn into blocks of various dimensions and forms, or rough as they had fallen centuries since, beneath the mattocks of the Roman soldiers. Guiding his steps by the aid of certain marks cut into the ponderous fragments that lay in his path, Jacques silently threaded his way through this endless labyrinth, without paying the slightest attention to his companion.

At last, after traversing these vast caverns for nearly an hour, the sharp breeze of the night played once more upon their faces, and they again emerged from the bowels of the earth, into the open air.

The locality was as well known to Democritus as to his companion, who, extinguishing his torch, concealed it in one of the natural recesses of the quarry, having first ascertained that the materials for striking a light, deposited there for the convenience of those few acquainted with the secret, were ready for immediate use. They then directed their steps across the country until they came to the main road, along which they proceeded for about half a mile, when they stopped at a low house, covered with thatch, to which, after a short delay, they were admitted, Jacques having knocked in a peculiar manner at the door; this was the inn mentioned by the spy.

It was, as already stated, a small, low, thatched building, having a large yard behind, and a great number of out-houses annexed, built as occasion required; for each wore a different aspect. The exterior of the inn, seen by daylight, possessed no striking feature save the huge bush that surmounted the door, the curious sign surmounting *that* representing an eccentric animal intended for a *dog current*, but which might have been with equal truth called a fox, or a sheep, so much was it like either; and the announcement, painted in red, drunken letters, reeling upon a white ground, that horse and man could both find lodging there. "*Icy on Loge à Pié et à Cheval.*"

On his way Jacques had conveyed his instructions to his companion, in a few brief sentences, the result of his meditations whilst traversing their subterranean retreat; and they had not been at the inn more than a quarter of an hour, when Democritus, mounted on the fleetest steed that the stables of the "Running Dog" possessed, might have been seen dashing by a by-path across the country, in the direction of the high road to Chartres, *en route* for Nantes.

Jacques, meanwhile, retraced his steps to Lutetia.

On the evening of the day after that on which the above events occurred, the following scene took place at Château la Gâcherie, in the great hall usually set apart by the baron to receive his guests and tenantry on festivals and holidays.

It was a spacious, oblong chamber, the walls whereof were adorned with escutcheons, and banners, helmets and suits of mail,

swords, bucklers, pikes and halberds, and other ancestral warlike relics, rusted, many of them, with the blood of the foreign foe. A long oaken table extended from end to end of the apartment, at the head of which, in a large arm-chair, his back to the fire, sat Maroy, D'Argenson's emissary, surrounded by ten or a dozen men, semi-military, with sinister countenances enflamed by drink, apparently awaiting instructions from their superior, on whom Jerôme, elbowed by the soldiers, gazed with scornful defiance, and an air of resolution that seemed considerably to perplex Maroy. In a corner of the large chimney, sat another deeply interested spectator, a venerable pilgrim, with long, flowing beard, his eyes fixed upon Jerôme, whose attention he sought to excite by an admonitory glance, whenever the opportunity offered.

Maroy, a swarthy complexioned man, of diminutive stature, possessing a countenance that betrayed continual indulgence in vicious habits, and small, dark, cunning eyes, that gleamed restlessly from beneath their inflamed lids, had arrived that morning at about three o'clock, having performed the entire journey from Paris, by easy stages, in thirty-six hours. His first act, after making the object of his mission known to the chief agent in charge of the party in possession, was to order Jerôme to be shut up and closely guarded from holding any communication with the exterior; this done, he retired to rest.

At noon he arose, and after partaking of refreshment, repaired to the place of Jerôme's confinement, with a view to extort his secret from him, by persuasions, promises, or threats; Jerôme however was inflexible. He then instituted a search for the key that the old servant had hidden, belonging to the chamber in the white tower; but in this too he failed, as also in his subsequent attempts to break open the door; it was of the strongest materials, and resisted every effort.

The pilgrim was our old friend Democritus.

By force of hard-riding, he reached Nantes at six o'clock that morning, that is to say, within twenty-seven hours after he left Jacques at the *Auberge*. After partaking of a slight repast, he started on foot for *la Gacherie*, taking advantage of the proximity of a vineyard to assume the disguise he had brought, and in which, at about nine o'clock, he made his appearance at the gate of the château, humbly craving its hospitality for the day. On his way to the hall, he learnt from old Thomas the porter, his conductor, of the arrival of Maroy, and the fate of Jerôme.

It was now eight o'clock; for upwards of an hour already had Maroy alternately persuaded, and promised, and menaced, but all in vain; Jerôme remained firm to his trust.

"I tell thee," said the former, with some marks of trepidation, "that thy obstinacy will cost thee thy liberty!"

"Take it," responded Jerôme, pale but resolute.

"Has the Bastile then no terrors for thee?" demanded the other.

The old man answered not.

"Nay, then," resumed Maroy, "thy life may become forfeit. Dost thou not know I am armed with his majesty's authority."

"I know my duty," rejoined Jerôme, firmly; "you shall not have the box, nor will I divulge where I have buried the key of the chamber!"

"Reflect!" exclaimed the agent, menacingly.

"You have my answer!" responded the steward.

"Then by the holy calendar of saints," cried Maroy, "we will swing thee up to the first tree to cure thee of thy obstinacy. A rope there! The old fool will be none the tougher for hanging."

This coarse jest excited a laugh amongst the satellites, some of whom were about to depart to procure the necessary article, when Democritus, perceiving his chances of success were fast diminishing, and that now was the only time he could hope to create a favorable juncture for executing his project, arose from his seat in the chimney-corner, and stepping up to Maroy, said, in a mild benignant voice:

"My son! let me intercede for this old man!"

The soldiers hesitated.

"Spare your intercession, father," ejaculated the aged domestic, the tears trickling down his cheeks; "I will die rather than betray my trust!"

"Confess thyself then," shouted Maroy, "for thou *shalt* die! 'Tis fortunate for thee this venerable pilgrim came hither, or thou must have gone to thy account unshriven!"

Jerôme turned towards the pilgrim, and in a firm voice, said:

"Father! If you are ready I am!"

At this Maroy turned pale, and trembled in his chair, for he was disappointed to find that his threats produced no effect, and above all mortified at the failure of his mission; D'Argenson's instructions, moreover, did not invest him with power to carry his menaces into effect, so far as taking away the old man's life, though, as a last resource, all others failing, he was to arrest and conduct him to Paris, preparatory to his being incarcerated in the Bastile. In the hope, however, of inducing him to give up his secret, he determined to work upon the old man's fears to the utmost limit short of depriving him of life; hence his trepidation at his victim's calmness on hearing the mandate that he had reserved for a last stroke.

Democritus—as well acquainted with the tenor of Maroy's intructions, as Maroy himself—saw his perplexity, and knowing the cause, proceeded to turn the circumstance to his own account, purposing first to throw Maroy off his guard, and then secure the confidence of Jerôme.

"Death is not to be sought, my son," said he, addressing the latter; "our holy faith alone is worthy of martyrs! Thou art bound by the laws of the church to obey thy sovereign as well as thy master." And he gave him a significant glance, which spoke volumes to the old man, who at once felt that the speaker was a friend.

For a moment he hesitated to reply, but re-assured by an almost

imperceptible sign from the pilgrim, answered in a tremulous voice:

"Father, if I could reconcile the two, I would not hesitate!"

Democritus, suppressing his joy at the turn matters had taken, now addressed Maroy:

"My son," observed he; "thou hearest what he says; shall I exhort him?"

Maroy, entertaining no suspicions of the pilgrim's real character, or of his intentions, and glad to avail himself of any means to gain his end, readily assented to this proposition, rejoicing at the new view the venerable father had taken of the case, half regretting, nevertheless, that he had not before sought to enlist him in his service, for he was impatient to get back to Paris, knowing well that D'Argenson's favor would be the price of his success. A few minutes passed thus, when Democritus once more advanced towards Maroy, saying:

"My son! The old man asks till to-morrow morning to consider!"

Convinced that nothing was to be gained by coercion, Maroy, after a moment's reflection, acceded to Jerôme's request, and having appointed the hour of nine to hear his final answer, left the hall, much to the relief of Democritus, who continued his conversation with Jerôme, until the agent charged with the night-watch of the château, intimated that it was time to retire. The old steward and his fellow-servants were then escorted to their chamber, the pilgrim being allowed to follow his own inclination, and to take up his quarters on the bench by the fire.

Fatigued as he was, he soon fell asleep, and had slumbered nearly three hours, when he was awakened by the pressure of a hand upon his shoulder; he started up, and recognised Jerôme.

"They are all asleep," said the old man; "follow me!"

Traversing the hall, Jerôme led the way along the passages of the southern wing, until they reached the western court in which the white tower was situated. When he came to the entrance, the old steward stopped, and removing one of the stones of the court yard, took up the long-sought key of the chamber containing the secret closet, to which he made the best of his way, followed stealthily by Democritus, neither daring to speak, lest the sound of their voice should betray them. Jerôme entered it first.

It was a small, octagonal room, used as a lumber-room, and was filled with a variety of miscellaneous articles, heaped up confusedly in every direction.

"Here!" said he, speaking to Democritus; "quick! should they discover our absence, all will be lost! My poor dear master!"

The philosopher extracted the packet of papers from the box, concealing them beneath his frock, and was about to restore it, when a sudden thought struck him. From an old book that lay on the table by the window, he tore out half the contents, and thrusting them into the box, locked it, and handed it to Jerôme, who comprehending the object of the artifice smiled as he replaced it in the

secret closet; they then retraced their steps, without exchanging a word.

At the time appointed next morning, Maroy received the box from Jerôme, and within an hour after, quitted the *chateau*. At noon, a venerable pilgrim might have been seen hobbling along the avenue leading from la Gâcherie on the by-road to Nantes. At four the next afternoon Democritus was once more in Lutetia. Maroy arrived at his destination a day later, *having experienced an unprecedented difficulty in procuring horses on the road.*

CHAPTER XLVII.

D'ARGENSON, MADAME DE MAINTENON, AND CHAMILLART.

The escape of Jacques, although it incensed and disconcerted the lieutenant of police to the last degree, did not discourage him, but increasing his hatred of the man, whetted his appetite for revenge, and quickened his ingenuity in devising some new stratagem to get him again into his power.

On returning to the Rue de St. Antoine, he found his men surrounded by the patrol and by a few of the inhabitants of this usually peaceful neighborhood; the latter awakened by the sudden outcry, and alarmed by the report of fire-arms, having hurried to the spot for the purpose of rendering such assistance as might be needed, whilst the former were busily employed in ascertaining the cause of the riot.

The presence of D'Argenson explained every thing.

Throwing himself into a large arm-chair, which he drew up before a blazing fire, as soon as he reached his hotel he soon became absorbed in gloomy rumination, venting his bile in a volley of execrations as he dwelt upon the events of the last few months, and especially upon the occurrences of that day, which had ended so glaringly to his discomfiture. The bell of the convent adjoining his residence chimed the hour for the morning *angelus*, yet he stirred not; dawn broke, and found him still in the same position; at last he roused himself from his morbid reverie, and hurrying on his cloak, hastened to his *bureau*.

Here he passed several hours examining divers packets of papers, and taking note of their contents, the occupation appearing to afford him considerable satisfaction; when his labors were completed, he returned the documents to their respective places, locked the door of his *bureau*, and putting the key into his pocket, set out for Versailles.

When the page announced his arrival, accompanied by a request to be forthwith admitted to a private interview with Madame de Maintenon, she was closeted in her apartment, in close conference with Monsieur Michel de Chamillart, who on quitting his majesty that morning after the *petit lever*, had repaired to her at her own request.

He was a man of three-score, with an open, benevolent countenance, and dark blue eyes sparkling with good humor; rather above the middle height, and thin of frame; was habited in the court costume of the period, and wore a black flowing wig frizzed all over his shoulders.

"What is the meaning of this, Chamillart?" said she, turning towards him, when the page had delivered his message.

The minister shrugged his shoulders.

"I had better see him," resumed she; "we may glean something that may relieve us from our embarrassment. What say you?"

Chamillart bowed, and replied:

"Perhaps it would be as well; I will retire;" and he arose for the purpose of withdrawing from the apartment.

"No, no!" ejaculated Madame de Maintenon, hurriedly; "remain, I would much rather you did!"

The minister inclined his body, and took up a standing position by the fire, his mistress—for such indeed she might be called—waving her hand to the page, as she gave the order for Monseigneur D'Argenson to be admitted.

The lieutenant of police appeared somewhat surprised when he found Madame de Maintenon not alone; but the gloom that for a moment darkened his countenance almost immediately vanished, his mouth becoming affected with a convulsive twitch intended for a smile, as he advanced towards the seat to which de Maintenon gracefully pointed, returning his compliments.

"Well, monseigneur," said she, smiling; "to what circumstance am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"The honor is mine, madame," replied he, ironically; "you are indebted for the visit to the occurrences of last night!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated she; "pray what connection may exist between them?"

"You appear to take great interest in the man Jacques, whom I arrested, and had conveyed to the Bastile," resumed D'Argenson, in a measured tone of voice; "I am come, madame to consult with you as to what is best to be done with him!"

Surprise struck Madame de Maintenon mute, nor was Chamillart less astounded, for in their ignorance that Jacques had been rescued from the hands of the lieutenant of police, and in their solicitude for his safety, knowing how much depended upon it, no announcement could have been more welcome or more unexpected, especially, coming from such a quarter. Moreover, Madame de Maintenon had utterly failed in interesting Louis in the spy's behalf; although she had urged D'Argenson's hatred of the man in proof of his sin-

ister motive for arresting him; but as this did not disprove the serious charge brought against him, the king saw in it only a stronger incentive on the part of his minister, to the exercise of that vigilance which had resulted in the discovery of Jacques' treason, nor was de Maintenon prepared to controvert the accusation, unconscious as she was of the basis whereon it rested. Her conversation with Chamillart that morning had turned chiefly upon the expediency of propitiating D'Argenson's favor as the only means of saving their agent from the fate that awaited him, but they had not arrived at any definite conclusion with regard to the best mode of bringing him over to their views, when the arrival of the lieutenant of police was announced.

Perceiving that Madame de Maintenon remained silent, and chuckling inwardly in anticipation of the success he hoped would result from the step he had taken, D'Argenson allowed a few moments to pass as if to enjoy her embarrassment, and resumed, slightly bowing to Chamillart:

"I am glad to meet Monsieur de Chamillart for once on an equal footing, though I did not expect to find him here."

"In plain terms, monseigneur," exclaimed Madame de Maintenon, "what *do* you mean?"

"In plain terms, madame," responded the lieutenant of police, "I have accused Jacques of treason; and in plain terms I do accuse you also and Monsieur de Chamillart of the same crime!"

There ensued a few moments of profound silence, during which De Maintenon and Chamillart interchanged glances of astonishment, seemingly inquiring one of the other what this accusation could signify; at length, the former personage once more addressed D'Argenson:

"The accusation is a bold one, monseigneur," said she, "and were it not that I have a certain respect for you as the first magistrate of this empire, and some consideration for the courtesy due to you as my visitor, I should here bring our colloquy to a close. Your presumption astounds me!"

"I have not advanced one word, madame," replied D'Argenson, nothing daunted, "that I cannot substantiate!"

"I cannot conceive what monseigneur means!" observed Chamillart, taking a pinch of snuff.

"I have not the remotest suspicion," chimed in Madame de Maintenon.

The lieutenant of police gazed at them fixedly for a moment or two, and slowly withdrew from his pocket a small portfolio, from which he extracted a scrap of paper; slightly bowing to the consort of Louis Quatorze, he said, inquiringly and with matter-of-course courtesy:

"Have I your permission, madame?"

Madame nodded affirmatively, watching D'Argenson's movements with much disquietude, but greater curiosity.

"You must know, madame," resumed the lieutenant of police,

occasionally looking at the paper he held in his hand, "that somewhere about the commencement of November last, I received information that a stranger, disguised as a capuchin friar—"

Madame de Maintenon slightly started, as did Chamillart, on hearing this circumstance alluded to, both simultaneously inferring the nature of the communication that D'Argenson was about to make; the latter perceived the movement, and mistaking its cause, stopped short, saying:

"I beg pardon, madame! Have I alarmed you?"

"Not at all," answered the lady; "pray continue!"

The lieutenant of police bowed, and resumed, referring to the paper for his cue:

"— disguised as a capuchin friar, had been seen lurking about in the vicinity of the Carmelites. As I could procure no clue to him, I commissioned Jacques to watch his movements and report them to me. This he did for some time; he was at last tracked to the hôtel of Monsieur de Chamillart, and the fact ascertained that he came from Madrid!"

Here the speaker fixed his eyes upon the personage in question, who, becoming embarrassed, had recourse to his snuff-box; not a muscle of Madame de Maintenon's fine countenance moved. D'Argenson continued:

"At this period circumstances occurred that led me to distrust Jacques, and I set other agents to watch this friar; through them I discovered that he was in the habit of visiting Versailles, and on such occasions entered the small park by the private gate. Need I tell you, madame, whom he came to see?"

"It is not absolutely necessary," answered de Maintenon, slightly smiling.

"Well, madame," resumed the former speaker; "I instituted stricter inquiries, and learnt that his name—or rather the name by which he chose to be known—was Father Pierre Simon!"

"You surprise me, monseigneur," exclaimed Madame de Maintenon, with a look and an accent of astonishment admirably well feigned; "is not his *real* name Simon?"

And the fair interrogator's face wore, as she spoke, an expression of artlessness so true to life and nature, that D'Argenson, skilled as he was in reading the human countenance, was deceived and perplexed.

"Your astonishment, madame, may be real or not; the sequel will prove which; this much I can say with regard to the capuchin friar, that I have acquired the certitude of his name being feigned."

"Nay, then," asked the lady, with animation; "what *is* his name?"

"Candor obliges me to confess, madame, that I do not know!"

De Maintenon felt relieved of an immense load. D'Argenson continued:

"But listen to what I have further to say. As neither yourself nor Monsieur de Chamillart thought proper to treat me with the

courtesy due to me as a colleague—pardon my placing you in this category, madame—and unknown to me to receive a stranger coming from so suspicious a quarter as Madrid, with which court our relations are not of the most amicable kind, and this, notwithstanding that you were perfectly aware it is my province to know the business of every inhabitant of this city, whether a visitor or a resident, I say, that conceiving this conduct to arise from some other cause than a wish to slight me, I determined to arrest this man in order to surprise your secret in spite of your precautions—"

"Oh, monseigneur!" ejaculated Madame de Maintenon, in reproachful accents, and holding up both her hands.

"However," continued the lieutenant of police, regardless of the interruption; "in this I was forestalled! Jacques by some means procured intelligence of my intentions, and contrived to rescue the friar from the hands of the men whom I had commissioned to arrest him, as he was on his road hither. This occurred about two months ago, since which time the capuchin has never been met abroad, though I have positive information that he is concealed somewhere in the *quatier St. Jacques!*"

"But, monseigneur," remarked Chamillart putting in a word for the sake of saving appearances, "all this does not amount to treason!"

"Ah, indeed!" retorted the other; "the treason, monsieur, was in the motive for which you held such frequent conferences together!"

Ignorant as were both Madame de Maintenon and Chamillart of the precise nature of the offense with which the spy was charged, though both doubted its being a treasonable act, their anxiety to behold the proofs which the letters alluded to, was sufficiently strong to satisfy D'Argenson that they were deeply implicated in the secret plot—whatever its nature—to which he had so surreptitiously obtained the clue, and this circumstance, added to his belief that he now held them in his power, strengthened him in the resolution he had taken of forcing them to admit him into their confidence in spite of their own reluctance.

"I have discovered a plot, madame," continued he, apparently taking delight in tantalizing her and Chamillart, by leaving the letters a little open, "in which you both play a prominent part!"

"Well, monseigneur," observed Madame de Maintenon, with consummate coolness, though with something of raillery in her tone; "I have listened to your tirade very patiently, and only that I pity the error into which you appear to have fallen, I could in good truth laugh out right heartily! Presuming, however, for the sake of argument, that I *am*—but mind, I do not admit the fact—I say, presuming that I *am* mixed up in some plot which is to end by overthrowing the monarchy, or by some other dreadful political earthquake, and that I should refuse to take you into the triumvirate, what would you do?"

"Refuse, and you shall know, madame," was the laconic reply.

"Then, monseigneur," rejoined de Maintenon, "I do assure you

I am utterly ignorant of the *treason* you allege against me! Your proofs are there, say you? Let me look at them!"

At this moment there entered a page, who brought in a small sealed paper upon a salver, and handing it to Madame de Maintenon, withdrew.

The lady opened the note, and read it, without changing countenance, then passed it to Chamillart, treading on his foot to warn him against betraying his feelings. The minister understood the hint, and after perusing the missive, restored it to its legitimate owner, with whom he exchanged a slight smile; the billet was couched in these terms:

"MADAME,—I am safe. I was rescued from D'Argenson's hands when within a stone's throw of the Bastile, whither I was being conveyed. I take the earliest opportunity of informing you of the fact. A messenger shall leave this city for Madrid this evening, as agreed upon between you and Father Simon. I have my eye upon the man. I can depend upon him. JACQUES."

Conceiving the message to relate to some private matter between themselves, D'Argenson waited until they had read it, and in reply to Madame de Maintenon's request, said, taking up one of the letters:

"With your permission, madame, I will read this aloud."

De Maintenon gave her assent, and D'Argenson read, aloud, the contents of the letter abstracted from the packet addressed to the private secretary of the Archbishop of Paris, which, as will probably be remembered, bore a subscription to the Archbishop of Tolédo, and came from Cardinal de Janson at Rome.

De Maintenon listened with well-feigned astonishment, and as the lieutenant of police, burst out with the exclamation:

"Astonishing!" adding, "pray read the other, monseigneur!"

Great an adept as was D'Argenson in dissimulation of every kind, de Maintenon's air and tone were so truthful that he began almost to doubt his own conviction of her participation in the plot he sought to unravel: he looked at her fixedly to note any change that might become apparent in her countenance, but it remained immobile as marble, and expressive only of profound mystification and surprise: Chamillart, meanwhile, was assiduous in his attentions to his snuff-box.

"This letter," resumed the lieutenant of police, looking up at the minister as he unfolded the second missive, "is addressed to Monsieur de Chamillart!"

"Monseigneur!" exclaimed Madame de Maintenon, interrupting him; "there is treachery somewhere! Those letters evidently refer to some important transaction, but of which I am entirely ignorant; I will also answer for Monsieur de Chamillart! How came they in Jacques' possession?"

D'Argenson, unprepared for this *contre-coup*, actually trembled from head to foot with disappointment and perplexity; he answered:

"I know not, madame!"

"Then, monseigneur, you must discover! Knowing Jacques to have intercepted the correspondence of his majesty's ministers, as you doubtless did last night, you were right to arrest him! This is treason of the worst kind! But of this crime I solemnly swear both myself and Chamillart are innocent!"

"But this Father Simon, madame! You have received him privately, at all times!"

"What a poor foundation for such a grave accusation as that you allege against me, monseigneur! You say Father Simon is Archbishop of Toledo! According to this letter he is also a Cardinal—but I knew him, and know him still, only as a holy man of edifying conversation, with whom and the venerable Pére la Chaise, I love to pass an hour apart from the turmoil and gayety of the court!"

"He was twice seen at Monsieur de Chamillart's hôtel, madame."

"Had he been watched out with as much care as he was, apparently, watched in, monseigneur, you would have known that upon both occasions he accompanied Monsieur de Chamillart hither!"

"But this letter," observed D'Argenson; "what says Monsieur de Chamillart to it?"

"I know nothing about it," answered the latter, with desperate earnestness, and taking snuff in abundance.

"And of those that must have preceded it?" asked the other eyeing him intently.

"Nothing at all," responded Chamillart, looking at his mistress, who rewarded him for this diplomatic lie by a kindly smile of encouragement.

"*Tonnerre-dieu!*" muttered D'Argenson.

"I should say, monseigneur," suggested de Maintenon, following up the advantage she had gained, "that Jacques must have intercepted the whole correspondence that preceded these two letters, since we know nothing about it!"

'Yes, madame; doubtless," stammered the mortified lieutenant of police, hardly knowing what to say: "I will lay the whole matter before the king."

There followed a brief pause, which neither Madame de Maintenon nor Chamillart sought to interrupt, perceiving that the lieutenant of police had yet something to say, though apparently reluctant to speak; at length he again addressed them:

"May I hope, madame," observed he, with some embarrassment, "that the trivial differences which have hitherto existed between myself and you and Monsieur de Chamillart, are at an end? We can mutually aid one another; but any rivalry must prove detrimental to all! I can be a staunch friend, or a bitter enemy? Is it peace or war?"

"Oh, peace, monseigneur, peace," answered Madame de Maintenon, smiling.

"By all means, peace," echoed the minister, smiling too.

"Peace be it, then, madame," exclaimed D'Argenson, chuckling over the compact, which he considered a master-stroke of policy; "I will sift this plot to the bottom, and we will conjointly share the triumph of the discovery! Could I but catch this Father Simon, I would make short work of it! Pray madame, when did you see him last?"

"Oh, some time ago," responded de Maintenon evasively.

"Never mind! we shall trap him yet!" cried the lieutenant of police, refolding the letters and replacing them in his portfolio; "I will set a watch for him! He shall not evade me the next time he comes hither!"

"And Jacques, monseigneur," said the lady; "you come to consult me how to dispose of him? What will you do with *him*?"

"*Hang* him, madame!" responded the lieutenant of police, about to depart.

"I *would*, monseigneur;" remarked she.

"I will, madame;" retorted D'Argenson, grating his teeth, as he mentally added: "if I catch him again."

"I gave orders for him to be taken to the Bastile, last night; he should now be there!" and with this he bowed to her and to Chamillart, and abruptly took his leave, muttering to himself as he departed:

"Fools! I have fairly out-witted them this time! I have got the game into my own hands, and will keep it! Poor dupes!"

"Well, Chamillart," said de Maintenon as D'Argenson quitted the apartment; "is not this an unexpected stroke of good-fortune?"

"It is indeed, madame! But how about Monseigneur de Toledo! He promised to be here at noon to-morrow!"

"He must not on any account come to Versailles, Chamillart! It would not be safe! You must warn him immediately on your return to Paris! You can depend upon your messenger of course!"

"As upon myself, madame!"

"Jacques must be made acquainted with all that has occurred this morning," resumed Madame de Maintenon.

"I am almost of opinion that it would be prudent to inform his majesty of what we have in hand," remarked the minister; "D'Argenson may forestall us; besides, the step would guarantee us against future mis-chances of this kind!"

"Leave the matter in my hands, Chamillart! I have set my mind upon accomplishing this great task unassisted! The king can conquer empires only by force of arms! He cannot condescend to the thousand trickeries of diplomacy! Did he suspect the agency that is at work, and that will in all probability assure us the victory, his pride would not suffer him to profit by it! He has already failed himself, and would never pardon us for succeeding! A great, a glorious triumph alone would reconcile him to it, but the triumph must be achieved first! No, no, Chamillart!"

Now Chamillart's conscience was more tender than this part of the anatomy of a minister is usually found to be, and smote him

very hard as he was about to acquiesce in his mistress's condemnation of the personage in question for prevarication, stifling his words in their birth; whether Madame de Maintenon's conscience was affected with a similar nervous twinge at the same moment, it is not possible to affirm, but certain it is that their eyes met, and had not sooner met than the countenance of each became slightly flushed, and an awkward, though brief pause ensued, which the lady broke:

"I think we understand each other, Chamillart," said she, holding out her hand, a faint smile playing about her eloquent mouth; "in diplomacy the end justifies the means! Let me see you again as soon as any near circumstance transpires!"

The minister took the fair hand extended to him, and pressing it respectfully to his lips, bowed and withdrew. Madame de Maintenon looked after him as he disappeared, and resting her elbow upon the table and her cheek on her hand, sunk into a reverie that lasted for nearly an hour. When she arose her eyes were a trifle humid, and her cheek, flushed, and with a deep sigh she ejaculated, at the same time applying her hand to the bell:

"Would that Louis Quatorze could be Louise Onze, without being less than Louis Quatorze! This question had long since been settled, and I should have been spared much anguish of mind!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE RETURN OF THE MESSENGER.

The success of the artifice D'Argenson had employed to overreach Madame de Maintenon and Michel de Chamillart, and the advantage he flattered himself he had thus obtained over them, in some measure compensated for the bitterness of his disappointment at the unexpected rescue of Jacques, whose re-capture, however, he looked upon as eventually certain.

The late incidents at the *Cep-de-Vigne* had indeed all at once afforded him a new clue to the secret haunt of the spy—a clue he had long sought in vain, and which, indeed, he would not now have procured had he depended solely upon the vigilance of the agents at first employed to track him, all of whom belonged to the confraternity of Lutetians, whose existence D'Argenson did not even suspect, and of whose fidelity he in consequence entertained no doubts until the spy's continual evasion of the many snares laid to entrap him, raised vague surmises in his mind that all was not right. His suspicious once awakened, he did not rest until he had devised a mode of baffling the treachery he conceived to be practised, and the first grand result of his new measure was the tracking of

Jacques to Maitre Chopin's establishment, the issue of which is known.

The presence of the spy at Madame de Maintenon's masque was an event D'Argenson never contemplated, and the opportunity for arresting him with *éclat* was one too good to be neglected; he considered it as a stroke of good fortune, and exulted in it the more that it came unexpectedly; hence his great mortification at Jacques' subsequent escape, the secret agency through which it was effected remaining to him a paradox.

With regard to the baron and his daughter Julie, his mind was at rest, so far as the villainy that lurked there would allow; he held them in his power, entirely, and only deferred striking the final blow that he meditated, in order that his vengeance should be the more complete.

But in the midst of his self-congratulations, a dark cloud shed a gloom over his mind; he was uncertain as to the fate of the young Count de St. Angin.

On the same day that Schwillwein—then only a color-sergeant in one of the infantry regiments of the line—delivered to the care of Gertrude Leroux the midwife, the infant that D'Argenson had commissioned him to bring to Paris, a letter arrived addressed to this female containing certain instructions relative to the disposal of the child; she read them, but shuddered as she read: they were, however, peremptory. Comply with them she could not, nor durst she refuse, for fear of exciting the displeasure of the young 'Seigneur D'Argenson, lest in revenge he should inform the king's Procuratory, or the Lieutenant Criminal, of sundry misdemeanors committed by her in the course of her professional career of which he had by some untoward circumstance obtained cognizance, and the penalty of which was infamous to the last degree. In this dilemma she resolved upon a middle course. Stripping the child of every article he possessed, and that might lead to a discovery of his identity at a future day, she gave him other clothing, and after keeping him for a few days—still wavering in her purpose—one night administered to him a narcotic, and whilst he was asleep, carried him, beneath her cloak, to a distant part of the city, and laying him down in a door-way, abandoned him. Her next care was to inform D'Argenson, that "*his child had died suddenly one night in convulsions.*" Fortunately for her, he did not return to Paris for some years, or in spite of her artifice she might have been discovered, for he was not a man to be easily cheated; as it was, he believed the child dead, and acted accordingly. Some time after, Gertude Leroux disappeared from the neighborhood, and was never heard of again.

But D'Argenson, notwithstanding that he had no reason to doubt the midwife's word, still entertained a vague presentiment that the child was living, and like the Baron de St. Auney, though from motives far different, clung to the presentiment as if it were a fact, until he almost believed in the reality of his imaginings. This

feeling grew stronger when the events recounted in these pages occurred; still it was only a presentiment; yet so much more definite, so all absorbing, that he began to act upon it as a truth, enlisting Jacques in the service. What Jacques did is known; it remains to be told how that D'Argenson himself one day met St. Marcel face to face; how he was struck with the young man's features, for they were those of Constance de St. Auney, which remained too deeply engraven on his memory for her living likeness to cross his path unnoticed. He saw him again, and again, and each time his conviction was stronger. On the morning that he met him at the gate of the Luxembourg gardens, he had just seen Jeanne de St. Auney; Julie and the baron only a few days before. The family resemblance was too striking to be mistaken; besides, he had not forgotten the late Count's face, nor his keen eye: thus his suspicion amounted almost to certitude. He at once set a watch upon him, and by a reference, to the army-books, traced the young man's military career, backwards, to a few months antecedent to the battle of Fleerus, when he first entered the ranks, having abandoned the drum for the musket. But here his investigations were effectually checked. The names of the various regiments he had served in had been changed, and some of the regiments themselves either disbanded or re-formed; he next instituted inquiry amongst his former comrades, and ascertained the important fact that St. Marcel was a foundling, and had been an *enfant de troupe*.

In the hope of procuring other information concerning the baron and his family, or some more positive clue to the identity of the young Count de St. Angin; for notwithstanding his strong presentiments, D'Argenson was not certain that St. Marcel was he; Maroy had been despatched to *Château la Gâcherie* upon the faith of Jerôme's postscript.

The contents of the box D'Argenson knew to be important, from the fact of the baron having intended to bring them to Paris, hence he looked forward to the arrival of his messenger with the greatest impatience, wondering much what could delay him so long on the road; nor was he less vexed to find that St. Marcel had not yet been taken, though six whole days had now elapsed since the issue of the *lettre de cachet* against him.

He had been intently engaged the whole day at his *bureau* receiving the reports of his various emissaries, and entering them, as usual, in his book; it was growing dusk, but instead of lighting the lamp, he threw a log of wood on the fire, and drawing his large arm-chair before the cheerful blaze, fell into a drowsy reverie induced by fatigue and the warmth together, but from which he was aroused by a light knock at the door.

In obedience to his peremptory order to "come in," the door opened, and a small boy made his appearance, who, on entering saluted the lieutenant of police with a low bow.

"Ah! 'tis thou, Germain!" said the latter, in a more kindly tone than was usual with him, but eyeing the boy askance; "well?"

The lad was about eleven or twelve years of age, alert in his movements, with an ingenuous face and a frank smile; his eyes were sharp, and wandered restlessly about, nor seemed at all affected by the steady gaze of the official in the chair; he was poorly dressed, though cleanly, and stood boldly erect as he answered:

"Yes! 'tis I!"

"Thou hast brought me news, of course, Germain?"

"Of course!" was the brief response.

"Well! what hast thou to say?"

"I didn't begin to watch till night! But I didn't see anything particular, till twelve o'clock, when a cavalier walked into Chopin's, and they had wine together! I crept up to the door to listen to what they said, but I couldn't hear! Just as I was getting closer up, Chopin saw me and cried out. The cavalier turned about to see who it was, but I was off and so he didn't find me out."

D'Argenson wrote as the boy gave his account, and inquired if he knew the cavalier?

"Yes!" answered the boy; "it was monseigneur the Duke of Chartres!"

"The Duke of Chartres!" reiterated D'Argenson; "art thou sure?"

"Yes! I scrambled after the money that he threw amongst the crowd, the day before, and I heard the people cry out, '*Vive le Duc de Chartres!*'"

"Go on, boy," observed the lieutenant of police, writing.

"Why, I told you I didn't begin watching till night, but I began early on Wednesday morning, and kept at it till I was tired, and then I asked Paul to watch for me whilst I went to sleep! While I was asleep he saw a fine coach drive up to Chopin's door, and two masquers get into it; two friars!"

D'Argenson started.

"The coach drove away," resumed the lad; "and in about an hour or so came back? The two friars got out of it, and with them a young officer; one of *them* that always go with the king!"

"The musketeers," ejaculated D'Argenson to himself; "this is singular indeed! Could it have been St. Marcel!" Here he looked at the boy, and said, "Keep a good look out. Is thy mother better?"

"Yes!" replied Germain; "since you gave me that piece of gold to watch Chopin's house, she has had food to eat, and *that's* made her better! But Chopin's been very good to us all, and I don't like to watch him so! You don't want to harm him do you? Because if I thought you did I'd tell him of it?"

"No, no, boy! I don't wish him harm! I wish to serve him? Don't say anything to him, or thou wilt get him into trouble!" and he added in a *carneying* voice; "Thou wouldst not like to see a friend in trouble, eh, Germain?"

The boy bowed and left the apartment.

The lieutenant of police began pacing the apartment, occasionally uttering exclamations of impatience or of exultation according

to the tenor of his meditations; at last he stopped short before the fire and turning his back to it, crossed his hands behind him, and remained thus, for some time, entirely absorbed; a noise caused him to start; he raised his head; Maroy stood before him.

At sight of his emissary, a slight flush of anxiety tinged the saffron hue of his cheek, but it instantly subsided, as he ejaculated with a frown of discontent upon his brow; "*at last!*"

The emissary replied not a word; he even smiled at his employer's darkening visage, seeming to chuckle over his approaching triumph, and unfolding his cloak, handed him the box.

"This is well," observed D'Argenson, eagerly stretching forth his hand to receive the coveted treasure; "what passed?"

Maroy related everything circumstantially, from the period of his arrival at la Gâcherie to that of his departure therefrom, his employer listening with great attention; then he added in conclusion:

"'Tis to the venerable pilgrim's counsels, more than to the threats I held out, that I owe the complete success of my mission!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

NUMBER TWO LA BERTAUDIERE. D'ARGENSON AND JULIE.

Julie's position in the Bastile remained unchanged; ever the same monotonous existence; the same almost absolute solitude. She was, however, no longer importuned by obtrusive visits at unseasonable hours, from Corbé and Riquelet, for although they still occasionally came into her cell under various frivolous pretexts, they entirely failed, thanks to the watchfulness of Ru, to catch her again alone, their joint artifices availing nothing against the dogged resolution of the *porte-clefs*, and the tenacity of the matron in remaining with her charge.

It may be conceived that the escape of St. Leu from the *calotte* of the same tower in which she was herself confined, could not remain a secret to her; and when on the following morning sister Bridget recounted the particulars of his escape, assuring her that he had, although wounded, effectually baffled his pursuers, she fell on her knees, and with sobs and tears thanked Him above to whose protecting hand her lover owed his safety, fervently praying that the same great power would continue to shield him from harm.

She had learnt of her father's re-incarceration only on the day of her interview with St. Leu, when the baron had been already six weeks a prisoner; for Jacques through whose medium Jeanne had

been enabled to convey this melancholy intelligence to her sister, had experienced the greatest difficulty in acquitting himself successfully of the mission he had voluntarily undertaken, owing to the extreme vigilance of the officers and the soldiers of the *chateau*.

Since the night of the baron's arrest the spy had not dared risk his person again within the walls, though still possessing a safe-conduct, his being at variance with the lieutenant of police rendering such a step hazardous to the last degree, this functionary having it in his power to annul the document without previous warning. By exciting his cupidity, the spy succeeded in converting the *porte-clefs* into a willing auxiliary, and he readily undertook to deliver the letters, thrusting them into his boots to evade the scrutiny of the officer, whose duty it was to search the person of those who passed the day out, immediately upon their return, and before they resumed their duties; Ru promised moreover, for certain considerations, to inform Jacques of whatever circumstances came under his observation, in order to do which they agreed upon the means to be adopted for eluding the vigilance of the authorities, and separated.

Julie's anguish was extreme on learning the fate of her father, and this was augmented by the necessity she was under, of appearing ignorant of it, her sister's letter enjoining her to the strictest secrecy on this score as much for their own and their father's sake. Still she could not stifle the impulse of nature, and implored Ru to admit her to her father's cell, or to allow her father to come to her's. Ru promised to do it, but St. Leu's escape caused a stricter watchfulness to be exercised over the unfortunate inmates that remained, so that it became utterly impossible for the *porte-clefs* to carry out his humane intentions.

Uncertain now as to her ultimate destiny, overwhelmed with grief at the melancholy position of her father, whom not even the sacrifice of her liberty had been able to save, looking forward to a change, from day to day, only to be daily disappointed, and from this state of suspense gathering the gloomiest forebodings, her health began rapidly to decline, nor could the well-meant, though common place condolences and comforting assurances of sister Bridget succeed in raising her drooping spirits.

One morning in the course of the week immediately after the occurrence of the events recounted in the last chapter, Ru suddenly entered her chamber, followed by D'Argenson.

The poor girl started, and shuddered on perceiving him, but as a gleam of hope shot through her brain, she exclaimed:

"Ah, monseigneur! You are come to release me!"

"Leave us," observed the lieutenant of police, turning abruptly round to Ru who stood in the door way; the man nodded; "go thou," continued D'Argenson, addressing sister Bridget who had retreated, trembling, into a remote corner; the matron dropped him a low courtesy, and casting a furtive look of terror at him as she scurried past, and a glance of pity upon Julie, who was gazing at his

dark countenance with mute amazement, she and the *porte clefs* quitted the apartment together.

A few moments of silence ensued, when the lieutenant of police, pointing to the chair Julie had just vacated, and placing another near it, commanded her to "*be seated.*" The trembling girl obeyed; D'Argenson sat down opposite to her, staring intently at her, without speaking; overcome with confusion and shame she burst into tears, sobbing.

"Thou didst ask me just now, fair Julie," spoke he, and with strange emphasis, "if I came to liberate thee."

Julie looked up.

"Well then, no!" continued the lieutenant of police; "'tis as well to tell thee so at once."

The broken spirit of the girl was roused by this brutal announcement, and though she turned deadly pale, her eyes gleamed with suddenly kindled indignation as she proudly rejoined:

"And pray, monseigneur, what is my crime, that I should be detained a prisoner here?"

"My hate," retorted he with frightful deliberation.

"Great God!" ejaculated she, starting up with terror as she heard this terrible revelation, and for the first time caught a glimpse of the horrid truth; "what have I done to merit such hate as yours."

"'Tis not thou, girl," responded he, seizing her by the arm and forcing her to resume her seat, "that hast done aught to arouse my hatred; 'tis thy father! 'tis thy father's sister!"

"My poor aunt Constance!" mournfully exclaimed Julie, "whom my dear father so often speaks of. Ah, monseigneur, can the dead not be forgiven?"

"Never!" muttered he; "never will I forgive her for scorning me, nor thy father for his insidious counsels to her I loved! But for him I might have been happy!"

"Monseigneur," observed the maiden, with great trepidation, "this is not a theme for my ears. I am no stranger to the unfortunate circumstance to which you allude, nor wish to dwell upon it! Yet, tell me, I implore you, why it should exercise so fatal an influence over my destiny, and that of our family?"

"Because" retorted he, with fearful energy, "my love turned to hate! Because, when Constance de St. Auney blighted my hopes, I swore by my patron, Saint Marc, that I would pursue relentlessly, and with unmitigated hatred, her and her's! That her enemies should be my friends, and her friends my enemies! Because I swore, that for counselling the act that destroyed my peace of mind, I would persecute thy father and his children even unto the grave! That I would not rest until I had seen him carried thither gray-haired with grief! That should his daughters love—ah, maiden, thou startest now—I would rob them of their heart's treasure, even as he was the means of robbing me of mine! Long did I wait for the day that should place him and his in my power! It has come, girl! Dost understand me?"

"No, monseigneur, no! I do not understand you," gasped the affrighted girl, petrified with horror as she listened to his portentous confession, and suddenly beheld her worst fears verified; "I surely misconceive you! You cannot mean what you say! It is not possible you can be so wicked—so cruel—so uncharitable! Oh, monseigneur! Pity, pity!" and clasping her hands she sobbed aloud.

"'Tis well," retorted he, nowise moved; "I see that thou dost understand! How like thou art to Constance! In thee I behold her, suing me for pity! I answer *thee*, as I would answer her, *no pity!* I have abjured it!"

"And was it for this," sobbed Julie, "was it to make a mockery of my anguish that you came hither? To torture me by cruel taunts, and more cruel threats? Oh, what horrid, fearful reality is this? Why cannot I die to escape this everlasting solitude?"

"Thou canst escape it without dying," muttered he, fixing his hyena-like eyes upon her till she quailed beneath the fixidity of his gaze; "the means are in thy power!"

"Speak, then, monseigneur," quickly replied she, her heart suspicionless of guile; "there is no sacrifice I would not make to—" she was unable to complete the sentence, for suddenly recollecting herself the blood mantled to her cheeks, and she held her peace.

"Go on," ejaculated D'Argenson, exulting in prolonging her confusion.

"No, monseigneur," she replied, after a brief pause, during which she partially recovered from her embarrassment; "'tis your turn to speak. You were about proposing conditions for my release!"

Without any attempt to disguise the nature of his propositions by a circumlocutory preamble, D'Argenson resumed:

"I once loved thy aunt Constance, but that love turned to hate! I have told thee how that from that hour I hated her and her's! But thou art like Constance, beautiful Julie, and though I hate thee, 'tis not on thine account, but on account of thy father! As my love for Constance turned to hatred, so may my hatred of thee change one day to love, so thou wilt consent to give me love for hate till I return thee love for love!" and seizing her hand he held it firmly grasped within his own, pausing for her reply.

"Know, monseigneur, that I prefer death to infamy such as this. If this dungeon be my only habitation until death, welcome *it*, but never—never, will I consent to purchase my liberty at so odious a price! Loose me, monseigneur, and be gone!"

D'Argenson loosed her hand, but compelled her to remain seated, for she had partly risen as she spoke, and whilst a hideous smile distorted his repulsive countenance, he replied:

"Thou art pronouncing judgment not upon thyself alone, fair girl, but upon thy father also! Know that he is again in my power! What say'st thou now?"

"My father, monseigneur," replied the maiden, sobbing, "would not accept liberty purchased by his child's dishonor."

"But the Count de St. Leu, girl; ha. ha! I have thee there."

"He has escaped, thank heaven," ejaculated Julie.

"Yes; but it is only for a while," resumed the lieutenant of police; "I am on his track, and he shall not, he cannot escape me!"

"But monseigneur," asked the poor girl, choking with emotion; "what has Leon done? He is guiltless of crime, I will answer for him!"

"So thou say'st now," answered he; "but so say not I! He raised his hand against his highness the Duke of Chartres—not only to murder, but to rob him!"

"What malice!" exclaimed Julie, casting a look of profound contempt upon her persecutor.

"Malice!" retorted he, laughing scornfully; "*mort-dieu!* Did not St. Marc see in his possession the very ring that he stole from his highness?"

"'Tis false," exclaimed the maiden, looking proudly at D'Argenson; "his highness stole the ring from Jeanne, but it was not St. Leu that attacked his highness on the Pont-Neuf. Here is the proof;" and she held out her hand, shewing the ring that St. Leu had restored to her.

"Ha!" gasped D'Argenson, taken by surprise. "By St. Marc, there is treason going on within! How knowest thou all this? And whence hadst thou that ring? Speak!"

"There is no treason, monseigneur," returned Julie, forgetting in her anxiety to save St. Leu, that she was compromising the friends who had served her.

"And what would Leon say to me, if to save his life, I gave up that which to him and to me is even more precious than life! Shame, monseigneur! Shame upon you for this infamy! I despise you."

Nowise abashed, D'Argenson burst out into a hideous laugh that made Julie shudder, and he now followed her to the place where she stood: she shrunk from him, but he grasped her by the arm, and attempted to drag her into the middle of the chamber: the poor girl uttered a shriek of mingled fright and pain, saying:

"I beseech you—I implore you, monseigneur, to leave me!"

"Fear nothing girl," answered he; "I will offer thee no violence; thou art in my power, and cannot escape me! I can wait until solitude has cooled thy anger, and then we may better understand each other! Know this, however, I have been only mocking thee! Hadst thou consented to my propositions, it should neither have saved thy father, thy lover, nor thyself! But thou shalt be mine yet! Mark that; *mort dieu!*"

"Never, never, monseigneur!" gasped Julie, covering her face with her hands.

"Wait!" retorted he. "But listen to me awhile! Thou dost remember seeing below, in the dungeon of the ditch, an old man!"

Julie shuddered.

D'Argenson continued.

"For five and twenty years he has inhabited no other dwelling!

For five and twenty years he has not seen the light of day, nor has the air of heaven fanned his cheek! No voice has echoed to him save his own! Well! such a fate shall be thy lover's—such a fate thy father's!"

"Oh, horrible, horrible! monstrous!" gasped the terror-stricken girl.

D'Argenson resumed:

"Thee I will keep too, in solitude similar to this, until thou canst no longer bear the burden of thine own thoughts! To escape them and be once more free, thou wilt at last grant to me that which thou dost now deny me! Thou wilt cast thy arms about my neck, even as thou dost around thy lover's and wilt call me by his name!"

"Great and merciful Father!" ejaculated she, appalled by the fearful threats of her persecutor; "is there no punishment for infamy like this? Preserve us from this monster, or we are lost indeed!"

How awful did the blasphemous chuckle sound that followed the poor girl's short but fervent prayer.

"To-morrow," said he, striding up to her, "sister Bridget shall leave thee! To-morrow, thy cell shall be cleared of everything that it contains! Thou shalt have nothing to beguile the long hours, save thine own thoughts! No companion in thy solitude, not even a fly or a spider! Look around thee! Thou art in thy grave!"

Poor Julie's fortitude could not bear up against the frightful reality of the picture that D'Argenson had drawn, and sinking on her knees again as he turned away to leave her, she exclaimed:

"I do implore you, for the love you say you once bore to my deceased relative, not to consign me thus to a living death! I am too young to suffer so much! hear me, monseigneur! Spare us, for we have done you no harm! Spare us for mercy's sake! Do not call down upon your head the malediction of heaven! Spare us, and our prayers shall be for you."

D'Argenson looked for a moment at the beautiful suppliant that clung almost to his feet, but it was only to chuckle at her anguish: he frowned as he smiled, answering:

"I ask for no one's prayers! Thine to me are unavailing! I would not spare thee though it cost me my salvation! By St. Marc I would not! Thou shalt die here!" and with this he abruptly quitted the chamber.

"O God!" ejaculated Julie, as the iron-hearted man disappeared; she fell to the ground in a swoon.

CHAPTER L.

RU DEFEATS D'ARGENSON'S MEDITATED VILLAINY AGAINST JULIE.

The lieutenant of police had scarcely quitted the cell than Ru and sister Bridget re-entered it, having been, during this interview, snugly ensconsed between the outer and the inner doors, so that not a word escaped them.

"I told thee so," said the *porte-clèfs*, pointing to the prostrate girl and hastening to assist sister Bridget to raise her; "I knew he meant mischief!"

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Bridget, endeavoring to restore the maid by the application to her temples of a handkerchief steeped in cold water.

"Hold up the glass," continued Ru, taking a small phial from his pocket, which he uncorked; "this is a safe dose! No smell!" and he emptied the contents of the phial into the glass.

"I think she is reviving," whispered Bridget.

"Give it to her then as she comes to," said Ru, in the same tone; "she wont suspect anything!"

"I am afraid," answered the matron; "thou do it!"

"Fool," muttered Ru, between his teeth; "so that we save her from Monseigneur D'Argenson, does it matter by what means? But see; she moves!"

Julie now opened her eyes, and after a vacant stare around, shuddered, exclaiming in a faint voice: "Where am I?"

"With sister Bridget and Ru, mademoiselle," responded the matron.

"Oh, yes! I recollect now," observed Julie, sitting up. "Thank heaven!"

"Take a drink of water, mademoiselle," suggested the *porte-clèfs*, winking to the matron; "Bridget, hand the glass to mademoiselle!"

With trembling hand and anxious eye, Bridget did as she was bid, turning deadly pale, as Julie unsuspectingly received the vessel, and drank off the whole of its contents, returning the glass to Ru.

For a few moments the unfortunate girl seemed to revive, and rose for the purpose of approaching the fire, when she staggered, and sunk back again into her chair:

"Oh, Bridget—Ru—" said she, "I—I am very ill! Great heaven—what is this? How every thing turns round! Save me! I am falling," and she clutched the chair with nervous energy, as though to save herself from being precipitated forwards; "I surely—cannot be dying! And yet—this darkness! Fetch my father—I beseech you! Let me—embrace him once! Oh, 'tis too late! I am going—Oh, Leon! Jeanne! Sister—dear sister! Father!—Leon—oh—"

All was over: the poor girl sunk back lifeless in the chair! Covering her face with her hands, sister Bridget burst into tears: Ru looked at the now inanimate form before him, shook his head, lifted up his hands, and approaching Bridget, said:

"Not a word now, Bridget, or—no money, and—" here he shook his huge fist at her in a menacing manner, nodding his head significantly. "I'll wait half an hour or so," continued he, "before I give the alarm. I'll say that after monseigneur left her, we found her in a fit, and that she went off in one?"

As this arrangement appeared perfectly satisfactory to the matron, Ru left her with this understanding, and in about half an hour made his report to the officer on duty, who apprized Monsieur de Joncas, who in turn informed Corbé, and the latter communicated the intelligence to St. Marc.

The governor immediately forwarded an official message to Monseigneur D'Argenson, which, however, he did not receive until night-fall, not having returned to his *bureau* until late. The news came upon him like a thunder-bolt; he read the letter twice before he could credit the fatal truth.

At about eleven o'clock that night, after the garrison of the Bastile had retired, and the watch had been set, Ru might have been seen making the best of his way towards the garden on the bastion; the sentinels on the round-away, to whom he was well known, allowed him to pass without questioning him; but one of them, more scrupulous than the rest, demanded whither he was going:

"I've lost the key of the little gate," responded he, very readily, "and I am going to look for it."

"Oh!" said the sentinel, and permitted him to go on.

Ru reached the little gate in question, and pulling out from his pocket the key he pretended to have lost, stooped as though looking about for it on the ground, with a view the more completely to deceive the vigilant sentinel who had so recently interrogated him; after a few moments spent thus, he watched an opportunity, when the man's back was towards him, to open the gate, and step through it into the garden on the bastion.

Proceeding boldly along, for there were no sentinels here, he reached the mamelon, and laying flat upon the ground, gave a low whistle, something resembling the *whoo whoo* of an owl; for a minute or so he waited, but receiving no reply, he repeated the signal; this time it was answered. Upon this the *porte-clefs* took from the pocket of his jerkin a small paper parcel, to which a long thin cord was attached, and began lowering it over into the great outer ditch, having first cast it adroitly over the *chevaux-du-frize*. A short interval elapsed, when the same low whistle was again heard; Ru then drew up his string, replaced in his pocket, and wended his way back by the same road he had come.

On the following night as the clock chimed the hour of nine, a funeral procession left the Bastile; it was composed of two priests, who walked first, then the body of Julie, borne by six soldiers of

the garrison, then Ru and a man closely muffled in a cloak, who had arrived at the Bastile about a quarter of an hour before, accompanied by the priests. It went slowly onwards until it reached the church of St. Paul, where it was met by another priest, who was waiting at the gate of the cemetery to receive it, and who, as the mournful *cortége* entered the holy portal, fell in the last, carefully closing the door after him.

The body having been placed *on the ground* within the choir, the priests began to solemnize the ritual of the dead, and by taking up the reponses from each other's mouth almost before they were uttered, and omitting to observe the stops, scrambled through the ceremony in an incomparably brief space of time. This done, Ru and the man in the cloak followed the two priests into the sacristy; here one of them took out a book from a closet, together with writing materials, and, seating himself at the table, made an entry.

"The name, monseigneur?" said he, addressing the man in the cloak.

"Francoise Lemoine!" replied the latter.

"What age?" resumed the other.

"Seventeen!" was the brief response.*

The priest having concluded the entry, handed the pen to the man in the cloak, who signed his name at the bottom, as did Ru, the priest signed last, the book was restored to the chest, and the four returned to the church.

During this time the soldiers, directed by the third priest, had removed the coffin to the trap that opened into the vaults beneath; as the principal personages approached they commenced lowering it, two of them having gone below for the purpose of placing it out of the way. As this operation was being performed, the man in the cloak leaned over, and gazing at the coffin as it gradually disappeared, muttered, with a savage chuckle of fiendish satisfaction:

"One of them!"

This man was D'Argenson.

As soon as their task was accomplished, the soldiers came out of the vault, and the trap was carefully readjusted, the third priest fastening the same by means of a heavy padlock; the parties then quitted the church without exchanging another word—the soldiers and Ru returning to the Bastile, the priests to their respective domiciles, and D'Argenson to his hotel.

Julie de St. Auney was reckoned amongst the victims of the Bastile.

About half an hour after the departure of the above mentioned personages, two men emerged from behind one of the large tombs that graced the cemetery attached to the church, where they had

* No prisoner who died in the Bastile, was ever interred but under an assumed name. The man with the Iron Mask was enregistered under the cognomen of "Marchiali," which forms the anagram "Hic Amiral." Amiral (Admiral) was the title always borne by the oldest son of the kings of France.

been quietly concealed up to this moment; one of these men carried a dark lantern concealed beneath his cloak, the other a mattock, an iron-bar, and a huge bunch of keys, of various kinds and dimensions. Advancing with cautious tread to one of the side-doors of the sacred edifice, the one who carried the keys commenced operations upon the lock, and after trying a long time in vain, at last succeeded in unfastening it. They then entered the church, closing the door after them, and proceeded straight to the trap communicating with the vaults.

These men were Jacques and Democritus.

The vaults, extending entirely under the church, were divided into *aislets* or galleries, having stone niches for the reception of coffins; many of these had crumbled part away, leaving exposed the blanched remains of their occupants, whilst in one corner was a heap made up of human bones and skulls, iron-handles, rotten planks, old nails, screws, and pieces of stone that had fallen away from the walls, or had been dislodged by fracture; near this heap, in a niche by itself, having been placed there previously to its interment in the cemetery, lay the body of Julie enclosed in a shell, without plate or any other mark to distinguish it, except that burnt into the wood, a number and the letter B.

"That is it," said Jacques, as the light of his lantern fell full upon it.

Democritus nodded, and taking from his pocket a clasp-knife, began to remove the screws; within half an hour he accomplished his task, and the rigid form of the poor girl was exposed to the anxious gaze of the spy.

With a tear standing in his eye, the latter gently raised the body, supporting it in his arms whilst his companion filled the coffin with rubbish taken from the heap already mentioned; this done, he adjusted the lid, and screwed it down again, taking care to clear away all traces of this operation; they then returned to the church, Democritus ascending first, for the purpose of lighting Jacques up the stairs; arrived here, the former having deposited his lantern on the ground, dropped the flap that covered the entrance to the vaults, and padlocked it as before, whilst the spy conveyed his burden into the cemetery, where he was soon rejoined by Democritus. Casting his cloak over the body, Jacques led the way across the cemetery to a small gate that opened into the Rue St. Paul, to open which, by means of the false keys, was a matter of small difficulty, though great risk, for fear of discovery by the patrol. However, they accomplished their object without interruption; the philosopher relocked the door, and they both sped as rapidly as they could to Lutetia.*

* The Church of St. Paul mentioned above, though now no longer in existence was of great antiquity; the remains of those who died in the Bastile were always interred here, hence it was sometimes called "St. Paul la Bastile;" and here all traces of these unfortunates were lost.

Saint Owen, in his life of St. Eloi, says that the latter erected this building in the

CHAPTER LI.

THE NOTARY'S CONFESSION. D'ARGENSON'S TREACHERY.

A WORD or two now concerning Etienne Quinault, the notary of the *Rue vielle du Temple.*

From the day on which this crafty patron announced to him *the fact* of Chamillart having consented to his nomination to the important post of first judge of the *Cour Royale*, the old man's thoughts became totally absorbed in the prospect of his approaching elevation, and he looked forward daily, almost hourly, to the arrival of the official mandate that was to place him in possession of this high office, devouring his spleen in secret as day after day waned without his ambitious hopes being fulfilled.

Rendered suspicious by continual disappointment, he at last ventured to wait upon D'Argenson in order to ascertain the cause of the delay; D'Argenson affected surprise at the same, and pleaded ignorance, recommending the postulant to patience; but as week succeeded week without further news from the minister, Quinault repeated his visits, always to be dismissed with some specious, plausible reason, which if it did not entirely satisfy, served to reconcile him to the necessity of waiting Chamillart's convenience.

One morning as he was seated in his *étude*, intent upon examining a heap of dusty papers that had not, apparently, seen the light for many years, the old porter brought him a large square letter, bearing the seal of the minister.

How his small eyes glistened as they glanced at the superscrip-

year 650; it was then only a small oratory, covered with "lasmes de plomb" (small pieces of lead), and stood in the middle of a cemetery destined to receive the bodies of "three hundred nuns of the Abbaye of St. Martial," which, in 632, he had founded in the cité; but this Abbaye being annexed in 1107 to that of St. Maur aux Fossés, the cemetery and the oratory were likewise annexed to it.

In 1132 we find the first mention made of the Church of St. Paul as a parochial church, in a bull of Pope Innocent the II.; and Christine de Pisau, the fair historian of the 14th century, enumerating the edifices built by her royal patron Charles V., speaks also of the restoration of this one by him:—"Item L'Église de St. Paul, emprés son hostel, moult fit amender et accroistre." The alterations, however, were completed by Charles VII., and it formed for a long course of years the parochial church of the Hotel de St. Paul, and of the Palais des Tournelles, at that period the residences of the kings of France.

The old Church of St. Paul was demolished after the great revolution.

In the month of June, 1790, were buried in the cemetery, the bones of four persons found chained together in the dungeons of the Bastile. A monument was raised to their memory:

"Beneath the very stones themselves of thedungeons wherein they groaned, living, repose in peace four victims of despotism. Their bones, discovered and collected by their free brethren, will not rise again until the the day of justice to confound their tyrants."

tion! He trembled so violently, that he could scarcely decipher his own name, though written legibly enough! His long expected nomination was then at last confirmed! D'Argenson had *not* deceived him! Behold him, Etienne Quinault, first judge of the *Cour Royale!*

Gasping for breath, he sank into his seat, and tore open the letter. But what was in it that he turned so ghastly pale? that caused the cold sweat to stand out in large drops upon his brow? and tears—yes, tears—to roll down his shrivelled cheeks? He crumpled the missive up in his hand, and striking his forehead with his clenched fist, started up, and began pacing the chamber to and fro, but without uttering a word!

At last he stopped short, resumed his seat, and read the letter again; this done, he laid it upon the table, picked up the dusty papers he had let fall when the messenger entered, and having examined them, deposited them by the side of the letter; he then selected a key from a bunch that he took from his desk, and proceeded to open a large closet in the wall; another key, a very small one, very rusty, and of a peculiar form, applied to a square flap, fitting closely into the wood work, caused the same to fly open—disclosing a secret drawer, from which Quinault extracted another bundle of papers, as dusty as the former; he was on the point of relocking the closet, when he heard the door of his *étude* open; turning quickly round he saw Jacques standing there.

When the notary caught sight of this mysterious individual, he was seized with a fit of trembling, as upon a former occasion, and his countenance underwent a frightful change.

Jacques also fixed his eyes upon Quinault, with an expression of countenance difficult to pourtray.

"What dost thou want of me?" stammered the old man, as the spy strided across the room; "I have never harmed *thee?*"

"Sit down," replied Jacques, decisively, seating himself at the same time.

Quinault obeyed.

"Look at me, now," continued his visitor; "look at me steadfastly!"

The notary attempted to keep his eyes fixed upon the speaker, but hardly succeeded.

"Well," observed the spy; "thou hast seen me before!"

"I have," replied Quinault; "was it not thou who didst rob me of a hundred thousand crowns? Thy name is Jacques!"

"A word or two of truth, Maitre Quinault!"

"Speak!" replied Quinault, gradually regaining courage; "but tell me, dost thou come as a friend?"

"I will give thee a word of advice," answered Jacques, "which a foe would keep from thee. Beware of D'Argenson, for he is deceiving thee!"

"By heaven I thought so!" ejaculated the notary, casting his eyes upon the letter he had just received; "but how knowest thou this?"

"I *do* know it," observed the spy; "wouldst thou nave proof of the fact?"

"Yes! yes! give me proof!" cried Quinault, with painful earnestness of manner.

"Ere long," resumed Jacques, "thou wilt receive a letter from Monsieur de Chamillart, announcing his majesty's refusal to sanction thy nomination to the post of first judge of the *Cour Royale!*"

"'Tis here!" muttered the astounded notary in a scarcely audible voice; "it arrived scarcely half an hour ago! Thou hast told me truth indeed! Tell me now if 'tis to D'Argenson's treachery I am indebted for this!"

"It is, 'sieur notary! The very day after thou didst betray me to him—I speak of the affair of the bond—thy *friend*, thy *patron*, the lieutenant of police, sent an anonymous letter to Monsieur de Chamillart, pronouncing thee guilty of forging a will in thine own favor, purporting to be signed by thy late employer!"

"The traitor!" gasped Quinault, trembling from head to foot with rage.

"Answer my questions truthfully," resumed Jacques, "and I may perhaps save thee from the fate that impends over thee!"

"Say on, then, mysterious man," rejoined the hoary culprit; "and before heaven I swear to speak the truth! I will not die on a gibbet! I will live for revenge!"

"Peace!" cried Jacques; "with one foot in the grave, 'tis not a time to be brooding over plans of vengeance! Live if thou wilt, but let it be for repentance!"

"Thou knewest the late Count de St. Angin," resumed Jacques, after a pause, and looking fixedly at the notary.

"Name him not," stammered the latter, again turning pale; "I beseech thee name him not!" and covering his face with his hands, he sobbed convulsively.

"As thou wilt," said the spy, somewhat astounded at his agitation; "'tis only of his son I would speak at present!"

"Of his son!" exclaimed Quinault; "but go on! I listen!"

"It is now rather more than twenty-one years ago," resumed Jacques, "that Monseigneur D'Argenson wrote to thee requesting that thou wouldst keep thine eye upon one Gertrude Leroux, a midwife, who was to take charge of a male child that he intended to send to Paris from Tours.

"True," observed the notary; "she was then living in the Rue St. Antoine!"

"What became of her?" asked Jacques.

"She remained in the same domicile for nearly eleven years after that," replied Quinault; "until D'Argenson came to reside in Paris! Shortly after his arrival she disappeared!"

"I know *that!* but where did she go!"

"D'Argenson," resumed Quinault, "feared the woman, though I never knew why! To get rid of her, he caused her to be incarcerated in the Bastile! She is still there! After she had disappeared,

reports were circulated that she had killed her husband, because he was found dead in his bed on the very same morning!"

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the spy; "I have a clue at last! But there is yet another point, 'Sieur Quinault, on which thou must satisfy me! By certain letters which only very lately came into my possession, I have learnt that thy late master was the deceased Count de St. Angin's notary! When thou didst come into his business, the management of the Count's affairs necessarily fell into thy hands."

The spy perceiving his agitation stopped short, gazing earnestly at the old man as he sat trembling in his chair.

"Go on!" muttered he, at length, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, and making a sign to the speaker with his hand.

Jacques resumed:

"After the death of his Countess, the Baron de St. Auney's sister, the Count de St. Angin left the *château* of his ancestors for Paris, intending to travel until his grief had subsided! He was accompanied by a trusty servant; they both died of the epidemic then raging in this city! Tell me, at once, where they were buried!"

The spy's voice became more troubled as he spoke, and a tear stood in his eye; the emotion, however, was only momentary; he passed his hand across his brow, and looked at the notary in anticipation of his answer.

"Speak, man; speak!" said he, "what means this frightful silence? this fearful agitation? Has there been foul work? Answer me, or by heaven I will find a way to make thee!"

"Mercy! mercy!" ejaculated the old man, gasping as he spoke; "I will confess all, but do not harm me! I am old—"

"Confess then," shouted Jacques, now a prey to the most painful anxiety; "thou didst not murder them?"

"Mercy! mercy!" faltered Quinault.

"Monster! speak!" shouted Jacques; "his faithful servant! Thou didst not kill *him?*"

"For aught I know to the contrary he yet lives," replied the old notary.

"Lives, sayst thou?" exclaimed the spy, with a shout of joy; "oh! repeat those words! and I will bless thee yet!"

"Be calm, then," resumed Quinault, making a violent effort to appear so himself; "hear me to the end; I will tell thee all!"

"There," said Jacques, abruptly, reseating himself, and restraining his feelings as well as he was able. "I *am* calm! But be brief! Thy life hangs upon a thread!"

The old man paused a moment as if to collect his ideas, and began:

"I am guilty of the crime D'Argenson accuses me of! I *did* forge my employer's name to a will that I drew up in my own favor; D'Argenson discovered the cheat and taxed me with it; I was too young in crime and dissimulation to deny the fact, and acknowledged my offence: I preferred his protection and his friend-

ship with all the evils they entailed, to the gibbet, and became his tool, his instrument! Cursed be the day I saw him first!"

"To the point! to the point!" exclaimed the spy.

Quinault continued:

"About a fortnight before the Count de St. Angin came to Paris, I received a letter from D'Argenson; I have it still in my possession. One moment; I will get it."

Selecting a letter from the bundle of dusty papers he had taken out of the secret drawer already mentioned, he placed it in Jacques' hands, saying:

"Read! Read aloud!"

The spy took the epistle, and after looking at the superscription which was, "*To the 'Sieur Etienne Quinault, Public Notary, Successor to Paul Jardine, Rue vielle du Temple, Paris,*" opened it, and read it aloud: it ran thus, and was written in a firm hand:

* * * * * * *

"Nantes, this 25th day of July, 1675.

"'SIEUR QUINAULT:—Thou knowest the high opinion I entertain of thee, and the great value I set upon thy friendship; also how I can reward those who serve me, or lose those who offend. Mark me.

"Within a fortnight from this time, the Count de St. Angin purposes to leave this city for Paris, on his way to Switzerland via Bescancon. He has lost his wife, and intends to travel to dispel his grief, which is so intense, REPORT SAYS IT WILL BE THE DEATH OF HIM.

"Know, friend Etienne, that I mortally hate this man; why, is my business. If he were to die very suddenly at Paris, I should rejoice. This is not unlikely. The fever rages in the capital; suppose he were to catch it; eh? Dost understand me? Whatever papers he may bring with him, thou must secure.

"The count will be accompanied by one domestic only, to whom he is much attached. He too must be disposed of——"

At this part of the letter Jacques became so violently agitated, he was obliged to pause; he looked at Quinault, horror-stricken: the latter hung down his head, burying his face in his hands:

"Monsters of iniquity!" ejaculated the spy.

"Go on!" gasped the notary.

The spy resumed:

* * * * * * *

"—must be disposed of, if he prove troublesome: but leave him to me. I shall arrive at Paris on the same day as the count, for I shall follow him secretly. I wish to be near thee lest thou shouldst commit thyself. I send thee this letter that thou mayst be prepared.

"A word in conclusion. Remember that thy life is in my hands. Refuse my request, I will hang thee. Assist me, I am ever thine.

MARC RENE CHEVALIER D'ARGENSON.

"If thou shouldst not answer this letter, I shall consider the affair as agreed upon between us."

"And what didst *thou* do, wretch," demanded Jacques, breathless from excitement.

"I was not afraid to hang," muttered Quinault, not daring to look up, "and did *not* reply to the letter?"

The spy wiped the perspiration from his brow, and making a powerful effort to overcome his emotion, bade Quinault to continue.

"The Count de St. Angin," resumed the notary, "arrived in this city accompanied by his servant, within the time stated by D'Argenson in his letter. D'Argenson himself came to me in the evening, and we arranged together what we should do. Two days after, on the 9th of August,—oh, fatal day!—the count called upon me for the purpose of asking my opinion respecting the validity of a will he had himself drawn up before he left La Gacherie and which I understood him to say he had brought, as also to settle his affairs before he proceeded further on his journey. As it was not convenient for me to attend to him then, I pleaded urgent business, and appointed that evening to see him; with this understanding he left. As soon as he was gone, I went to D'Argenson, and told him what I had done. He agreed to come to me at eight o'clock; half-past eight was the time I had fixed to meet the count."

"Well! well!" observed Jacques, impatiently, perceiving that the notary paused.

"Well," continued the latter, "they both came. The count submitted the will to my perusal. By it, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to his son, constituting the Baron de St. Auney, the boy's uncle, his guardian, who, in the event of the heir's decease was to inherit the property, with entail upon his children. This latter clause was appended to the will in the form of a codicil. We conversed awhile upon these topics, and as the weather was excessively sultry I offered to the count a glass of wine and water. He accepted, and I stept into the other room to prepare it for him. D'Argenson was there. He had brought with him a small phial which he handed to me. It contained a subtle poison. He held the glass whilst I poured into it about a dozen drops of the drug. The wine effervesced for a moment, and turned whiter, but almost instantly resumed its original color. 'Fear nothing, friend Quinault,' said he to me, 'it is certain in its effects, and leaves no trace! No foolish scruples of conscience; thy life depends upon thy courage.' Nerving myself to accomplish the hideous task, I returned to the count. Would that I had drunk that fatal draught myself, as I was tempted: but it was not to be; I was too cowardly. The unfortunate nobleman unsuspectingly took the glass, and wishing me health and prosperity, drank off its contents to the very dregs. He must have noticed my agitation, for his eyes were fixed upon me; I fancied with suspicion. D'Argenson, impatient to witness the effect of the poison, had followed me to the door, and was watching me. As the count fell back in his chair, he rushed out. The dying man caught sight of him, and shuddered. He never spoke again."

Whilst Quinault detailed the circumstances of this cold-blooded crime, his features, as indeed his entire frame, were powerfully convulsed; in fact his whole appearance was perfectly unearthly. Jacques was also painfully excited, but still maintained a forced calmness of demeanor which offered a striking contrast to the agitation of his hoary companion:

"Just God!" ejaculated he, as the latter paused to recover himself; "can men prosper who are guilty of such crimes? But go on with thy tale of blood; I will hear it to the end!"

The notary resumed:

"A few minutes before he died," continued Quinault, upon whose memory the minutest detail of this horrid tragedy appeared indelibly impressed, "his servant, alarmed at his master's protracted absence, and knowing where he was, came to fetch him; it was nearly one o'clock! Never shall I forget his despair when he beheld the count in the agonies of death! He vowed that his master was poisoned, and that the body should be examined by competent authority. Indeed the case was black enough. I could not dissimulate the terror I experienced, when he boldly charged us with the crime; but D'Argenson remained undaunted. We passed the night with the body, the faithful domestic weeping like a child. Early next morning, D'Argenson went out; he remained absent until noon. Meanwhile, the count's servant summoned the resident *Juge de Paix*, to examine the body, but the apothecary's declaration was considered satisfactory regarding the cause of death, and in the evening the corpse was buried in the Church of St. Paul, the servant following it to the grave. Notwithstanding what had passed in the morning, however, he openly declared his suspicions that his master had come unfairly to his death. D'Argenson was with me at the time, in this very room, and whilst the man reiterated his charge against us, laughed in his face. That same night he disappeared!"

"This is too much," cried the spy, starting from his seat and clutching Quinault by the throat; "I can bear this no longer. Wretch! Monster! Assassin! That man was my father! Speak! Tell me what became of him, or by the great God of heaven, I swear I will with these hands drag thee to the gibbet foot, and hang thee! Speak! Speak I say!"

"The—the Bastile—" exclaimed the other, struggling.

"Great heaven!" ejaculated the spy; "and he lives sayst thou!"

"He was alive three months ago!" answered Quinault.

Jacques' passions were roused almost to frenzy by this terrible revelation; his father's sufferings during a quarter of a century passed in solitude, came home to him all at once, compressed within the space of one brief moment of time, accumulated in one dark picture that he took in at a glance; fearful were the workings of his fine countenance as he struggled against the violence of the conflicting emotions to which his bosom was a prey, but his anger at last burst forth in spite of him, and clutching the criminal now prostrate at

his feet, still more tightly by the throat, until the wretch's face grew livid and his eyes were well-nigh starting from their sunken orbits, he overwhelmed him with a torrent of maledictory epithets and at length lifting him bodily up from the ground, dashed him down again with tremendous force, and sinking into a chair covered his face with his hands, sobbing aloud:

"My father! My poor old father!"

The latter shrunk from contact with the wretch, who terrified by the expression of his face, and fearing the consequences of a second outbreak of his wrath, clasped his hands imploringly together, muttering in a husky voice:

"No, no! Don't kill me! I am old—very old—"

"Old as thou art," cried Jacques, "thou canst yet sin! I have even a mind to save the gibbet a disgrace! I know not what restrains my hand—but I *will* spare thy worthless life; for thou art beneath my vengeance! I leave thee to the justice of Him above!"

"You—you are not deceiving me?" whined the notary with suddenly renewed animation; grasping at the slender thread on which his miserable existence seemed to depend; "do you really mean that you forgive me? that you will not seek my life?"

"I do!" retorted Jacques, repelling his approaches; "I will not have thy blood upon my head!"

"Hide me somewhere," continued the other in a half whisper; "I am afraid of D'Argenson! He will drag me hence to the Bastile, and from there to the gibbet! You shall have all that gold if you—"

"Peace! miscreant! I will not betray thy terrible secret, but I will not stir a step to save thee from thy fate! Thou canst not escape it!"

Quinault was on the point of making some suggestions, when he started suddenly, for the tramp of soldiers in the court-yard became audible. Jacques also heard their footsteps, and looked out of the grated window to see what it was.

"'Tis D'Argenson," exclaimed he, with some trepidation; "can he have tracked me hither? Or comes he for thee, 'Sieur Quinault?"

The notary trembled violently, his countenance changing to a deathly hue, but he answered not, looking vacantly about in the greatest terror.

"Thou must conceal me somewhere," resumed Jacques, in a whisper; "to attempt escaping would be madness; besides, flight is impossible!"

"What—what shall I do?" ejaculated Quinault, quite bewildered; "they are coming up the stairs!"

"Fool!" retorted the spy; "where's the key of yon room? Quick!"

But the old man had lost all presence of mind, and fumbled in vain after the key. The moment was critical, for the footsteps were rapidly ascending the stairs; some of the men had in fact reached the landing. Quinault heard them, but unable to speak or to find the missing key, pointed energetically to the closet in the wainscot, the door of which

he had left half open; Jacques was not slow to take advantage of the hint, and made a precipitate retreat into the hiding-place indicated, pulling the doors to upon him: these were scarcely closed than D'Argenson entered the office: he was unaccompanied.

CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH THE NOTARY GIVES D'ARGENSON THE BENEFIT OF AN ACT OF CONSCIENCE.

QUINAULT'S embarrassment on seeing him was so manifest that the lieutenant of police could not fail observing it, but attributing it to the surprise occasioned by his unexpected arrival, with soldiery, not less than to the effect the letter he knew him to have that morning received from Chamillart must have produced, he feigned not to remark it; he advanced towards the notary, and raising his hand to his beaver, bade him "*a good morning.*"

Quinault did not move, nor speak.

"I have an unpleasant duty to perform, friend Quinault," remarked D'Argenson, allowing himself to drop into the easy-chair which the individual whom he was addressing usually occupied.

Still the notary answered nothing, but stood gazing at the speaker with a vacant, stupified air.

"I am come to arrest thee," continued the lieutenant of police; "here; here is a *lettre-de-cachet* against thee!" so saying, he took out a scrap of paper, and unfolding it, held it up so that the notary might take cognizance of its contents.

This announcement caused Quinault to shudder, suddenly rousing him from his lethargy; he snatched the fatal warrant out of D'Argenson's hands, and having glanced his eye over it, crumpled it up in an outpouring of rage.

"Traitor!" ejaculated he, casting it with violence into his enemy's face.

The lieutenant of police was somewhat prepared for this explosion, as also for the epithet that accompanied it, though he did not suspect that his victim *could* have become acquainted with the treachery towards him otherwise than by his inferring the fact from the receipt of Chamillart's letter.

"Friend Quinault, thou accusest me wrongfully; I am no traitor!"

"Traitor! I say it again," cried the notary, advancing, and threatening the lieutenant of police with his clenched fist; "thou hast betrayed me!"

"And who told thee so?" inquired the latter with an air of indifference.

"Who? That letter from Chamillart!" retorted the notary, pointing to the missive that still lay open on the table; "the king has refused to ratify my nomination! I have been denounced guilty of forgery! A crime only *thou*, besides myself, didst know I had committed! Yes! Traitor!

D'Argenson allowed Quinault to continue to vent his rage in words, without attempting to stop him.

"A letter from Chamillart! Thou surprisest me!"

"Read! Read and judge!" exclaimed the notary, pointing to the letter again.

The lieutenant of police took up the epistle:

"'*Sieur Quinault*," said he, reading half aloud, "*In consequence of certain information having reached us compromising your honor and integrity as a public notary of this city*—"

"*Certain information!*" ejaculated the accused; "mark that!"

Taking no notice of the interruption, D'Argenson continued:

"*And furthermore, of your being guilty of crimes entailing the severest penalty which the law adjudges against such*—"

"There!" exclaimed Quinault; "what sayst thou now?"

"That this contains no accusation of forgery," responded D'Argenson, replacing the letter upon the table; "how then canst thou imagine that *I* have betrayed thy secret?"

"Because no other living witness, save thyself, knew it! Because, if I *have* been culpable of usury and extortion, I say that though guilty of these offences, I took my measures to evade conviction in the event of discovery! Hence, 'tis not for *these* I fear inquiry! That I can baffle, however strict! But—but these *crimes*—'Sieur D'Argenson—punishable by death—what are they, if not the crime of forgery and—and—"

"Murder!" quietly suggested the other.

"I say thus much, friend Quinault," continued he, "presuming upon thy conviction of our secret having transpired, though I would stake my life that the contrary is the fact! But should it be as thou suspectest, and danger menace thee, will it not also peril me? Is not this sufficient proof that I could not betray thee?"

"No!" muttered the notary; "*thou* art beyond the reach of the law! Thy plans were too deeply laid to criminate *thee!* The poison thou didst bring thyself, on that fatal night; but didst thou not bid me keep what remained of it by me, *in case of need!* The phial is here still, and would be a damning proof against me though thou art guilty! The proofs are strong that thou hast betrayed me; but by heaven, I have it still in my power to——"

"Stay! friend Quinault; stay!" interrupted the lieutenant of police; "hear me to the end! Supposing even that *this* crime *were* brought home to *thee* only, which according to thine own shewing I do now confess it must be, should that transaction have transpired: can I not set thee free? Aye, and I promise to do so, and to provide for thy ultimate safety! And if thou art accused of other offences, committed during thy public career, can I not likewise

befriend thee, and with thy assistance, prove thee innocent? Come, friend Quinault; matters are not so bad as thou didst imagine!"

"I confess it," observed Quinault, with a peculiar chuckle; "they are worse! But to what purpose tends this long preamble of words, and of promises thou never intendest to keep? Suppose I believe thee sincere! that I believe thou wilt, when I am once in the Bastile, liberate me to be again a living terror to thee—for thou fearest me somewhat, 'sieur lieutenant—what service dost thou require at my hands, in return for so signal a proof of thy protecting power?—I know thee too well to imagine thou wouldst do all this for nothing—speak!"

D'Argenson bit his lip, but calmly replied:

"Again thou wrongest me, friend Quinault! I seek no recompense! I seek only to serve *thee*."

"Thou didst not use to be so long coming to the point, 'Sieur D'Argenson, when to gain me over to any purpose of thine, threats were needed! Charity maketh thee timorous!"

D'Argenson gazed in astonishment at the notary's altered manner! his countenance was now flushed, his eyes were bright, and seemed to stand out from their orbits; he sat, too, proudly erect, his head a little forward; his speech was firm, his voice stronger and clearer than of wont, and an unusual energy and earnestness of purpose appeared visible in every gesture:

"It is necessary," said he in reply to the old man's question, and with slight trepidation, "that thou shouldst destroy every object likely to inculpate thee!"

"Yes!" mutterred Quinault, fumbling in his desk, and speaking with his head in it; "to the last *gasp!* Thou wouldst stand at the gibbet foot, and chuckle as I strangled!"

"Tamper not with me," growled D'Argenson, upon whom the notary's sarcasms and retorts were producing their effect.

"Thou threatenest me then?" exclaimed Quinault, abruptly with-drawing his head from the inside of his desk, and staring at his adversary with an air approaching to defiance.

"No!" responded the other cooling down; "I merely hinted at my power, which I would fain exercise for thy safety!"

"Indeed!" said the notary; "what if I refuse?"

"Nay, friend Etienne! But thou wilt not surely refuse! Consider the danger! Besides, can I not, as soon as thou art gone, take the papers without thy permission?"

"There is one small difficulty in the way," retorted Quinault, with an exultation he sought not to conceal.

"*Tonnerre dieu!*" growled D'Argenson, writhing with anger; "thou wilt force me to employ harsh means!"

"Thou dost not know where they are!" chuckled the notary.

"But thou wilt tell me, Etienne," said the lieutenant of police persuasively, "thou wilt give them up to me! They can do thee no good, and will do thee much harm!"

"And thee, too," retorted Quinault; "ah! ah! ah! I have *thee*

now! Thou art not altogether beyond the reach of my vengeance!"

"Vengeance, friend Etienne? And for what? I confess that the papers thou holdest might compromise me to a certain extent!"

"Then thou dost really attach great importance, to the possession or to the destruction of these papers, *friend* D'Argenson," inquired Quinault, sinking his voice to confidential whisper.

"I do! I do!" replied D'Argenson, hurriedly.

"And if I give them up into thy hands, thou wilt really and truly save me from this dangerous position!"

"On my honor, I promise it, Etienne!"

"What guarantee wilt thou give me?"

"My word! I can give thee none other!"

"Suppose I have them no longer in my possession?"

The lieutenant of police turned deadly pale, and trembled perceptibly, though he almost instantly recovered his self-possession; Quinault observed the change, and attributing it to the right cause pursued the advantage he saw he had gained:

"Suppose," said he, "that suspecting thee of treachery to me—*me* whom thou hast ruined; *me* whom thou hast made to serve thy turn, and now seekest to destroy; *me* whom thou hast by turns caressed and discarded, flattered and menaced: suppose, I say, that in order to counteract thy treachery I should have determined to place myself for once upon an equality with thee by surrendering those damning papers to the custody of one of thine enemies!"

"But—but," stammered D'Argenson, "thou hast *not* done this? Thou hadst no cause to suspect my sincerity!"

"And Chamillart's letter!" exclaimed Quinault.

"Some secret enemy of thine, friend Etienne, against whom thou shouldst hasten to place thyself on thy guard."

"'Tis *thou!*—thou who art the secret enemy," replied the notary with fearful energy; "I know it! I have received certain information that 'tis *thou!* Proofs—palpable proofs too! Didst think I could always be thy tool—thy dupe! I am now once more a man! A man such as I was, 'Sieur D'Argenson, before crime had weighed down my soul! A man such as thou wilt never be, for crime was born in thee! Thou hast deceived *me*; I will have revenge for thy treachery though I die for it!"

"What—what dost thou mean?" interrupted D'Argenson, quailing he knew not why, before the decrepid old man; "thou hast no proof that I have deceived thee!"

"I have it here!" retorted the notary, striking his breast; "'tis the presentiment of years fulfilled! I know 'tis truth because I feel it! Thou art a liar and a cheat! Thou hast wrought my destruction, and I will be revenged! Those papers are no longer in my possession! I have delivered them to one who will make good use of them!"

"Thou liest," hissed D'Argenson; "thou sayst this to cheat me!

But I am not to be thus duped! I will ransack thy closets, thy chests. Ho! Without there!"

Immediately upon hearing the signal, the door was thrust open, and a party of soldiers, five in number entered:

"Seize your prisoner," continued D'Argenson, rising from his seat and pointing to the notary; "in the name of the king I arrest him!"

Whilst two of the picket advanced to apprehend Quinault, the remainder drew up in a line so as to bar egress by the door; however, before they could reach him, he withdrew from his pocket a small phial that he had abstracted from his desk whilst engaged in conversation with D'Argenson, and suddenly carried it to his mouth; perceiving the movement, and anticipating his intention, the latter bounded to his side, and dashed the vessel from his hands; the next moment he was struggling in the grasp of the soldiers.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the lieutenant of police, with savage delight; "thou wilt hang yet!"

"My heaviest curse upon thee," muttered Quinault fiercely making desperate efforts to break from his captors; "thou wert the murderer of the Count de St. Angin, not I! 'Twas thou didst give me the poison! But thy turn will come! My revenge shall reach thee yet! My everlasting——"

"Away with him, fools! *Mort dieu!* Do you intend to stand here all day? To the Bastile with him! I follow! Tell St. Marc to——"

At this moment, Quinault, who had continued to struggle, suddenly fell back into the soldiers' arms; D'Argenson uttered a faint exclamation of horror, and the men themselves shuddered and turned their heads; Quinault, overcome by intense excitement, and bursting with rage, in consequence of finding himself foiled in his meditated suicide, had ruptured a blood-vessel, and was now literally weltering in his blood, which gushed from his mouth and nose in one large, continuous stream.

Then ensued a fearful pause that lasted some three or four minutes, all the assistants being terror stricken, D'Argenson himself not excepted. The notary, still conscious of all that had passed, and that his life was rapidly ebbing, made a dying effort to release himself from the soldiers, who no longer held him so firmly. For a few seconds the purple tide ceased to flow, and the moribond recovered himself sufficiently to stand erect; fixing his eyes, fearfully distended, and gleaming with the unnatural light that belongs to them only when they are about to close upon the world for ever, full upon D'Argenson, he raised his bony hands high over his head, and uttered a few words, but so inarticulately they could not be understood; then his arms dropped, and he once more staggered back, and would have fallen but for the soldiers; his face now became distorted, every muscle of it being frightfully contracted; twice he gasped for breath, twice his jaw dropped, and a shudder passed through his frame; at last he exclaimed in a hollow, unearthly whisper:

"Cu——urse thee!"

It was a last effort; his head fell upon his breast—his legs bent beneath him, powerless—a gurgling noise was heard in his throat—he was dead.

D'Argenson sunk into a chair, gazing at the scene in silence.

"What shall we do with him, monseigneur?" asked one of the men.

The lieutenant of police startled:

"Leave him there," answered he; "lay him down! Return *you* to your quarters."

The guards laid the dead man full-length upon the ground, in the pool his own blood had formed, and wheeling about withdrew: as soon as they were gone D'Argenson arose and locked the door.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LIEUTENANT OF POLICE IN AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

Thrusting the key into his pocket, D'Argenson returned to the spot were lay the stiffening body of his accomplice in iniquity.

"My curse upon his soul," ejaculated he, grinding his teeth; "he then spat in his face!"

He paused, and stooping down, placed his hand on his victim's heart, allowing it to rest their awhile:

"Quite dead!" he continued, resuming his erect posture, his eyes remaining fixed upon the pale features; "the old fox! Who could have told him 'twas I betrayed him to Chamillart? That letter contained no evidence to warrant his conviction! Fool that I was not to rid myself of him earlier! And yet, no! earlier would not have served my turn! besides I should not have succeeded any better than to-day! And now where shall I look for those papers? I know not! Yet have them I must!"

The above reflections and many more of the same nature passed in his mind as he stood gazing at the corpse, a few being now and then expressed aloud, according to the degree of excitement they occasioned; coming to a pause, he went to the door, listened at it for an instant or two, and crossing over to the notary's table, cast a cursory glance at the various deeds and documents that lay scattered upon it; he next raised the lid of his desk, and after a momentary hesitation, began examining its contents, but suddenly desisting from an apparently unsatisfactory search, looked about, musingly, at the labelled boxes on the shelves, and inquisitively into sundry square apertures in a capacious book-case that occupied nearly the

The guards laid the dead man full length upon the ground.

whole one side of the office; his eyes then rested upon the large closet imbedded in the wainscot, in which Jacques was still concealed; he went up to it, and tried to open it, but it appeared locked, for the spy had pulled the door close to, and held it firmly, there being ample room for him to stand upright within, as also sufficient space for his body between the doors and the rows of pigeonholes at the back; D'Argenson's eyes glistened; he hesitated, cast a hasty glance at the corpse, and again advanced to where it lay.

Then stooping down, he commenced an inspection of the notary's morning gown.

From one he took out a dry, hard crust of bread, a few pieces of paper crumpled up, a pocket-comb, and a small piece of twine; from the other, more paper, an old, soiled handkerchief, a snuff-box and a bunch of keys; D'Argenson replaced the other articles, and arose:

"Should it indeed be as he said," muttered he; "should he really have entrusted them to any one—I am lost! But he cannot have done this. He would not have endangered his own neck for the sake of perilling mine! Besides, he had no friend save *me*, and only to a *friend* could he have confided a deposit so dangerous!"

Meanwhile, he made his way back to the closet, and was in the act of selecting from the bunch of keys, one likely for his purpose, when the doors were suddenly flung open, and to his consternation, the spy stood before him.

As soon as the first moment of astonishment was passed D'Argenson carried his hand to his sword, but Jacques was too quick for him, and bounding to his side, wrenched the weapon from his grasp, after assisting him to draw it, and threw it to the other side of the apartment, firmly grasping its owner by the arm:

"We are even for once, monseigneur," said he; "but the meeting is unexpected."

D'Argenson almost instantly recovered his habitual self-possession, at once divining what had passed between the spy and the notary, the menaces of the latter furnishing him with the clue; without attempting to release himself, he answered:

"Dissimulation were useless! Thou hast heard all! On what terms can I purchase thy secrecy?"

"'Tis not to be bought, monseigneur;" retorted Jacques, "besides, I make *no* terms with *thee!*"

"And what wantest thou of *me*, 'Sieur Jacques?" inquired the lieutenant of police.

"In the first place, monseigneur, thou hast locked yonder door, and taken possession of the key; I shall thank thee to give it up!"

Having no longer a reason for keeping the key—though the case would have been far different had he been outside and Jacques *in*—D'Argenson, somewhat reluctantly, for he did not relish the spy's peremptory manner, withdrew it from his pocket and handed it over.

"Sit down, now, and write," resumed Jacques, forcing D'Argenson into one of the chairs that stood close to the table.

"Write! Write what?" exclaimed the latter, snatching up a pen.

"An order to Monsieur de St. Marc," answered the spy, in a choking voice, "to set at liberty one Jacques Morin."

The countenance of the lieutenant of police suddenly fell, assuming a darker expression, peculiar to him, when under the influence of an intense emotion.

"Jacques Morin!" said he, in a faltering tone; "what—what is he to thee, that thou seekest to set him at liberty?"

"Write, monseigneur!" responded Jacques, briefly.

"*Tonnerre dieu!*" retorted the other, looking at the spy with an air of defiance; "thou canst not *make* me write!"

"Monseigneur," retorted the latter with apparent calmness though in reality he was strongly excited; "do not trifle with me!"

"I do not fear thee, 'Sieur Jacques," said he, "nor am I to be bullied into compliance with thy strange request! What interest hast thou in the release of this man I ask?"

"What—do you mean, monseigneur?" asked the spy, faltering, and turning suddenly pale.

"Why, suppose he were dead!" observed the other.

Jacques shuddered, but instantly recovering himself, said in a husky voice:

"Do *not* tamper with me, monseigneur! That old man is my father!"

"Thy father, 'Sieur Jacques! Well, he was alive three days ago! Still he may have died since *then!*"

"Listen now to *me*, monseigneur," exclaimed Jacques interrupting him; "I have thee entirely at my mercy, but will show thee none! 'Twas thou didst instigate Quinault to murder the Count de St. Angin, for he has told me everything, and given to me all the papers that relate to that deed of blood, together with thy letters! Nay, more! Urged by conscience to confess his crimes, he has written a full disclosure of the transactions and appended his name thereto! This also have I!"

D'Argenson started, muttering to himself, but Jacques affecting not to perceive his trepidation continued:

"I hold, too, the deeds that the count had about him on the night of the murder! All these did Quinault give me, scarcely an hour ago! Now refuse my demand, and with my own hands will I drag thee to a place where thou shalt remain without possibility of escape, until I have had time to lay the whole affair before his majesy! I despise thee too much to give thee *my* friendship, and thou fearest *me* too much to give me other than thy hate! My father's release, monseigneur, or I drag thee hence, bound hand and foot; within five minutes I can summon men to my assistance who owe *thee* no friendship!"

The lieutenant of police took a slip of paper and a pen, and wrote the order for the old man's release.

"There!" said he, pushing it over to Jacques.

"Good!" ejaculated the latter.

"Any thing else?" asked D'Argenson sneeringly.

"Yes, monseigneur," retorted the spy, after ascertaining that the document was in due form; "thou must give me another, in favor of the Baron de St. Auney!"

"The baron is a prisoner of state," observed D'Argenson; "no order of mine, unless countersigned by his majesty, can set him free!"

"Write it," answered Jacques; "leave the rest to me!"

D'Argenson at once complied; the spy was even surprised at his alacrity.

"Any thing else?" exclaimed the former, with peculiar emphasis, handing him the paper.

"Thou hast in thy possession," resumed Jacques, assuring himself that the mandate he had just received was also in rule, "certain papers belonging to the baron; give them to me!"

"Papers! what papers?" ejaculated D'Argenson, endeavoring to conceal his trepidation by feigning surprise.

"Papers of which thou didst take unlawful possession," resumed the spy; "thou knowest!"

"I do not!" was the reply.

"'Tis false, monseigneur! Thou didst take them from the baron on the night he went with thee to the Bastile!"

The lieutenant of police was dismayed.

"Dost thou mean Quinault's receipt for the sixty-five thousand crowns?" asked he, greatly embarrassed.

"I do, monseigneur! As also the bonds upon which Quinault sued him in thy name!"

"'Tis a forgery!" muttered D'Argenson, asserting what he felt to be an untruth.

"'Tis *no* forgery," retorted Jacques; "thou knowest that the Count de St. Angin lives!"

"Dost think I keep such documents about my person, 'Sieur Jacques?"

"Yes, monseigneur!"

D'Argenson attempted a laugh, as if in contempt of the spy's belief, but it was easy to perceive that it was forced.

"If this were the case, *my friend*," said he, "I should at least have concealed the fact!"

"Thou shouldst have kept thy secret from the notary!" rejoined Jacques.

"Confusion!" muttered the lieutenant of police; "but never mind!"

Still he hesitated.

"Come, monseigneur!" exclaimed Jacques, impatiently.

With exceeding ill grace, D'Argenson dipped into the large pocket of his coat, and thence withdrew a bundle of papers, which he handed to the spy, who examined them separately, and having ascertained that all those he had demanded were there, thrust them into his vest.

"And now for my father!" ejaculated he, with emotion; "whom thou hast consigned to a living death for five and twenty years. A child's curse is upon thee for his parent's wrongs!"

"Thou art going hence to the Bastile, then?" inquired D'Argenson hastily.

"I am," replied Jacques; "no hands but mine shall remove my father's bonds!"

D'Argenson could not control the secret pleasure he experienced on hearing this, for only a few days previously he had cancelled the safe-conduct Jacques still possessed, having no longer occasion for his services, or rather no more opportunities of employing him on errands thither, and of this circumstance he concluded Jacques was ignorant, as he indeed was.

"I will accompany thee," said he in answer to the spy, and with a degree of animation that the latter failed not to remark, though it was scarcely perceptible, being in fact less apparent in the manner of the speaker, than in the peculiar expression of his eye.

"To trap *me* as thou didst the baron?" cried Jacques, much to the surprise of the former: "no, monseigneur; I go thither alone! Before I quit thee, however, I have one last request to make."

"What is it, 'Sieur Jacques?" demanded the mortified lieutenant of police; "*Tonnerre dieu!* There are bounds to everything."

"Not to thy wickedness," retorted the spy; "but to the point! Thou must write me a safe-conduct from the Bastile, and date it this day; nay, this very hour!"

"But thou hast one already," replied the lieutenant of police, now completely at fault, for this was an unexpected stroke, and entirely overthrew his recently-formed scheme.

"I have," returned Jacques; "but 'tis long since I made use of it! Since then thou and I have become enemies, and I am not inclined to place myself in thy power for lack of due precaution! Write, monseigneur!"

Although compelled to accede to this demand likewise, D'Argenson did not entirely lose courage. He calculated that nearly an hour must elapse before Jacques could accomplish the deliverance of his father, on account of the formalities to be gone through, and the time it would take him to reach the *chateau*. Expecting to quit the notary's with him, he purposed to allow him time to get to the Bastile, but to follow him closely thither, and trap him before he could possibly effect his retreat with the old man: but he reckoned without his host.

Jacques took the safe-conduct, bowing as he received it, and turning on his heel made for the door; the lieutenant of police arose also for the purpose of following him out, first picking up his sword which lay in a far angle of the apartment; taking advantage of this movement, Jacques quickly unlocked the door, and thrust the key into the key-hole outside:

"Thou must consider thyself a prisoner here," said he as D'Argenson came up, "until I release thee! Within two hours hence thou shalt be again at liberty."

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW JACQUES CLAIMED HIS FATHER AT THE BASTILE, AND WHAT OCCURRED TO HIM.

No sooner had D'Argenson made up his mind to free himself, than he set about it, for he knew that Jacques would use all expedition, and though he had calculated that the business the latter had in hand would occupy nearly an hour, he was not the less aware that it might possibly be completed within half the time, provided none were lost.

His whole anxiety then was to reach the Bastile before Jacques quitted it: but how break from his present bondage? The window, besides being up two stories, was too strongly barricaded with iron bars to afford him egress, nor was there any possibility of opening it within any given number of minutes—for he now counted minutes and seconds too—so securely was it fastened. Escape by the door in the natural way, had been cut off by the spy, and yet this was his only chance; as Jacques, however, had appropriated the key to his own use for a while, D'Argenson saw but one alternative, namely, to force the lock.

The lock, an exceedingly massive one, with three bolts, was not fixed *on* the door—which was of oak, two inches thick at least—but let *into* it, so that the bolts shot into the door-post, being retained in its place by six large screws, and two bands of iron embracing it cross-wise, which were fastened each by two screws. One glance sufficed to shew D'Argenson that forcing it was out of the question; he therefore resolved upon removing the lock itself, and began to look about for some tool wherewith to accomplish his object.

His search in the *étude* proving unsuccessful, he tried the keys upon the lock of the door opening into the inner room; to his dismay not one would serve.

Dashing it down with a loud imprecation, he stood a moment, irresolute, absolutely despairing; but he was not a man to despair long, and his ready invention soon suggested to him a means of carrying out his intentions. Drawing his sword, he crossed to the chimney, and laying the weapon across one of the irons or dogs in the hearth, with the other struck it a smart blow near the hilt; the blade snapped short off, and with this substitute for a chisel, he went to work.

He commenced operations upon one of the iron bands over-lapping the lock, but notwithstanding the perseverance that he wrought with, nearly five minutes elapsed before he succeeded in even moving one screw; at length it yielded.

He next directed his attention to the screws by which the lock was fixed into the door.

His assiduity appeared to be applied in vain, for not only were these deeply driven into their socket, but rusted there; D'Argenson cursed and wrought, and wrought and cursed, until the perspiration rolled down his face, oozing from every pore; still was he none the more forward; at last, his unwearied efforts were crowned with partial success; the first screw yielded a little, then more, then fairly gave way; five yet remained.

Somewhat encouraged, he redoubled his exertions, and after prolonged attempts, the second screw in turn yielded, then the third.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed since Jacques' departure.

In order to abridge his operations, he had recourse to one of the andirons, intending to use it as a lever to *prize* off the lock, but found he should be obliged to remove a fourth screw in order to get a *purchase* upon it.

Inserting now the broken blade of his sword between the wood and the lock, he strove to force the latter out; but the vehemence with which he applied his strength to accomplish this, caused the portion that remained of the blade to snap short off within an inch of the hilt; this accident caused him to foam with rage, which he vented in kicks showered at the door, and an interminable string of execrations. He finally wrenched it open.

But Jacques had been gone now quite an hour, and the chances were that he had already quitted the Bastile.

Spurred on by his thirst for vengeance, though despairing of success, D'Argenson no sooner saw the way clear, than he rushed out of the house, greatly to the amazement of the porter, who was just then engaged with the Cerberus of a neighboring house in discussing the various causes, probable and possible, that had that morning brought there the lieutenant of police, and so many soldiers.

A man walking at a moderately fast pace may go from the *Rue veille du Temple* to the Bastile within a few seconds of ten minutes; D'Argenson ran the whole way, never relaxing his speed, rather increasing it on the contrary, the nearer he approached his goal.

He reached the first *corps-de-garde*, which it will be remembered defended the triple drawbridge thrown over the small ditch dividing the Entry Court or Court of the Elm from the Small Court, or as it was subsequently denominated, the Court of Government, and calling the officer on duty to him, said, as soon as he recovered sufficient breath to speak distinctly:

"Let no one pass *out* till I return! Not a soul! Not even Monsieur de St. Marc!"

The officer made the military salute, and D'Argenson proceeded into the *chateau*, his unexpected arrival, as usual, throwing the authorities into some consternation, which was in nowise diminished by the anxiety depicted in his face, flushed by his exertion, and from which the perspiration streamed.

He found St. Marc and Corbé in the council-chamber, both of whom started on seeing him enter in such a plight; but he gave them no time to wonder what could be the object of his visit, for addressing both at once, he inquired hurriedly whether "*Jacques had been there?*"

"No, monseigneur," was St. Marc's reply.

"*Sang dieu!*" exclaimed he, bursting into a savage, exulting chuckle; "then I am yet in time! He will not tarry, 'sieur governor! Inform me of his arrival! I shall be in the Iron Mask's chamber!"

With this he hurriedly withdrew, leaving the governor and his nephew in considerable perplexity.

He had not absented himself more than a quarter of an hour when Jacques made his appearance; he entered with a firm step, and without the least hesitation of manner, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but advanced deliberately up to the table at which St. Marc was seated, and handing him the paper he had procured from D'Argenson, said:

"'Sieur governor,thou hast in confinement here an old man, one Jacques Morin by name! I am come to claim his liberation. This is my warranty!"

"'Tis the old man in the dungeon of the ditch of the Bertaudière," whispered Corbé to his uncle, whilst the latter cast his eye over the first document.

"Yes!" muttered the governor. "Hast thou a safe conduct for thyself," said he, addressing Jacques.

"I have," answered the latter, tendering him the one which he had exhibited on a former occasion.

St. Marc glanced at it, and in a half-jibing, half-exulting voice, remarked:

"This order has been cancelled by Monsigneur D'Argenson!"

"Indeed," observed Jacques, whose previous suspicions were now justified, as also his foresight in procuring another safe conduct whilst he held the lieutenant of police in his power; "here, monsieur; here is another!" and he handed it to him.

"That alters the case," muttered St. Marc, bestowing a side glance at Corbé.

The amiable pair smiled significantly, and whispered together for a moment; Corbé then withdrew, leaving Jacques standing in the middle of the apartment; St. Marc resumed his writing.

The lieutenant-governor was not long gone; when he returned, he was immediately followed by D'Argenson and a picket of eight soldiers, who as they entered, surrounded the spy, almost before he was aware of it.

But how great was D'Argenson's consternation and rage, when the men upon turning the spy's pockets inside out, found them empty.

"In his breast! In his breast! *Mort dieu!*" shouted the lieutenant of police.

Jacques hustled off the men, by a jerk of his arm and of his own accord threw open his jerkin:

"I know what thou seekest, monseigneur," said he, a scarcely perceptible smile illuminating his face; "to spare further trouble, know that I have already dispossessed myself of those papers, for thine especial benefit!" and he bowed.

"Then by St. Marc thou shalt never quit these walls alive," vociferated the lieutenant of police, excited to frenzy by this unexpected announcement, which completely overthrew his new born hopes, and imminently menaced him with disgrace.

"If within three days from this I am not at liberty, 'Sieur D'Argenson," retorted Jacques, calmly, "I would not give *my* life for thine!"

"But who art thou, and what, strange man," said the former, after a pause, that was very embarrassing to all the assistants at this scene, and during which he had time to reflect upon the expediency of altering his tactics, "that thou art thus virulent against me?"

"Scarcely an hour ago, monseigneur," replied Jacques, "I refused to make any terms with thee! So do I now!"

"I was then in thy power, 'Sieur Jacques; now thou art in mine!"

"I am monseigneur! Thou hast power over my liberty I grant—"

"Over thy life, say," shrieked the lieutenant of police, interrupting him; "a word from me will hang thee even within this very hour!"

"Threats, monseigneur! Dost thou not know me better? Take my life if thou wilt, thou wilt not live a week to enjoy thy triumph! Quinault would have cheated the gibbet of its prey by taking his own life, perhaps that alternative then, may be left to thee!"

D'Argenson perceived by the glances that passed between St. Marc and Corbé and the soldiers, that these recriminations were dangerous to him, but although he could have brought them at once to a close by ordering Jacques to be conducted away, he felt an irresistible impulse to continue the colloquy, hoping still to gain him over by working on some weak point in his character which he trusted unexpectedly to unmask.

"I will not bandy words with thee," said he; "that thou art brave enough to despise life, and bold enough to place it in danger, thy present conduct now proves! But remember, thy errand hither, 'Sieur Jacques!"

"Thou canst not think I have forgotten it, 'Sieur lieutenant!

"Granted," resumed D'Argenson, "that thou hast *not* forgotten that thy father still lives, though a prisoner; that his liberty, his life are in my hands—"

The spy groaned; D'Argenson went on:

"I say that thou canst not, that thou *dost* not love thy father—"

"I did not come, monseigneur," proudly replied Jacques, "to

purchase my father's freedom! I came to claim it as a right—as an act of justice!"

"Give up those papers," replied D'Argenson, glowing with anger, "and thou and thy father shall go free hence!"

"For the last time no, monseigneur!" retorted Jacques, firmly; "I have them not in my possession, nor will I divulge where they are! I shall say no more!"

"Seize him, then; *mort dieu!*" shouted D'Argenson; "bear him away! What cell is free, 'Sieur St. Marc!"

"None, monseigneur! We are full!"

"And the dungeons?"

"Full, monseigneur! Two in each, except in the dungeon of the ditch of the Bertaudiére!"

"And who is there?" inquired D'Argenson.

"The mad-man," answered St. Marc; "old Jacques Morin!"

The spy shuddered, and clasped his hands in silent agony: D'Argenson looked at him fixedly, and chuckled in his face.

"Conduct him thither, then," said he, waving his hand; "he came to see his father; he shall see him!"

"Thou art a monster," replied the spy, in a husky voice; "but I warn thee in time! Thy life is in danger! Mark well what I say! If within three days I am not at liberty, there will be mischief done! Beware, monseigneur!"

"I will chance the mischief!" retorted he; "thou shalt never quit these walls alive, nor thy father either, who may even now outlive thee, unless I find it more convenient to hang him first, and thee afterwards! *Sang dieu!* I will teach thee how to defy *me!*"

"I do, then, Monseigneur D'Argenson!" answered Jacques; "even here, where thou art supreme—"

"Away with him," shouted the lieutenant of police; "I am tired of this!"

Jacques turned proudly on his heel, and fell into the vacant space indicated by the sub-officer in charge of the picket, Corbé bringing up the rear; in this order they quitted the council-chamber.

Shortly afterwards, D'Argenson left the fortress to return to Quinault's in order to place his goods and chattels under the official seal.

With regard to the delay that had resulted so fatally, in so far as the spy was concerned, the cause can soon be explained.

Instead then of continuing his progress towards the Bastile, upon quitting Quinault's house he turned into the Rue St. Paul, the scene of his late rescue, and made the best of his way thence to Lutetia. Depositing the valuable papers in question, in the hands of his trusty friend Democritus—whom he found regaling himself with one of Æsopus' favorite dishes—he gave him certain verbal instructions, with strict injunctions to follow them to the letter in the event of his return not taking place within a given time, and shaking the philosopher cordially by the hand, departed to fulfil his filial errand: the result is known.

* * * * * * *

It was midnight!

In the dungeon of the ditch of the Bertaudière tower, sat two human beings, the one an old, decrepid man, with a long beard, white as snow, reaching half way down his scarcely clad body, whose flesh and muscle had wasted away from his bones, fibre by fibre, until nothing now remained save the thread upon which his life hung; whose eyes were lustreless, whose voice was tuneless, and whose limbs were paralyzed; the other, a man in the full prime and vigor of youth, with the sinews of an ox, the frame of a Hercules, the eye of an eagle, and the courage of a lion.

Five and twenty years before, the old man had entered that den, the living prototype of the younger man!

The former was reclining upon a stone—his couch—upon which the younger had spread the clean straw given him to form his own bed; he had cast his cloak about his aged companion, whose head rested upon his shoulder, and one arm upon his knee! the gray light of a full moon streamed upon them through one long, narrow aperture, the only one by which air was admitted.

The old man had not yet spoken to his co-mate; but he had wept because he was kind, and fallen asleep upon his bosom, like a child!

Whilst the old man slept, the other watched, gazing upon his countenance the while, with the large tears rolling down his manly cheeks!

The two prisoners were Jacques and his father.

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CHAPTER LV.

BY THE REVELATION OF AN IMPORTANT SECRET JACQUES SECURES THE CO-OPERATION OF RU IN A HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE.

All night the old man slept, starting up at intervals only to nestle again closer upon the bosom of his unknown friend, for he had not yet recognized his son: indeed how could he?

During that long night Jacques had ample time to reflect upon the horrible tortures which his parent must have undergone during the period of his solitary confinement, a circumstance of itself sufficient to deprive him of reason; while he pondered, a deep prayer escaped his lips, accompanying a solemn vow never to rest until he had accomplished the great purpose to which he had devoted the remainder of his existence, and the entire energies of his mind.

He knew, if Democritus followed the instructions he had received with the packet of papers, that before noon of that day, these would be in the possession of Madame de Maintenon, who would at once

The old man had not yet spoken to the stranger.

procure the king's order for his release, the revelations these documents contained being of a nature fully to open the monarch's eyes to the true character of his lieutenant of police.

In this painful dilemma he resolved upon effecting his escape with him; it was, as regarded himself, only forestalling his release by a few hours, for he doubted not but that the king's mandate commanding it would arrive in the course of that day.

There was a second personage likewise, concerning whom he felt equally solicitous, namely, the Baron de St. Auney, whose sojourn in confinement he knew would not be protracted, once D'Argenson's consent to his liberation in the king's hands, a document of itself annulling the motives for his further detention, and which, upon de Maintenon's representations, Louis would no longer object to sign.

But notwithstanding the precautions he had taken to baffle D'Argenson at every point, he was not without apprehension as to the contingencies that might occur to delay the fulfilment of his wishes, a delay that his opponent might improve to his own advantage, should he by any chance obtain a clue to the possessor of the documents in question; thus, reflection only confirmed him in the resolution he had taken, and he awaited the arrival of his jailer, Ru, with the utmost impatience, for through him alone could he hope to effect of his object.

It was yet quite dark in the cell, although the sun had long since arisen, and his father still slumbered, his respirations so gentle as scarcely to be distinguishable. Several times did Jacques approach his cheek close to the old man's nostrils to assure himself that he breathed, and lay his hand upon his heart to convince himself that it still throbbed. At length a dim light, scarcely enough to give it the appearance of twilight, illumined one angle of the dungeon; a few minutes more and it grew stronger; another short interval, and it had gradually crept down the side of the wall, streaming upon the prostrate form of his aged sire; it played with a sickly hue upon his countenance for a brief space, then gradually vanished, and all was darkness again.

During a quarter of a century no more sun-light than this had ever penetrated into that den of solitude and gloom!

At length the old man started from his sleep; extending his long hand, and drawing it down Jacques' face, he said in a hollow whisper:

"Who art thou that hast kept me so warm?"

They were the first words that had as yet escaped his lips. Jacques burst into tears: he could not answer.

"'Tis a long time since I felt warm," continued the old man, heedless of his companion's emotion as of his silence.

"Father! father!" sobbed Jacques, pressing his father to his bosom, and embracing him.

"Don't! don't!" resumed the latter; "thy tears scald my cheek! oh! how they burn! Why dost thou weep?"

"I am thy son; Jacquot! But thou canst not see me, father!

there is no light here! I am come to fetch thee away!" and again he pressed him to his heart.

Jacques felt the hot tears fall upon his hand, from his father's eyes; a suppressed sob burst from his bosom.

Nature's voice spoke whilst reason remained dumb!

"Jacquot! Jacquot!" muttered the old man, remembering the name of endearment by which he used to call his child; "my boy, Jacquot! No! Thou art mocking me! Jacquot is a child! Did not the gypsies steal him?"

"Indeed, indeed, father, I *am* Jacquot; a child then, but a man now!—"

"Don't drive them away," suddenly exclaimed the other with peevishness, sensible to the movement Jacques made to brush away one of the obnoxious vermin with which the place swarmed, and that he felt had crept upon his father's face; "they won't harm thee! they are my only companions; my friends! Don't drive them away!"

"Well, I won't father! But look up now in my face, and tell me if thou canst see it!"

But his father remained mute, withdrawing from him to sit huddled up on the stone couch, regardless of all that he said to recall old times to his memory.

Jacques wept in silence, hoping that in a little while his father would again address him.

He was not mistaken; a quarter of an hour passed and the old man once more spoke:

"Jacquot! Jacquot!" said he; "where art thou?"

"Here, father," replied Jacques, embracing him; "canst thou not see me?"

"I see only a dark shadow, but I hear thy voice and feel thy breath upon my cheek! Closer to me, child! closer! Art thou indeed my boy Jacquot! Where is thy mother, then, and Beatrice, thy sister?"

Jacques could only sob in reply; a pause followed which his father interrupted:

"I understand," said he, in a low solemn tone; "they are dead; both of them! My poor wife! my dear child! Why am I not dead too?"

"Thou hast been spared, father, to bless thy son! Providence has sent me hither to release thee! Before long thou shalt again breathe the fresh air, and see the sun, and the sky, and the green fields! If my mother and my sister are dead, I remain to thee, and thou shalt be happy yet!"

"Jacquot! my boy Jacquot!" ejaculated the other, whose reason was fast returning with the sympathies recently awakened; "art thou indeed he? My eyes are grown dim, or I am blind quite, or there is no light here, else I should see thee! But I can touch thee! Draw nearer to me!"

The poor old man burst into a convulsive flood of tears, and fall-

ing into his son's arms, sobbed like a child, caressing him at intervals and calling him by name.

"Tell me, truly," said he, after a while, "art thou sure thy mother and thy sister are both dead?"

"My poor mother I know is dead, father;" responded the spy; "Beatrice is still alive, but she is ill, very ill; dying I fear; perhaps by this time dead too!"

Another lapse of silence followed, which old Morin again broke:

"Why should I have hoped to see them again?" said he; "they would not have known me after an absence of five and twenty years! Yes! Five and twenty years! For did they not say so when they brought that angel into my dungeon! Oh, my son! 'tis a horrid tale I have to tell! Thou didst not know the count? they murdered him! Poison did it! But I cannot tell thee all now; it would take me too long! Thou wilt not leave me again alone, wilt thou?"

"No, father, no! I came hither to seek thee—to liberate thee, and I will do it! But do not think of the count! I know all! Quinault—"

"Ha!" gasped the old man with sudden energy; "'twas he! he and D'Argenson who did it! I caught them almost in the act! I accused them of it to their face, and they threw me into this dungeon, lest I should raise the dead in judgment against them!"

"Chut, father, chut! Thou wilt fatigue thyself! I tell thee that I know all! Quinault confessed his crime to me! 'Twas he told me thou wert here! But he is dead—"

"Dead!" ejaculated Morin; "and D'Argenson?"

"He sent me hither!"

"Thou art then a prisoner, my son! Didst not thou say thou camest to liberate me? What meanest thou then?"

"I mean what I have said, father, though now a prisoner, as thou art!"

"There are stone walls between us and liberty, Jacquot," responded the old man; "and jailers to guard them, whose hearts, are as hard as those stones!"

"I know it, father; still I do not despair!"

"But my limbs are sinewless, my son; I cannot assist thee! I cannot walk!"

"Poor father!" murmured Jacques, caressing him; "I will carry thee! I will not abandon thee!"

"Heaven bless thee, Jacquot! Who but a son would talk thus, and risk so much! Yes! thou art my son; my own boy; my Jacquot; whom I thought lost! Where hast thou been?" The old man soon began to doze; in this state he remained the better part of an hour, when the entry of Ru caused him suddenly to start up; but only to cling closer to his son.

"Ah, Ru," said Jacques, "is it thou? I began to grow impatient for thy visit!"

"Be quick and tell me what you want," retorted the *porte-clefs*, "for I am watched! If you don't want it directly, I'll come again

in an hour! I shall have something to do in Number Two then!"

"Come then in an hour, Ru, and I'll tell thee what service I require! But listen to me a moment! I will pay thee well for it! Thou shalt have more gold than thou canst carry at once! Thou lovest gold, Ru!"

"Don't I!" ejaculated Ru; "but I don't want gold from you!"

"'Tis not *my* gold thou shalt have, but St. Marc's—but Corbé's!"

"Famous!" muttered the turnkey, rubbing his hands; "but how am I to get at it? If you know where they keep it, you must be cunning!"

"I do know, friend Ru; I have been twice in the place; the first time it was empty; the second I felt bags of money, lying up in a heap in one corner! If I tell thee where it is, wilt thou lend me thy aid?"

"I don't want gold to help you," replied Ru; "you've given me enough; more than I shall ever spend! But I should like to cheat St. Marc and Corbé, so I'll say yes!"

In a few words Jacques communicated to the *porte-clefs*, the secret of the closet in the wall adjoining the council-chamber, having on the night of the baron's reincarceration, made the discovery of the two-fold use for which it was intended; Ru listened attentively to the directions given for finding the hidden spring, and with a renewal of his former promise to return in an hour, departed upon his voyage of discovery.

During his absence, the spy made his father drink a few mouthfuls of wine, which considerably revived him; he fed him, moreover, with morsels of bread sopped in the same, he himself making a hearty meal off the remainder.

Ru returned within the period he had named: he had not brought a torch this time, so that Jacques could not see the mischievous exultation depicted on his face, but he heard him chuckle long and loudly, and slap his thighs as though in a perfect ecstacy of merriment, and after a few moments caught glimpses of a shadow capering about amidst the gloom, which at last came to a stand-still close to where he sat, when a voice exclaimed:

"Ha! ha! ha! I've found it out! Four bags already!"

"I did not deceive thee, then, Ru!" observed Jacques.

"I didn't say you did!" returned Ru; "but I've got something to tell you! You're going away to-morrow!"

"I knew I should not remain," remarked the spy; "but I cannot leave my father here, friend Ru! Without him I should scarcely think liberty a boon!"

"Liberty!" ejaculated Ru; "liberty! I didn't say anything about liberty! You're going to be sent to Vincennes!"

This announcement startled Jacques.

"How didst thou learn this?" asked he.

"I heard Corbé tell Monsieur de Joncas to send to the fortress

for a strong escort, as soon as night fell! It'll be here by day-break, so I shan't have too much of your company!"

"If this is true," replied the spy, "'tis time I should act! Ru, I must not give them the chance of taking me hence! Dost thou understand?"

"No! not quite!" was the laconic response.

"Well, then, I will explain! Before to-morrow I expect that the king will send an order for my release; but I cannot leave my poor father behind! Thou must lend me a hand to escape with him friend Ru! 'Tis in thy power to do it—"

"Yes!" retorted the other; "and be hanged for it! Thank ye."

"Dost thou refuse then, Ru?"

"What! to be hanged?" inquired the *porte-clefs*.

"To aid me!" responded Jacques.

"No!" answered Ru; "is this what you wanted me for?"

"It is! I have arranged the whole in my mind, and left as little to thee as I could!"

"Well! How are you going to do it?"

"At what hour dost thou go thy last round?" inquired Jacques.

"The proper hour is seven; but I'm not particular! I make it eight, sometimes! sometimes nine; sometimes ten; and sometimes I don't go round at all after dinner!"

"And at what hour is the night-watch set on the round-away?"

"At nine!"

"How many sentinels are there on the bridge that abuts upon the bastion?"

"One, besides the regular sentry in the *corps-de-garde!*"

"And how many on that part of the round-away which adjoins the bastion?"

"Two."

"'Twill be more difficult than I expected!" murmured Jacques; "is the bastion guarded?" continued he.

"No!" responded Ru, chuckling; "there's very little danger of any body climbing up the walls to get in here; and as for getting out over the bridge—yes! I should like 'em to try!"

"*I* intend to try, Ru!"

"*Do* you?" observed the latter.

"And thou must assist me, Ru!"

"*Must* I! Well, *if* I must, of course I will! But how am I to keep clear of the halter?"

"That I leave to thine own cunning," answered Jacques.

"And the sentinels?" asked Ru.

"Them, too, I must leave to thy care," replied the spy; "had there been only one, or even a couple, I might have managed; but four!"

"To get rid of the sentinels," resumed the spy, "thou must take advantage of a fitting opportunity to ply them well with wine! canst thou accomplish this without exciting suspicion? for violence will not suit our turn!"

Ru remained a few moments silent, then burst out into one of his peculiar laughs which for some time prevented him from speaking:

"Leave 'em to me! leave 'em to me!" exclaimed he at last; "I'll make 'em a sly present of a bottle a-piece to keep them awake! ha! ha! ha! they won't forget to drink it."

"So far, then, we understand each other, friend Ru; the rest more immediately concerns thyself, for I must have thy keys! *Thee* I will lock in here!"

"My neck feels easy again," muttered the turnkey, chuckling; "but you've forgot that a sentinel always stands at the door above stairs when I come my rounds!"

"I must dispose of him, then," remarked Jacques; "I would not willingly resort to violence, but if 'tis necessary to insure my safety I shall not hesitate! Are we agreed as regards this point?"

I shan't make much noise, if the sentinel does n't!" returned Ru.

"Then I shall expect thee at the hour; bring with thee a piece of strong rope, long enough to reach from the bastion into the outer ditch; 'tis by that way I intend to escape!"

Ru promised to do as he was requested, and appeared mightily pleased with the projected stratagem, expressing his wish that it might succeed, and vowing everlasting friendship to Jacques, to whom, be it said, he really felt attached, though he might not have been able to define on what grounds his attachment was founded.

"There is one more favor I have to require of thee," continued Jacques, stopping the *porte-clefs* as he was on the point of departing; "thou must ask a question for me of Gertrude Leroux—sister Bridget, I mean!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Ru.

"Thou must ask her what became of the portion of a gold coin that was suspended about the neck of the child she was entrusted with about one and twenty years ago!"

"Oh!" said Ru, again; "any thing more?'

"Nothing! only fail me not!"

"But, I say, Monsieur Jacques; suppose the order came to-day for you to go; eh?"

"I have made up my mind to the course I should pursue, friend Ru!"

"Oh!" remarked the latter; "if it *should* come, you're sure to know!"

And with this he departed.

As soon as Ru was gone, Jacques once more turned his attention to his father, endeavoring to lead him into conversation; he spoke to him of past days, of his mother, of Beatrice, of himself, of his approaching liberation, but all in vain; the old man only clung closer to him, and wept, a sudden groan bursting from him as he muttered the words:—"*my son; my son; my dear Jacquot!*"

In spite of all the fortitude with which he had armed himself, Jacques found it a difficult task to bear up against the intensity of

the various emotions that absorbed his mind, and as hour after hour waned, bringing him nearer to the moment of his projected attempt, he grew more and more anxious, and more alive to the dangers that awaited him, for the most trivial *contre-temps* might ruin his plans! With some satisfaction he perceived the gloom of the dungeon growing thicker, and as he received no summons to attend St. Marc, concluded that the order for his release had not arrived. He then reclined against the damp stones of his cell, and fell asleep with his father in his arms.

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He was awakened by experiencing a sense of weight upon his chest; he started up in a sitting posture and found that his father had fallen forwards; he raised his head, but felt it drop again; the truth burst upon him all at once.

He was dead!

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Ru was surprised when he entered the dungeon at the appointed hour to find that Jacques did not respond to his call; a glance satisfied him as to the cause of his silence; he looked at the body of the old man, and then at the spy, who sat motionless as a statue by its side.

"I wonder he held out so long," said the *porte-clefs;* "every day I came I expected to find him dead! But 'tis all over now! What are you going to do?"

The spy drew his hand across his eyes, and checking a rising sob, asked, "*if all was ready?*"

"I'm a little later than I said," replied Ru, "but I couldn't help it! You needn't be afraid of the sentinels; they're sound enough! I've just been to see! and I've thrown their bottles into the ditch! There's the rope!"

"Thy keys," observed Jacques.

"You wont have to use 'em," replied Ru, detaching them from his girdle and handing them to his friend; "I've left all the doors a jar! This little key belongs to the small gate that opens on to the bastion; leave it in, to show 'em how you got out!"

"And Bridget? hast thou seen her?" inquired the spy.

"Oh! I forgot!" answered Ru; "she didn't know what to say at first—"

"To the point, Ru; to the point! Time presses! What of the coin?"

"Well, she says she kept it," replied the *porte clefs*; "'till that young girl—*you* know—"

"What! Julie de St. Auney?" asked Jacques.

"Yes! that's she! Before she was put up in her coffin she hung the bit of gold about her neck! it was an idea of her's you see! Bridget *has* ideas sometimes!"

Jacques made no remark, but a smile of satisfaction played about his mouth; for an instant he remained pensive, apparently collecting his resolution; Ru again broke silence.

"I've got something else to tell you," observed he; "the *calotte* went away to-day!"

"The *calotte!*" exclaimed the spy.

"Yes!" resumed Ru; "the baron, I mean! All in a hurry too!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Jacques, musingly; "strange! and *I* not to have been also summoned! But it little matters!"

"My time's up!" suggested the *porte-clefs;* if you're going to knock me down you'd better do it!" and notwithstanding the melancholy sight before him, he indulged in a loud chuckle.

Jacques said not another word, but enveloping his father's corpse in his large cloak, he laid upon it the coil of rope Ru had brought, and cautiously opened the doors of his cell; laying himself flat down, he listened a moment attentively; all was quiet! He then crept on his hands and knees until he reached the top of the stairs, where there were two more doors, opening, one inwards, the other outwards, upon the landing, and which Ru had purposely left open. Upright in the door-way of the tower, he now distinguished drawn in outline against the sky, the form of the soldier standing at ease, totally unsuspicious of danger. Jacques raised himself cautiously to his feet, and by a well-directed blow of his fist, brought the man to the earth, instantly grasping him by the throat to prevent his giving an alarm, though this was a useless precaution, for the man was at once rendered insensible by the violence of the blow. The spy dragged him down stairs to the entrance of the dungeon, where he left him, motioning Ru to keep watch over him awhile. Taking his father's body in his arms, he carried it up to the door of the tower, and depositing his burden on the ground, returned to the cell to dispose of the sentry, whom he now laid upon the steps, Ru assisting him.

"Now Ru," said he, "thy turn!"

"Well, I wish you luck," observed the latter, "and that I mayn't get hanged! Good night! Mind you lock the door!"

Jacques shook him cordially by the hand, and as the *porte-clefs* re-entered the dungeon, his late prisoner turned the key upon him; as he rushed up the steps, Jacques stopped to lay his hand upon the soldier's heart, and felt relieved to find that although still insensible, the man breathed, and he hoped was not seriously injured; to lock the door of the landing was the work of a second; a minute more and he was in the great inner court.

The way to the bridge leading to the bastion, was through a passage between the *Comté and Trèsor* towers, the doors of which opened into this inner court; and to reach them, it was necessary first to traverse the latter in its entire width, immediately under the eye of the sentinel on duty at the inner wicket between the tower of the *Bazinirès* and that of the *Comté*, who was, by this position, perfect master of the space that separated them.

For a moment the spy hesitated; neither he nor Ru had thought of this, and discovery was infallible if he attempted to cross the court here: he was not long in deciding how to act.

Taking up his father's body in his arms, and drawing the cloak about him so as partially to conceal his own person, he crept along under the shadow of the wall connecting the *Bertaudière Tower* with the *Tower of Liberty*, in the direction of the bottom of the great court, successively passing the *Tower of the Well*, those of the *Corner*, of the *Chapel*, and of the *Comté*, and at length reached the point he sought in perfect safety, though he several times saw the vigilant guardian pass to and fro within the wicket, as he gradually drew near the dangerous spot.

Ru had not deceived him; both doors were ajar; Jacques left the first as he found it, but took the precaution of locking the second, when he stopped awhile to breathe.

Feeling himself now comparatively safe, for he knew that some time must elapse before the fact of his escape became known, he proceeded towards the mamelon of the bastion, and made fast his rope to the *chevaux-de-frize* which garnished it, as indeed the summit of the whole wall; with the body of his father across his shoulder, he then escaladed the defense, and in the course of a few minutes reached the bottom of the ditch, which, it will be remembered was a dry one; once here, he disengaged the rope by a jerk, and resuming his burden was soon beyond pursuit.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE LUTETIANS, BECOMING ALARMED FOR THE SAFETY OF THE EMPEROR, ADOPT A DESPERATE RESOLUTION CONCERNING HIM.

Meanwhile, Democritus had strictly fulfilled the mission with which Jacques had charged him.

After awaiting the return of the latter until within two hours of nightfall, finding that his friend did not arrive, he cast off his mean attire, and dressing himself in a suitable manner, mounted horse and set out for Versailles in order to deliver the packet of papers into the hands of the King's Consort. A note, written previously to starting, with the word "*Spain*," appended to the foot of it, procured him a special audience, notwithstanding that the evening was advanced; this was all he wanted.

Madame de Maintenon recognized him instantly; he at once handed her the precious packet, informing her of Jacques' incarceration, and requesting, in his name, that she would exert her influence with the king to procure his immediate release, as also his sig-

nature to that of the Baron de St Auney, to which D'Argenson's name was already attached. She promised to lay the whole affair before his majesty within an hour from that time, and dismissed him with strong expressions of interest, and a hope that he would soon again appear at court.

With regard to Jacques she was as good as her word.

Early next morning, a messenger was posted off from Versailles to the Bastile, bearing a sealed letter to Monsieur de St. Marc, enclosing D'Argenson's mandate for the *immediate* liberation of the baron, signed by Louis, and a second mandate under the king's own hand, commanding the release of the spy within twenty-four hours; but St. Marc, aware that D'Argenson proposed removing Jacques to Vincennes, and conjecturing from what had transpired on the previous evening that he had strong reasons for keeping him in confinement, and anxious, moreover, to conciliate his favor, thought proper to withhold compliance with the latter document to the utmost limits of the time specified, by which course, keeping to the strict letter of his instructions, he screened himself against blame, and at the same time aided the views of the lieutenant of police, whom he expected to see in the course of the day, and whom he left to act as he judged fit.

With regard to the baron, the order was peremptory, and the unfortunate nobleman was set at liberty in the course of the day, no answer being returned to his anxious inquiries, after Julie, save that she was no longer a prisoner.

It was late before the philosopher rejoined his companions, whom he found in a state of great ferment, hazarding various conjectures as to the cause of their leader's absence, but he abstained from answering their questions upon this point, hoping that the morrow would bring Jacques again amongst them.

During the whole of the next day, the anxiety of the community increased, and as it had become known that the emperor was last seen with Democritus, the latter could no longer withhold the intelligence they sought, nor indeed felt inclined to do so, having in turn grown alarmed for his friend's safety; still, he exhorted his companions to curb their impatience until the morrow, by which time the result of his majesty's interference in their leader's behalf would be manifest; for though he could not account for the delay, he still entertained no suspicion of treachery on the part of St. Marc.

But hour after hour waned, and he came not; the impatience exhibited at first by restless looks, gradually broke out in a series of low murmurings intermingled with threats, which became general as night came on; at length, every individual voice breathed curses and menaces, Jean Bourliquet the smith, and his herculean comrade, Samson le Gros, taking a conspicuous part in the general disaffection.

"I say 'tis time to finish with the place," exclaimed the latter, petulantly, dashing down a goblet which he had just emptied of brandy.

"And so I say, Samson!" echoed Bourliquet.

"To be sure," cried half a dozen voices in chorus.

"Yes! down with the Bastile! Down with it!" burst from every side.

"Don't be precipitate, friends!" interposed Democritus; "the step is one of great danger! Remember, the Bastile is well guarded!"

"Danger!" shouted Samson, leaping to his feet; "and isn't the emperor in danger?"

"The emperor for ever!" exclaimed a score of his companions, rallying round him.

"The emperor for ever! Down with the Bastile!" cried Bourliquet, baring his brawny arms; "curse the place! 'tis a disgrace to us *men*, to let it stand!"

"Down with it, then! down with it!" again rose in one simultaneous cry.

"Who's safe, now-a-days?" asked another individual; "didn't they send my father there for saying bread was dear?"

"And I'll lead you on," exclaimed Samson; "the sooner we go the better!"

Democritus once more interposed, to stay his fierce comrades from committing an act pregnant with such imminent consequences; many, indeed most of them, were inflamed with drink, and even whilst plotting their mischief, continued to indulge in deep potations, so that he feared they would, if unsuccessful in their meditated attack, be guilty of the grossest excesses, and bring ruin upon themselves; perhaps involve a discovery of the secret that held them together; his authority, however, went unheeded, the few words he attempted to utter being received with loud murmurs of disapprobation.

"I tell thee, comrade," said Bourliquet to him, as the uproar subsided, "that we are resolved!"

"You disobey the emperor," shouted Democritus.

"No! no!" retorted the majority.

"I say, yes!" resumed Democritus, gathering energy from opposition; "are we not all pledged not to take any step without his concurrence?"

"How can he advise us when he is not here?" asked one.

"Isn't it to release him that we go?" remarked another.

"But don't I tell you all that his majesty himself is interested in his safety?" exclaimed the philosopher again; "even *now* he may be at liberty, and on his way to us!"

"Wilt thou answer for his life?" asked Bourliquet.

Democritus, in spite of his desire to restrain his companions from any act of violence, could not quell his fears respecting Jacques, and unable to reply to this direct question, hesitated; Bourliquet, who was narrowly watching him, resumed:

"Thou art afraid to say yes, comrade! Besides, if we *did* promise never to act without the emperor's orders, he didn't expect we should."

"No, no!" was the general cry.

"No! not alone!" said Samson, placing his hand upon the smith's shoulder; "I will accompany thee!"

"We'll all go!" shouted the multitude.

"Well, comrades," observed Democritus, no longer able to resist the enthusiasm that prevailed; "it shall never be said of me that I abandoned my friends, when my arm or advice could avail them! Since you are determined upon making this attempt, I will be of the party! *En avant*, then and Lutetia for ever!"

"Bravo! Bravo! Down with the Bastile! The emperor for ever!" resounded through the vaults, as the motley groups dispersed in various directions, in search of arms and implements of destruction.

"I think thy plan a good one, friend Hercules," observed Democritus, "but we must not leave all to thy prowess! Whilst thou and thy party scale the wall on the river side, I will escalade it at the opposite point, and Vulcan can lead a third party to the mamelon."

"We've all forgotten one point," suggested the sagacious smith; "in what part of the fortress is the emperor?"

Bourliquet smiled and resumed:

"When once we're *in*," said he, "I and my party will make for the great drawbridge, and cut of the communication with the guard-houses, by preventing the garrison from lowering it. Then somebody must find out the governor; he'll tell us where the emperor is!"

Democritus again addressed his companions:

"What we do," remarked he, "we must do as silently as possible; we have the night in our favor, and the security in which our adversaries fancy themselves. 'Tis now nearly half-past eleven. What say you to attacking at midnight?"

"Agreed! Agreed!" was the general reply.

"Good!" continued he; "then let us away at once!"

"The emperor for ever! Lutetia for ever! Down with the Bastile!" shouted Hercules.

"The emperor for ever! Down with the Bastile!" responded his comrades.

"Let those who intend to follow *me*," resumed the philosopher, "rally round me; and so of our comrades Vulcan and Hercules. We have no time to lose!"

In the midst of the confusion that reigned, the murmur of voices, the clang of arms, and the shuffling of feet, Jacques suddenly appeared amongst them, pale, haggard, and exhausted.

A dead silence all at once prevailed, as if by magic all had been struck dumb and motionless, but the next moment, one simultaneous cry burst forth, each vying with the other which should shout loudest "The emperor for ever!"

By a motion of his hand, Jacques silenced the tumult, and having signed for one of them to bring a bench, he laid the corpse upon it, drawing off the cloth that covered it, so that the emaciated frame

was exposed to their wondering gaze; burying his face in his hands, he gave a convulsive sob, and sunk down by its side.

Respect for the grief he manifested checked any remarks on the part of his companions, and a few minutes passed without a word being said, though many were the glances and ominous the whispers exchanged; at length Democritus poured out a tumbler of wine, which he amply qualified with brandy, and handed it to him; the spy thanked him with a faint smile, and drank off the liquor.

"Comrades," said he, returning the vessel, "thank heaven I am once more amongst you!"

"The emperor for ever!" shouted they.

"I have just escaped from the Bastile!" shouted the spy.

"Didn't I say they wouldn't let him out," observed Hercules; "down with the Bastile! We are ready! Down with it!"

"Aye, aye! Down with it! Down with the Bastile!" echoed from a score of voices.

The cry was immediately taken up, and resounded through the halls for several minutes, increased and prolonged by the clash of weapons and loud threats.

In the midst of it Jacques started to his feet, and for the first time perceived they were armed. With perfect calmness, the spy gazed upon the turbulent mass, and in a firm voice, said:

"What is the meaning of this outbreak?"

Bourliquet and his huge friend stepped forward from the centre of their respective band, to explain, but Democritus, who stood nearest to Jacques, forestalled their intention, and in a very few words informed the spy of all that had occurred:

"Yes," added Bourliquet, as soon as the former came to an end; "'tis every word true! We were all going!"

"But I am now again amongst you, my friends," observed Jacques; "what more do you want?"

"Down with the Bastile!" they shouted.

"And who amongst you will say so, if I forbid it?" asked Jacques.

A murmur of dissatisfaction was heard, accompanied by angry gestures; the spy affected not to remark either, and continued:

"When the hour has come, I will lead you on! Yes, the Bastile must fall—nay it shall fall—but we must 'bide the time!"

"When is it to come?" asked Samson, petulantly; "we've waited for it long enough!"

"Aren't things going worse every day?" suggested another.

"Isn't my brother in there now?" observed a third.

"And my father?" exclaimed a fourth.

"Yes, yes!" cried Jacques, elevating his voice; "I know you have grievances to redress; I know that oppression like this should not be; but I repeat it, the moment is not come; *the pear is not yet ripe.*"

Another murmur of disapproval, louder and more continuous than the first, arose, but Jacques soon quelled it, by an imperative gesture.

"You are wrong," shouted he; "but you err through ignorance! Answer me; did I ever mislead or deceive you?"

"No, no! The emperor for ever! Lutetia for ever!" was the unanimous response.

"Are not your interests mine?" continued Jacques, warming; "and have we not, all of us, individual motives for remaining true to the general cause? Without *me*, would you exist in the security I have placed you? How many of you, victims of the vilest oppression, would now be pining in the loathsome atmosphere of a dungeon of the Bastile? Who then talks of endangering those means, is a traitor to himself, a traitor to Lutetia, and an enemy of mine?"

"No, no! The emperor for ever! Julian for ever! Lutetia for ever!" responded to this indirect accusation; "there are no traitors amongst us!"

"No!" returned the spy; "none that would for any consideration of wealth or other advantage betray a comrade or betray Lutetia; yet are you all agreed to take a step by which you will infallibly endanger the safety of our community, and destroy the fraction of liberty you enjoy! And what is this but treachery, although you would yourselves be its first victims! Did not I unite you to accomplish great purposes? Are not we virtually the rulers of this great city?"

"You were in danger," sullenly exclaimed Hercules, shouldering his club; "that's why we were going to attack the Bastile."

"I know your hearts," rejoined Jacques; "your fears for my safety overcame your better judgment, and *that* once excited, you were no longer masters of yourselves! I thank you, comrades! But listen awhile! Were we now to march against the Bastile, and destroy it, another would rise up in it stead! Is there not Vincennes? Vincennes with its dungeon and *oubliettes!* Is there not the Temple? Another prison not less horrible! These did not spring from the ground like poisonous mushrooms, spontaneously; they were begotten by the spirit of oppression upon despotism, and when we march, 'tis not against the Bastile *only* we must march, but against *despotism* that engendered it! Liberty for ever!"

A shout of approbation rent the halls, and some time elapsed before it was sufficiently subdued for the spy to continue:

"I feel that the people will do this," said he, "because I am one of the people, and feel as they do! Oppression has its limits; once it over-steps them it becomes its own destroyer! Like you, I too have wrongs to revenge, and if I preach forbearance to you, I will set you the example of practising it! Did I listen to the dictates of my resentment, this night would I lead you on to destroy the object of general detestation and fear, the Bastile! But no: I have a grander object to attain, and with you to second me, we shall attain it! I mean the affranchisement of our fellow-citizens from the yoke of slavery!"

A surpressed murmur of anger ran through the assemblage, accompanied by ill-suppressed threats, whilst many a fierce counte-

nance worked more fiercely still under the influence of the passions that their leader's narrative had suddenly rekindled:

"Yes, friends! *my* father; to seek whose grave I came to Paris now about ten years ago, died in that charnel house! Here, amongst you, shall he be buried! Here, where we nightly assemble, will I erect a cross to his memory! And here, over his dead body, and by his sufferings during his long imprisonment, do I swear, solemnly, never to rest until I have accomplished the liberation of our fellow-citizens, and the downfall of despotism! When the time is come I will be your leader; I myself will first cry, *down with the Bastile!* Do you consent to this?"

"We do! we do!" was the unanimous reply.

"Then swear it!" replied Jacques.

By a simultaneous movement every hand was suddenly elevated, and a deep murmur, as if one voice only had spoken, resounded through the dark vault.

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The next night, at twelve, the old man was interred in the middle of the great hall, Father Simon having consecrated the spot, and performed the last sad duties to the dead; as soon as he had retired, Jacques, having placed a small wooden cross over the grave, renewed the vow he had made to his companions on the previous night, and they took his pledge of fidelity and obedience in return.

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CHAPTER LVII.

THE LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE DUKE OF CHARTRES AND BEATRICE.

On the morning of the second day after these occurrences, the Duke de Chartres received an intimation from Jacques, that Beatrice was dying, and wished to see him; although their last interview had prepared him for the event, the intelligence shocked him excessively, and in conformity with the instructions contained in the letter, he immediately prepared to follow the messenger who had brought it to Lutetia.

The man conducted him straight to Michaulx's the cooper, who, it will be remembered, lived in the *Rue de la Harpe*, his dwelling forming one of the secret entrances to the *Palais des Thermes:* the duke had muffled himself up in a large cloak, to prevent his being recognized, a precaution recommended by the spy, who received him on his arrival, and led him in silence to Beatrice's chamber.

How the prince's heart smote him as he approached that chamber of death! How pale and how attenuated should he find that form he had so loved, and but a few months since seen blooming with health and beauty!

As the spy thrust open the door, D'Orleans heard the soft tones of a female voice engaged in solemn prayer! He started: the voice was not that of Beatrice! Jacques motioned him to enter! The duke obeyed: Beatrice lay apparently dead, with her infant in her arms. On one side of the bed stood a capuchin-friar, holding a crucifix to the moribund, and on the other, knelt Julie de St. Auney!

Believing Julie to be still in the Bastile, D'Orleans was startled to meet with her here, engaged too in such an office, but conjecturing that she had been released through the mysterious agency of the spy, his surprise subsided into a feeling of shame at finding himself once more in her presence, and he hesitated whether to advance or retire; the powerful motive, however, that had brought him to that place, overcame every other sentiment, and as Julie arose, having completed her pious task, he stepped forward to take her place by the side of the dying girl. Julie recognized him; her countenance changed, and she became slightly troubled, but almost immediately recovering her self-possession; she resumed her charitable, self-imposed duties towards Beatrice.

That the drug administered to Julie by Ru was not deadly, but merely a powerful narcotic, has already been surmised by the reader.

Finding it impossible to procure her release through the intercessions of Madame de Maintenon, for the reasons already mentioned, and fearing some violence to her on the part of D'Argenson, whose motives for detaining her a prisoner he knew to be infamous, Jacques imparted his suspicions to Ru, whom he prevailed upon to aid him in snatching her from the dreadful fate that awaited her, should the latter have cause to believe those suspicions founded; the result is known, and little more remains to be told.

A few hours had sufficed to restore the poor girl to consciousness; when she was made acquainted with the happy truth that she was free, she fell on her knees and thanked her deliverer in the most grateful terms, readily consenting to remain where she was, upon learning that it was necessary to her safety she should abstain awhile from re-joining her sister, with whose retreat Jacques made her acquainted, satisfying her likewise as to the fate of her father, and assuring her that although he had suffered much, he would shortly be set at liberty, and placed entirely beyond the fear of further persecution at the hands of his enemy.

Having for the time being taken up her abode in Lutetia, the kind-hearted maiden volunteered to tend Beatrice, with whose sufferings she soon sympathized, and whom she essayed to console by every means in her power. Beatrice in turn instinctively clung to one, young like herself, and already acquainted with grief; and under her soothing care, her mind, hitherto wandering, gradually

recovered a more healthy tone, though her bodily strength diminished more and more, until she could no longer conceal from herself the rapid approach of her last hour: as she felt the crisis at hand, she besought Jacques to send for the duke.

Absorbed in the fulfilment of her religious duties, Beatrice did not perceive the duke until he drew up to the bed-side, when a faint smile illumined her countenance, and extending her hand, even now clammy and cold, she exclaimed:

"Thank heaven thou art come!"

"Oh, Beatrice!" ejaculated the duke, "canst thou forgive me?"

"I can, Philippe; I can;" responded the dying girl; "for do I not myself hope to be forgiven? This holy man has sown hope where despair was. Thank him, Philippe, for he has saved my soul!"

The duke extended his hand to Father Simon—for it was he—and pressed *his* in silence; Beatrice continued:

"And this young girl, Philippe; she too has consoled me! Ah, she also has known grief, and can feel for sorrows like mine! Could I hope to live, I would call her sister; but, no; I must die; she shall be my sister in heaven, where I will pray for her, and for thee too, my brother—" she now turned towards Jacques—"oh, that I could have seen our father before he died! But— 'tis past—"

For a few seconds her strength seemed to forsake her, but Julie administered a restorative to her, and she resumed in a solemn tone, taking her lover's hand between both her own, and gazing steadfastly into his face whilst she spoke:

"Philippe," said she, "I sent for thee, to make one last request, which thou must not refuse? This child is our's! He will live to call thee father; he will live to be a man, and pride shall make him walk erect! They will speak to him of his mother, and then his cheek shall burn, for shame will be in his heart; this must not be, Philippe."

"Would that it were possible, Beatrice," exclaimed the agonized prince; "but 'tis out of my power! Oh, I have wronged thee more cruelly than thou suspectest! I never told thee my rank, for I dreaded to lose thee! But fear not for our son! He shall not blush for his parentage! The blood of the Bourbon flows in his veins, and like his father, he shall bear the name of D'Orleans!"

A silence ensued; Beatrice was so overcome she lacked power to give utterance to the words that hung upon her lips, and gazed fixedly at the duke with eyes already glazed. Suddenly, however, as if she had collected her last remaining strength for the effort, she raised herself on her pillow, and said:

"Who then canst *thou* be that art the father of my child? Philippe D'Orleans?"

"Duke of Chartres" exclaimed he, interrupting her; "and now, Beatrice, thou knowest why I cannot give thee my hand in marriage!"

"Oh, Philippe," ejaculated she, the tears streaming from her

eyes, "dost thou then despise me? Thy rank will not confer on me life to share it with thee, but grant me my last request! Thou didst not think me beneath thy love, and dost thou now hesitate to sanctify it? Oh, Philippe, 'tis for thy son I ask this boon! Thy hand; thy hand—"

"Beatrice, Beatrice," rejoined D'Orleans, in a frenzied tone, "I cannot!—I am already betrothed! I am married!" and in an agony of grief he sunk into a chair by her side.

A moment's silence, a stifled sob, a slight groan, and Beatrice fell back into the arms of Julie.

"Highness, she is dead," gasped Jacques; "you have killed her."

But Beatrice again opened her eyes:

"Jacques! brother," said she, almost inarticulately, "'tis the end! Let me embrace thee! My child! thou wilt watch over him! Julie, my friend, thy hand; and thou, father, bless—"

She said no more: her voice suddenly became extinguished, her bosom ceased to heave, her eyes, for a moment supernaturally bright, fixed themselves upon the duke, then all at once stood motionless in their sockets; the light faded from them; her head fell backward upon Julie's shoulder, and all was over.

That night the old man's grave was re-opened to receive the remains of his child.

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CHAPTER LVIII.

THE CHEVALIER DE MONT FLEURI IMPARTS AN INTERESTING PIECE OF INTELLIGENCE TO THE MARQUISE DE BEAUVAIS.

From the scene pictured in the foregoing chapter, we must now transport thee, reader, to one far different; to one where elegance and luxury reign supreme; to one of those mysterious little nooks styled *boudoirs*, the stronghold of the wealthy fair, in which they love to take refuge and dream of happiness present, of happiness to come, or perhaps of happiness past; or where, unobserved, save by some discreet attendant, they can weep over a disappointment, or plan deliberate revenge against their rivals for empire over the gay coteries in which they flutter away their flimsy existences; to one of these, and one of the most sumptuous, come with us.

The Marquise de Beauvais—it is of her we would speak—resided in the *Rue Notre Dame des Champs*, in one of the very prettiest *maisonettes* of the whole *Faubourg St. Germain*.

It was of light Gothic architecture, and seated on an artificial

knoll in the midst of a small park boasting some of the finest teils, elms, and horse-chestnut trees; the house itself being surrounded by an extensive flower-garden, with a shrubbery and a conservatory annexed. It had been built expressly for her at a vast expense, by her late husband, and adorned both externally and internally with every adjunct that art could furnish.

Her *boudoir* overlooked the shrubbery and the lawn beyond, which latter had the appearance of a rich velvet carpet, so green was it and so smooth, not a blade of grass growing out of its place; the view was bounded by clumps of the large trees already mentioned, concealing the tall walls which encircled the park, and deceiving the eye, so that seated at her window she could, almost in the heart of a large city, fancy herself in one of her solitary *chateaux* in Normandy or in Picardy, retaining the consolation of being still within the precincts of the court.

The apartment itself was one of those exquisite specimens of architectural ingenuity that are easier conceived than described, simply because no portraiture can do them justice.

The two windows looking out upon the shrubbery and lawn, as aforesaid, were nearly concealed beneath a rich drapery of light blue velvet trimmed with silver lace; immediately facing them was an alcove, before which, curtains of the same material, similarly trimmed, could be drawn at pleasure so as to hide the luxurious couch within it; ornaments of every description met the eye; such was the *boudoir* of Elise, Marquise de Beauvais. And here the reader must picture her to his imagination, seated at the window, making up a nose-gay of violets to adorn her own fair bosom, previous to taking her morning exercise on horseback.

As she executed her graceful task, she hummed over a lively air, occasionally beating time with her foot, when her female attendant entered and announced a visitor.

"So early!" exclaimed the marquise; "who is it, Eugenie?"

"A cavalier, madame," responded the latter with a tantalizing smile.

"But who? who?" resumed her mistress.

"Whom should it be, madame, but the chevalier!" asked the attendant; "the Chevalier de Mont-Fleuri! Shall I say you are not at home, madame?"

"Yes! to everybody else, Eugenie! Tell monsieur le chevalier to come."

The attendant withdrew.

Whatever brings *him?*" soliloquized the marchioness; "so early too; and I not dressed! Never mind," she continued, as she fastened her bouquet into her riding-habit, and hastily arranged her beautiful tresses around her face, at the same time eyeing herself in a pschye.

"Monsieur le Chevalier de Mont-Fleuri," said the soubrette, ushering in our old friend Democritus, dressed according to the elegant fashion of the period.

"Your very devoted servant, madame la marquise," exclaimed he, bowing as he entered.

The attendant retired.

"Your's, monsieur le chevalier," replied the marchioness, dropping him a low curtsey; and she burst out into a ringing laugh, as she added; "how extremely formal we are! As times go, we could not be more so were we—"

"Married to each other," suggested the chevalier, interrupting her.

"Have it so, if you will," replied she, smiling, and slightly blushing; "but heaven forbid we should ever be on such familiar terms."

"Amen!" responded our hero with affected gravity.

"May I know what brings you, chevalier?" asked the lady, sinking gracefully into a chair by the window, and pointing to another opposite to her, intimative of her desire to see him seated.

"Did you not, Elise, at our last interview, accord me the privilege of the early entry?"

"True, my dear chevalier, but since then you have never shewn your face here, and I consider this breach of friendship tantamount to a forfeiture of all the privileges I intended that my condescension should confer upon you. Come, sir, give me an account of your actions since we last met!"

"The punishment would be yours if I did, Elise, for I should have to confess that from that time until now, I have never once thought of you."

The marchioness, accustomed to his raillery, burst into a loud laugh as she responded.

"Ah, well, I cannot be angry with you for that, I so seldom think of you! Indeed, had you never returned I should have entirely forgotten that such a person had ever existed!"

"This is what I wished, Elise, for at our last interview I fancied you betrayed decided symptoms of returning the attachment to me that I once professed I felt towards you; had this been the case, I must have taken greater precautions in breaking to you the news of my approaching marriage!"

"And so you are going to be married!" exclaimed she at last, in some measure recovered.

The philosopher inclined his head affirmatively.

"Is it a fair question to inquire the name of the happy lady?" resumed the marchioness.

"The question is fair enough, madame la marquise, but I cannot answer it! The alliance is, as yet, only on the *tapis*, wherefore it would be imprudent to mention names. The circumstance, however, I could *not* make up my mind to keep secret from so old a friend as you, whom I once sincerely loved! But you shall be made acquainted with her name; aye, and with her too in due time! Indeed you would confer a personal favor on *me*, if you would condescend to officiate as bride's maid on the occasion! The young

woman is an orphan, and would feel much flattered by the distinction, I will answer for it!"

"Oh, certainly," responded the marchioness, with forced animation; "if the young lady should not prefer one of her own friends! When is the nuptial benediction to be given?"

"I do not quite know myself, but I will take care that you be apprized in time, my dear marchioness! You are somewhat surprised at my taking this step, are you not?"

"You are altogether an enigma to me, chevalier!" answered she, with trepidation, gazing at him with swimming eyes; "your language to me, on the night of the masque—for I may now speak plainly—induced me to believe that our old intimacy was not forgotten, and our subsequent interviews confirmed this impression! I may, then, well feel surprised at this announcement!"

"Elise—" interrupted the chevalier, reproachfully.

"Nay, hear me out," resumed she, warming as she spoke; "although I have avowed the existence of a silly passion to you, from whom, of all others, I ought to have concealed it, and although I have indulged in false hopes, do not think that my weakness shall carry me further! You shall never have it in your power to exult over what you may deem a triumph! You have trifled with my feelings; I know how to resent the injury!"

"And did you not trifle with mine, too, Elise?" rejoined our hero; "I loved you ardently, passionately, and you gave me every proof that my love was reciprocated. Oh, you cannot know with what eagerness I watched for those glances which you denied to others: with what raptures I listened to your voice, or to the echo of your footsteps!"

"And is the blame all to *me*, 'sieur chevalier?" retorted the marchioness, wiping the tears from her eyes; "is there then in your vocabulary no such thing as an excuse for coquetry?"

"None, madame; none!"

"You are in error, chevalier! Coquetry is to a handsome woman, aye, or even to a homely one, her best safeguard against the vapid triflers who ever flutter in the circle of which she is the centre! Poor moths around a flaming taper! Does not a woman require some kind of shield to protect her against the assaults of this tribe of gnats? And what shield is there for her so invulnerable as coquetry?"

"With such powers of discrimination, Elise, I feel less inclined to pardon you for the sufferings you caused me to undergo, for you surely did not confound *me* with the herd of flatterers to whom you allude!"

"Vanity again," retorted the marchioness, with a contemptuous laugh; "why, now, should I exempt *you* from the general stigma?"

"Did you not set *me* the example, madame?"

"And could you, chevalier, follow an example which upon principle you condemn?"

"But did you not Elise, cruelly trifle with me?"

Unable longer to contend against the violence of her emotions, the beautiful young widow burst into a convulsive flood of tears, which were checked only by the pressure of the chevalier's hand upon her's:

"You love me, then, Elise?" said he, in a soft tone of voice.

She paused a moment ere she answered, when with brightening eyes half-closed, and heaving bosom, and a face suffused with modest blushes, she said:

"Why should I now deny it? Did I do so, you would not believe me, and my avowal may be some slight atonement for my former error towards you. *You* have subdued the passion *you* once felt for *me;* a similar task remains to me to accomplish."

"There is no lack of aspirants to your hand, madame," retorted the chevalier, seeming to take pleasure in increasing her anguish; "I know of at least a dozen!"

"Go on!" ejaculated she, sobbing with vexation.

"Well, then," resumed he, "I do not deny the truth of your surmises. From the day on which you so thoughtlessly trampled upon a heart that was devoted to you alone, and that even now for a time beats in unison with your own, I say that from that day I vowed to be revenged upon you, madame. I did not anticipate the pleasure of meeting you at the masque, but having met you, resolved to make the most of the opportunity to renew a suit I never intended should lead but to the end I had pre-determined to attain. I left Paris for a few days, and on my return, sought you again, and again, and again, each time to reap more certain convictions as to the state of your heart, whilst my own remained as cold as was your's when you scorned my love."

"Enough! enough! monsieur le chevalier," interrupted the marchioness; "though I deserve all this, I will not hear more. You have acted an unworthy, ungenerous part, and shamefully abused my confidence. I have made you a promise which I will keep. Until that day let me hear no more of you, nor see you. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning!"

So saying the marchioness arose with great dignity, and making her visitor a formal reverence, glided majestically out of her boudoir into an adjoining apartment.

Democritus took up his beaver, and nowise disconcerted, coolly withdrew, muttering to himself:

"Now I am even with her!"

CHAPTER LXI.

IN WHICH RU MAKES A DISCLOSURE TO THE LIEUTENANT OF POLICE; AND HIS LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.

THE course of events carries us back to the Bastile, early on the morning following Jacques' escape.

In the council-chamber were assembled D'Argenson, St. Marc, Corbé, Monsieur de Joncas, a subaltern, the four delinquent sentinels, guarded by a competent picket of their comrades, the soldier who Jacques left shut up in the tower of the Bertaudière, and lastly Ru, apart from the rest, scowling upon the judicial group with an air of dogged defiance.

At the table were seated D'Argenson and the governor, behind whom stood Corbé, Monsieur de Joncas being engaged in detailing the occurrences of the previous night, and the circumstance which had led to their discovering the escape of the two prisoners from the dungeon of the ditch.

Fearful were the workings of the sombre countenance of the lieutenant of police as he listened to the major's recital, and dark the frown that he directed upon the delinquents; when the major came to an end he inquired whether either of the parties had been questioned.

"Monseigneur," replied de Joncas, "they were too much overcome to give any account of themselves, so I let them sleep in the black-hole until your arrival."

"Well, varlets," exclaimed the lieutenant of police, addressing the sentinels, "how can you justify yourselves against this charge?"

The four unlucky wretches, not even now quite recovered from the effects of the drug, looked at one another with a stupid air, encouraging one another to speak; at last one of them making the military salute, took two steps in advance of his comrades, and addressing their judge, said:

"Monseigneur, we're all old soldiers, and have served his majesty ever since he made his first campaign! We couldn't have gone so sound asleep unless—" The soldier hesitated.

"Unless," reiterated D'Argenson, mimicking the speaker; "unless what? *Sang dieu!*"

"Well, monseigneur, 'tis of no use concealing anything now," rejoined the other; "we may as well be shot for telling all the truth as half of it! The fact is, monseigneur, that we must have been drunk!"

"Drunk, ye knaves!" shouted the lieutenant of police; "*tonnerre dieu!* Why this is worse and worse! And this is thy justification? So if the whole garrison chose to get drunk, the *chateau* might take

care of itself! But how got ye drunk? And when? And with what? Ye must have caroused famously at supper, *morbleu!*"

The soldier did not reply, for, besides that, he could not wholly exonerate himself or his comrades by confessing the share Ru had had in their delinquency.

"And so thou refusest to reply?"

The soldier shrugged his shoulders, but remained mute; notwithstanding, he cast a look of peculiar significancy upon Ru, which was instantly detected by D'Argenson; perceiving this, the *porte-clefs* fixing his eyes upon the latter, muttered:

"Oh, I give him leave! Let him tell if he likes! *I* don't care! Go on!" added he, turning half round to the sentinel.

"Thou hearest!" observed the lieutenant of police to the latter, remarking his hesitation.

"Since Ru gives me leave, monseigneur," resumed the soldier, "of course I will tell how it was!"

"Go on, fool!" growled D'Argenson.

"Then, monseigneur," rejoined the other, "you must know that about an hour or better before supper-time last night, Ru came into the canteen where I and my comrades were drinking a *petit-verre!* We got talking, and whilst we were talking, in comes our captain to tell us that we were to mount guard on the roundaway after supper! After the captain was gone, Ru says to me, 'thou'lt have a cold hour's work of it to-night, comrade!' Yes, says I; it isn't over amusing! But I shan't feel it much, because I shall be on duty in the *corps-de-garde* of the bridge. With that Ru asked me if I would play him at piquet for a bottle of wine. Willingly, says I, so down we sat, and Ru lost! 'I won't play with thee any more,' say he, 'but I'll try my luck with either of thy comrades!' All wanted to play, and it was agreed at last that Ru should give each a turn a-piece for a bottle!"

D'Argenson listened attentively to the soldier's story, and mused awhile after he had brought it to an end, next interrogating the sentinel who was found shut up with Ru in the tower; his recital was brief and circumstantial; he only remembered receiving a sudden and violent blow, and finding himself, on recovering his consciousness, shut up between the doors of the dungeon-stairs, where he had remained until released by Monsieur de Joncas.

"And what hast *thou* to say, Maitre Ru?" continued the lieutenant of police, addressing the *porte-clefs*.

"Why, that after being knocked down I'm likely to be hanged for not dying outright," retorted the latter. "I went to take the prisoners their supper when Jacques told me the old man was dead!"

"Dead! sayst thou?" ejaculated D'Argenson, starting, for this news surprised and pleased him.

"Yes; dead!" retorted the imperturbable jailer.

The lieutenant of police turned pale, and patiently ejaculated:

"The man was mad!"

"*Was* he?" continued Ru, staring intently at his interrogator;

"I think I ought to know! He wasn't mad five and twenty years ago, and then he said you and a notary of the name of Quinault—"

"Peace, fool!" shouted D'Argenson, trembling with rage and vexation, for he little expected this *exposé*. "Go on with thy story; what happened thee in the dungeon?"

"Why," retorted Ru, "when I went to look at the old man, Jacques knocked me down, and when I got up again he was gone, and so were my keys!"

In spite of the plausibility of the *porte-clefs'* account of this part of the transaction, D'Argenson was too shrewd to be deceived thereby; he felt relieved that the old man was dead, but could ill suppress his anger at the escape of the spy, whose person he had deemed perfectly secure, but whom as the Bastile was full, he had determined to cast into one of the *oubliettes* of the fortress of Vincennes, and three keep him until he should divulge the name of the party to whose care he had consigned the fatal papers obtained from Quinault; his rage may be conceived when he arrived at the Bastile that morning for the express purpose of conveying him away, and learnt the news of his escape.

"By the blood of all the holy saints," exclaimed he, as Ru ended, "Darest thou swear that thou didst not connive at this man's escape?"

"If I did," retorted Ru, unmoved, "what should I get by it?"

D'Argenson started to his feet in a fury, but almost immediately re-seated himself, as if struck by some sudden thought.

"'Sieur governor," said he after a momentary pause, addressing St. Marc, "two prisoners have within the last three months effected their escape from the *château*; on the last occasion I was induced to pass over the negligence of the sentinels, but by St. Marc, I must now make an example of these to teach the others vigilance! March those four men into the inner court *Monsieur le Major* and shoot them!"

De Joncas raised his hand to his head, in token of obedience, when he who had officiated as spokesman advanced a step nearer D'Argenson, emboldened by the imploring looks of his comrades:

"Monseigneur," said he, "we deserve our fate, for, d'ye see, a good soldier never sleeps at his post! But we are old servants of his majesty's—"

At this moment Ru, who had been an apparently abstracted observer, stepped up to the table, and thus drew upon him the attention of the lieutenant of police:

"What are they going to be shot for?" asked he in his usual abrupt manner, at the same time extending his hands towards the condemned sentinels; "if 'tis for going to sleep on duty, you'd better shoot me! *I did* it!"

"Did *what?*" asked D'Argenson.

"I drugged the wine on purpose!" resumed Ru; "Jacques is my friend!"

The whole truth flashed at once upon the mind of all, a general

exclamation of astonishment following this unexpected announcement.

"Traitor!" ejaculated D'Argenson; "what could induce thee to commit such an act?"

Ru drew close up to the lieutenant of police and whispered in his ear; the effect was magical; his eyes suddenly glistened with delight, and he involuntarily bent them upon St. Marc, a singular expression of malice pervading his features; he then arose, and left the chamber, the *porte-clefs* leading the way.

As he disappeared through the door-way, St. Marc quitted his seat for the purpose of following him, but D'Argenson peremptorily bade him remain, a command with which the governor reluctantly complied, exchanging uneasy glances with his nephew.

Not more than two minutes elapsed before the lieutenant of police re-entered; he was alone.

"*Monsieur le Major*," said he, speaking to de Joncas, "these soldiers are at liberty! You may think yourselves fortunate," continued he, addressing them.

Monsieur de Joncas bowed, and immediately withdrew, leaving D'Argenson alone with St. Marc and Corbé, the former resuming his place at the table.

Before St. Marc lay the great register of the Bastile in which the names of the various prisoners were inscribed, together with the date of their incarceration and of their liberation; the lieutenant of police began turning over the leaves in an abstracted manner, when his eye became suddenly upon one of the columns, and turning sharply round to the governor, he exclaimed with unfeigned astonishment, frowning as he spoke:

"How is this, 'sieur governor! The Baron de St. Auney at liberty?"

"Yes, monseigneur," answered the governor; "he was set at liberty yesterday."

"And by whose command was he liberated, 'Sieur St. Marc?"

"I had the king's warrant for his immediate release, monseigneur, signed by yourself! Here it is!"

And St. Marc handed the document to him.

"Confusion!" exclaimed D'Argenson, recognizing the paper Jacques had extorted from him at Quinault's; "how could this have reached the king?"

"I had no alternative, monseigneur, but to obey," resumed St. Marc; "the same messenger brought this letter also; commanding me to set Jacques at liberty within twenty-four hours!"

D'Argenson snatched the paper from his hand, and hastily glanced his eye over its contents; sinking into the chair he had recently quitted, he buried his face in his hands, plunged in thought.

"I am lost!" mused he to himself, "lost entirely unless I can counteract this stroke of ill-fortune! if those papers are in the king's hands, I am ruined!"

Turning abruptly round to St. Marc, he now addressed him:

"'Sieur governor," said he, "some two months ago, having occasion for a few thousand crowns, I requested thee to lend me the sum I needed!"

"You did, monseigneur," replied the governor, turning somewhat pale.

The lieutenant of police continued:

"And thou didst tell me, that thou hadst not the money!"

"The sum was large, monseigneur, fifty thousand crowns;" stammered St. Marc; "I much regretted my inability to supply you with it!"

A pause ensued particularly embarrassing to the governor, upon whom D'Argenson kept his eyes steadily fixed, a smile of incredulity playing about his mouth.

"To-morrow, at noon," resumed D'Argenson, "I shall send for the money under proper escort!"

"But monseigneur," exclaimed St. Marc again; "by what right do you demand this of me?"

"By the best of all rights, 'sieur governor! The right of the strongest!"

"But this is infamous, monseigneur; 'tis an extortion!"

"Have a care 'Sieur St. Marc," rejoined the lieutenant of police; "dost think I know not of *thy* extortions also? And knowing of them, thinkest thou I winked at them without a hope of one day turning the circumstance to account? Come, 'sieur governor! Let us understand each other and remain friends! When I last requested a loan of thee and thou didst plead poverty, I believed thee; or what amounts to the same, I chose to believe thee! Now 'tis different! But thou shalt not find me ungrateful!"

"But, monseigneur, I owe you nothing," remonstrated St. Marc, petulantly.

"That signifies nothing," retorted the other, unmoved.

"I cannot give you so large a sum, monseigneur! I do not possess it!"

"Then, 'sieur governor," resumed D'Argenson, "I must remind thee of a certain closet in yonder wall, which I have a good reason to know is well lined with broad gold pieces! Nay, if thou art still incredulous, I will even show thee how to come at them!"

For some moments they remained mute and motionless as statues, when the lieutenant of police once more broke silence:

"Well, 'Sieur St. Marc," said he; "thou wilt give me this money, eh?"

"Yes, monseigneur; yes!" replied the other, huskily; "you shall have it!"

D'Argenson, smiled, and inclined his head.

"Then by to-morrow, at noon," observed he, "let it be ready! I have most urgent occasion for it!" and bidding the worthy pair good day, he abruptly departed.

"Uncle!" exclaimed Corbé, as soon as D'Argenson was fairly gone.

"Nephew!" ejaculated St. Marc in reply.

"This is Ru's work!" continued the nephew.

"It is!" chimed in the uncle.

"We must be revenged, uncle!"

"We have spoken of this before," resumed Corbé; "Ru knows too much, and has known too much for a long while! We are not safe!"

"We are not," remarked the governor; "but how did he obtain possession of our secret?"

"Dost recollect that night, uncle, when Jacques—"

Corbé extended his hand to the governor who tendered him his in return, and exchanging a significant squeeze, they commenced a conversation of which we will give only the sequel.

* * * * * * *

More than a week had elapsed since the foregoing colloquy took place between St. Marc and Corbé.

It was a dark, bleak night, and the wind furiously buffeted the grim towers of the Bastile, moaning and groaning through the battlements, like the wailings of a thousand evil spirits; the sky was surcharged with heavy clouds, and a drizzling rain fell, half frozen and mixed with hail, which drifting from every quarter, accumulated in compact masses on the platform, to the great annoyance of the sentinels, rendering their walk dangerous and disagreeable in the extreme, causing them to look wistfully at their boxes, with many a loud curse against the pitiless storm, and still more against the not less pitiless *consigné* that forbade them to take even a moment's shelter from its fury, nevertheless, besides the sentinels on duty on that platform, and braving wind, and hail, and sleet, and rain, and cold, might have been seen a man crouched down behind a heap of large stones, like some beast of prey lying in wait for its victim: that man was Corbé.

For some time previously, be it said, the whole of this portion of the fortress, being in a dilapidated state, had been undergoing thorough repair, more especially that angle of it comprising the Towers of Liberty and of the Well, and their connecting masonry, the former having sustained material damage from lightning some few months before, which damage Samson le Gros had been called in to render secure for the winter, it being the intention of the authorities to reconstruct the platform itself, as soon as the weather would allow the masons to proceed with their work.

Corbé had been in his hiding-place already some time, and was growing impatient at the non-arrival of the individual he expected, when he suddenly heard the sentinel on duty over the Bertaudière tower challenge somebody.

"'Tis he," muttered the watcher, and once more crouched down behind the large stones.

Meanwhile, the person alluded to, having given the pass-word, advanced toward the spot where Corbé lay hidden, and had already stept his foot on the plank, when he exclaimed, speaking to himself:

"I don't half like it! I wont go!" and he began hallooing out, "Monsieur Corbé, Monsieur Corbé," at the very top of his voice.

This individual was Ru.

The wretch heard him perfectly well, for Ru was to windward of him, but he answered not.

"A plague take the old one, and his message too," growled Ru, advancing cautiously a step or two upon the plank, and pressing it downwards with his foot to try if it was steady.

All of a sudden he stopped short, stood still for a moment, then peeped over into the court beneath, over which he now stood at an elevation of more than ninety feet.

"Cant see," muttered he, "but 'tis a good way down to the bottom! I owe him a grudge; he struck me once! I've a good mind to—" here he paused in his soliloquy, then a moment or two after resumed —"I *will*," said he; "nobody'll know it! they'll think he fell over accidentally! It'll be a good revenge!"

During this brief interval, Corbé was watching him with the greatest eagerness, inwardly cursing him for his hesitation:

"The wretch!" growled he, setting his teeth hard together; "he nearly broke my arm!"

Ru now again began to progress across the plank, steadying himself as well as he could by stooping, for the wind several times nearly threw him off his balance; he was within a few feet of the opposite side when there was a loud crack, and with a sudden jerk the plank gave way beneath him; he clutched at it as he fell, and succeeded in grasping it, but his weight was too much; for a second or two he remained poised and struggling in the air, clinging to the treacherous deal with a tenacity that belongs only to the drowning man who is catching at a straw, but his struggles only served to hasten his fate; the next moment he had disappeared.

There ensued a dead pause of a few seconds, then a heavy, dead, smashing sound!

He had fallen into the court-yard beneath, where he was dashed to pieces upon the stones!

Corbé saw him go, and thrust his head forwards over the battlements, not to see, for it was too dark, but to *hear!*

"Curse him," said he, as the horrid crash smote his ear; "he nearly broke my arm! He robbed me of my money! But I'm revenged now!"

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CHAPTER LX.

OF THE RIOT THAT TOOK PLACE AT MAITRE CHOPIN'S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the energy of D'Argenson's character, and the skilfulness with which, when foiled in his projects, he often converted a defeat into a victory by taking opportune advantage of some oversight on the part of his opponents, his recent discomfitures completely overwhelmed him, for he knew that Jacques, already a most formidable antagonist, now possessed the means of bringing him to public shame, and besides having strong personal motives for seeking retaliation, would be doubtless further excited thereto by a natural desire to revenge the wrongs of his father.

Meanwhile, he redoubled his exertions to procure a clue to the hiding-place of Father Simon.

Acting upon the information he received from his various emissaries, he established a cordon of observation, which from being originally wide enough to comprise every point where Father Simon, or Jacques, or sundry other persons upon whom his suspicions rested had been seen, became gradually concentrated in and about the immediate neighborhood of the Rue de la Harpe, until, finally, Maitre Michaulx's cooperage and Chopin's *cabaret* were completely beleagured, so that but for one circumstance, the safety of the Lutetian commonalty would have been fatally compromised.

The boy Germain, upon receiving the largess of the lieutenant of police, had repaired to Maitre Chopin's for the purpose of changing his gold pieces, which led to a long colloquy between them; for the worthy vintner, surprised to see the boy in possession of so much money, narrowly questioned him to elicit how he obtained it.

Chopin, be it said, had been a kind friend to the boy's family, and the boy himself was of an ingenuous character, besides which his suspicions had been aroused by D'Argenson's inquiries; his conscience, too, smote him for playing the spy upon one who had done him a kindness, and unable to resist the natural impulse of a grateful heart, he candidly confessed the whole truth.

The whole of this conversation being duly reported to Jacques, he was not long in taking his precautions, and these were so admirably carried out, that, in spite of their vigilance, the lieutenant's emissaries found themselves effectually baffled, the whole amount of their information tending to prove only that the cooper seemed to keep a great many men constantly employed, that Maitre Chopin had an extraordinary number of customers, and that Jacques had been several times seen at the latter establishment: of Father Simon, however, they could gain not the slightest intelligence.

A few mornings after, Germain entered Chopin's *cabaret* in great

haste, and in a tone of extreme alarm bade him "*hide himself, for the soldiers were coming.*"

Chopin shrugged his shoulders, whispered a word to an individual who stood by him behind the counter, and continued washing up and rinsing his measures and glasses, whilst Germain hurried home.

Within a quarter of an hour after, a large body of soldiers, headed by the lieutenant of police, drew up in front of the *Cep-de-Vigne*, forming in a line across the street so as to bar the passage.

Entering the *cabaret* with two officers and four soldiers, D'Argenson pointed to the vintner, exclaiming:

"Arrest him!"

The soldiers advanced to do their superior's bidding, when the vintner suddenly dropped a strong bar across the small wicket behind which he was ensconced, and stopped their further progress:

"Pray, monseigneur," said he, "of what crime am I accused?"

"Arrest him, I say! *Mort dieu!*" shouted D'Argenson, not heeding the question, and applying his shoulder to the door.

The men looked at one another much embarrassed.

"In the name of the king," exclaimed D'Argenson, "I command thee to deliver thyself up!"

"Honor to his majesty and respect to the laws!" observed Chopin; "but I am in my own house, and have a *right* to know why my dwelling is invaded! I am a free citizen——"

"Thou art a traitor," retorted D'Argenson; "thou harborest traitors! I arrest thee as such! Soldiers, force that door!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Chopin; "I am only one against half-a-dozen; but if violence is used I will not answer for the consequences! I have a right to see your warranty for arresting me!"

"Fool!" growled D'Argenson; "thou wilt repent this insolence! Force that door, ye hounds," continued he, addressing his men.

Chopin seized a large wooden pitcher full of wine, and as the soldiers were breaking in the wicket, dashed the liquid full into their faces; blinded and half-smothered they immediately fell back, Chopin making good his retreat into the little parlor.

D'Argenson was on the point of rushing in after him—for the wicket had given way—when a dispute outside attracted his attention.

Samson le Gros and Bourliquet, the latter empty handed, with his brawny arms bared to above the elbow, the formed with a ponderous crow-bar, such as masons commonly use, suddenly made their appearance.

"By your leave, monseigneur," said Samson, attempting to pass D'Argenson into the *cabaret*.

"Back, varlet!" exclaimed the latter, pushing him rudely aside; "a guard here," continued he; "arrest these men!"

But Bourliquet, watching his opportunity, grasped the lieutenant of police round the body, and lifting him up, swung him completely round, and then dashed him to the ground.

Foaming with rage, D'Argenson no sooner recovered his feet

than he rushed, sword in hand, upon Bourliquet, at whom he made a furious lunge, but Samson beating down his weapon, kept him at bay with his iron bar, whilst Bourliquet seizing one of the huge wooden pitchers that stood upon the counter flourished it menacingly above his head, swearing to dash in the skull of the first man who advanced.

"Curs!" shrieked D'Argenson, livid with anger, and addressing his subordinates; "fire upon the clowns!"

But the men, pent up in a narrow space, had not room to handle their weapons, and were compelled to stand inactive.

Perceiving how matters stood, D'Argenson bade one of the officers take a party of soldiers round by the court yard and assail Chopin in the rear, but the vintner, foreseeing this manœuvre, contrived during the recent struggle to bar and barricade the door, so that the soldiers found themselves at fault. Notwithstanding this check, however, they commenced breaking it in.

No sooner, however, did Bourliquet and Samson hear the knocking, than they fell might and main upon the soldiers and D'Argenson, whom they forced out into the street, in spite of their struggles.

This exploit was greeted by the mob with a loud shout of exultation, which only served to incense the lieutenant of police.

"Drive them back, the dogs!" shouted he to the soldiers, and pointing to the crowd, who now pressed them closer and closer.

"Down with the *mouchards!*" shouted the mob, in reply, yelling and groaning outrageously.

D'Argenson, uttering a loud curse, dashed into the thick of the throng, laying about him right and left with the pommel of his sword. The soldiers followed up the advantage he had gained, and soon cleared a space sufficiently wide to leave their movements free.

"Now!" cried D'Argenson, "break in the door! *Tonnerre dieu!* We will see whether our authority is to be set at defiance!"

Again the soldiers rushed in amongst the mob, but opening to let them pass, it instantly closed upon them, so that they suddenly found themselves separated from their comrades, and at the mercy of those they had assailed, from whose fury they were saved only by the promptitude of the lieutenant of police in heading a second party to their rescue, but not before some two or three on each side had been severely wounded.

Finding matters growing more serious than he had anticipated, D'Argenson attempted to address the crowd, with a view to dissuade it from opposing him in the execution of his duty, but his voice was drowned by another yell, louder and more prolonged than any that had preceded it.

Whilst this scene occurred outside, and the soldiers were continuing their attack upon the doors. The front door, not being so strongly barricaded, yielded first, and the soldiers were about to rush in, when they saw Samson brandishing his ponderous crowbar in the entry—they hesitated,

"*Sang dieu!*" shouted D'Argenson, "are ye afraid of one man? Follow *me*, ye *curs*," and he bounded to the door.

But Samson, aware of his advantage, darted forward to meet him, aiming a blow at him, which if it had struck him would at once have ended the conflict. D'Argenson stepped aside in time to avoid the stroke, which falling with terrific force upon the two soldiers in his rear, laid them prostrate.

"Fire upon the wretch!" shouted the lieutenant of police, pointing to Samson, whose huge person blocked up the door-way.

But ere they had time to form, a shower of brick-bats and stones assailed the men from every side, the crowd having become so dense as completely to hem in the military, several of whom were wounded by the flying missiles.

D'Argenson no longer hesitated, but making his men face about, commanded them to fire upon the people, giving an officer a few instructions in an undertone. A few seconds after, the latter having contrived to make his way through the crowd, might have been seen directing his steps in all haste towards the *chatelet*.

In the interim, the smith was engaged in an unequal contest with the party that had been sent to force the other door, which after a long resistance gave way. Finding that his men were at a great disadvantage, but resolved to fulfil his mission, the officer called them off, and bidding one of them bring a truss of straw from the shed in the court-yard, cast it down in front of the door, and fired it by discharging a musket into it; the next instant he was brought down by a shot from Chopin's petronel, and fell back a corpse, into the arms of his comrades.

At this moment, D'Argenson succeeded in dislodging Samson from his position, who, finding himself likely to be overpowered, quickly retreated into the little parlor, now fast filling with smoke and flame; fortunately, however, for him and his two companions, the lieutenant of police was immediately compelled to abandon his advantage in consequence of a fresh and more furious onset by the mob.

In vain D'Argenson strove to stem the fury of the populace; in vain he performed feats of courage worthy of a hero; the tide of victory set against him; he found himself every moment losing ground, and the number of his men rapidly diminishing; he was growing faint too, for he had received two or three severe wounds, besides one on the head from a stone, the blood from which flowed profusely; covered with gore and panting for breath he still fought on, striving to keep his men together, so as to present a bold front to his assailants; all at once he encountered Chopin, who, having been separated from his comrades, was striving to make his way back into the *cabaret;* quick as thought he grasped him by the throat, and wrenching the petronel from the vintner's grasp, struck him with it upon the head, but the next moment was himself felled by a blow from Samson, whilst Bourliquet, who was close in the rear, dragged Chopin away, into the *cabaret*, followed

by the mason, who was badly wounded in the left arm by a musket shot.

Seeing D'Argenson fall, the mob set up a loud shout of exultation, but its triumph was short-lived, for a strong detachment of cavalry suddenly made its appearance at the angle of the street, headed by the officer whom D'Argenson had recently despatched to the *chatelet.*

This unexpected re-enforcement speedily altered the aspect of affairs, for unable to contend against the new comers, seconded by the other soldiers, who now rallied, the mob, after attempting a short but desperate resistance dispersed in every direction, leaving the space in front of the *cabaret* in possession of the military.

"I am afraid monseigneur is badly hurt," said the officer who assisted D'Argenson to his feet.

"Stunned, only stunned," replied the latter, with a groan; "but where are the miscreants who caused this mischief?"

"They have retreated into the *cabaret*, monseigneur!"

"Pursue them, then, *sang dieu!*" growled he.

During the short struggle that followed the arrival of the cavalry, the three Lutetians held a hurried conference; they had succeeded in extinguishing the fire by staving upon it the contents of a cask of wine that stood at the top of the steps leading to the vaults, but the soldiery still held possession of the court-yard, so that flight that way was impossible, whilst D'Argenson and his party blockaded the front: thus they were completely hemmed in.

"We must take to the cellar!" observed Samson.

"The emperor has forbidden me to risk our secret!" said Chopin; "if we retreat by the passage in the wall, D'Argenson's suspicions will amount to a certainty! we must conceal ourselves."

"We must be quick, then," exclaimed Samson, "they're coming!"

Without another word being exchanged they hurried down the steps, but not before D'Argenson's party had seen them disappear.

"*Tonnerre dieu!*" shouted he, "they will escape us! Quick; torches here!"

Meanwhile the Lutetians made good their retreat into the vaults, where, to their amazement, they found Jacques, torch in hand, waiting to receive them:

"I know all," exclaimed he, silencing them by a gesture; "you have done your duty, but more remains to be done!"

"Are we to let ourselves be shot?" asked Samson; "I'm ready, if 'tis necessary."

"You must allow yourselves to be captured," replied Jacques; "D'Argenson suspects the existence of a secret passage in these vaults! Finding you here, he will believe himself mistaken. Leave the rest to me. You shall be watched, and saved if danger menace you!"

"*Vive* Lutetia!" cried Chopin.

"And the emperor!" chimed in Samson.

"For ever!" added Bourliquet.

Jacques shook hands with them, and disappeared in the secret passage; scarcely was he gone before D'Argenson and his party entered the vaults.

"This way, this way!" exclaimed he; "I saw them!"

At this moment the three Lutetians purposely crossed his path, at the distance of some ten paces: their appearance was hailed with a shout of exultation from the soldiers.

"Pursue them," cried D'Argenson; "but take them alive!"

The men set off in chase of the fugitives, who allowed themselves to be quietly captured, threading every winding in the vaults.

"Caught at last!" exclaimed the lieutenant of police, with a savage chuckle; "we will see what hanging can do for you! Let them be conducted under a strong escort to the Bastile," continued he, speaking to an officer; "and tell St. Marc to look that they escape not! *Tonnerre dieu!* An army of rebels and traitors might lodge here!"

CHAPTER LXI.

A SURPRISE.

RATHER more than a week after the riot, D'Argenson, having recovered from the wounds and contusions he had received, repaired to the *chateau* of Versailles; he was in excellent spirits, for his presentiments of evil had not been fulfilled, and he therefore deemed himself perfectly secure, not doubting but that the bold and politic step he was about to take would not only re-establish him in the king's favor more firmly than ever, but prove the means of averting from his head the calamity he dreaded, in the event of Jacques' fatal disclosures reaching the royal ear at any subsequent period, relying upon his own address to turn the scale in his own favor, should the monarch then appear disposed to treat him with severity.

He had written to the king, soliciting an interview, and had received a gracious message in reply, appointing him to come, "*as soon as he should be convalescent; and on any evening after seven o'clock.*"

Louis was in Madame de Maintenon's chamber, alone with her, when the lieutenant of police was announced:

"Well, monseigneur," exclaimed he; "you wished to see us! Here we are *en famille!*

The lieutenant of police delighted to find his royal master so affa-

bly inclined, determined to strike the grand blow at once, but wanted, first, to get rid of Madame de Maintenon, whom he feared, on account of her great penetration.

"What I have to communicate to your majesty," said he, hesitatingly, "relates to the state!"

"Oh!" remarked the king, glancing from him to De Maintenon; "I understand! But go on, monseigneur, we are all ears; madame is all eyes!"

Obliged to comply in spite of his reluctance, D'Argenson inclined his body, and after a prefatory hem or two said:

"I have agreeable intelligence for your majesty, and only regret I could not sooner communicate it, for I wished to enjoy the happiness of imparting it myself!"

The king bowed, smiled, and ate a *bonbon;* Madame de Maintenon coughed.

"Your majesty," resumed D'Argenson, "some short time since, applied to me for a large sum of money, for which your majesty had an extraordinary necessity!"

"Alas, yes!" ejaculated Louis, sighing, and speaking in a half-serious, half-comic tone; "our necessities are always extraordinary."

"Your majesty required two hundred and fifty thousand crowns," continued the wily minister; "that sum is at your majesty's service, with another two hundred and fifty thousand added."

The king was astounded, but replied not; De Maintenon made two wrong stitches; and immediately discovering her error began picking them out; D'Argenson triumphed.

"This *is* news, monseigneur," exclaimed Louis at last; "you are indeed a valuable minister! The money will be most acceptable, and we do command you to pay it into our treasury to morrow! I am so pleased, monseigneur, that I cannot even thank you!"

"Oh, your majesty," replied the other, with a lowly bend; "no thanks are necessary! I am sufficiently repaid by the pleasure I experience in doing my duty!"

The king looked steadfastly at his minister, for a short space, and smiled.

He then leaned across the table, and whispered to Madame de Maintenon, who arose, and crossed to the opposite side of the apartment; opening a bureau that stood there, she took therefrom a bulky packet of papers neatly folded up in white paper, which she brought and laid upon the table by the king's side, and without saying a word, resumed her embroidering, in which she immediately became absorbed.

The lieutenant of police awaited the result with impatience.

"I am glad," said the king, talking whilst he opened the packet, and selecting therefrom several papers and laying them down by his side, "that the charges lately alleged against the Baron de St. Auney were unfounded!"

The allusion made D'Argenson tremble; whilst his countenance,

upon which De Maintenon fixed her gaze, unnoticed, turned livid as death.

"I—I crave your majesty's indulgence," observed he in reply, faltering as he spoke, and as if he had not heard.

"I say," resumed Louis, affably, "that from your having signed a writ of release in favor of the Baron de St. Auney, we infer that the charges you recently alleged against him, were unfounded!"

"They could not be proved, your majesty," rejoined D'Argenson, "wherefore he was set at liberty!"

"Hum!" exclaimed the king; "and his daughter also, of course."

"Ye—s; your majesty," stammered the lieutenant, now quite confused, fearing to tell the truth, and hazarding a lie upon his presumption of the king's ignorance of her fate, for he himself firmly believed her to be dead.

"The Baron de St. Auney's forefather," continued Louis, familiarly, "rendered our great ancestor some important services during the civil wars; we feel much interested in him! And strange to say, his only sister, Constance, espoused an ancient aide-de-camp of our own, the 'Sieur Count de St. Angin, whose son, we hear, after one and twenty years' absence from his only surviving relatives, who believed him lost, has lately been discovered serving in our corps of musketeers, under the assumed name of St. Marcel le Trouvé! We shall be glad to see the young man, at the expiration of his furlow! If he resembles his father, he lacks not for courage or for loyalty."

"Do you know the young man, monseigneur?" inquired Louis.

"I have seen him," answered the lieutenant, endeavoring to compose himself.

"But you were acquainted with his father, monseigneur. He lived in the province of which you were bailiff for us!"

"Yes, your majesty!" stammered D'Argenson, "my duties frequently brought me into connection with him! He died of the epidemic fever in Paris!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Louis, still intent upon the documents before him; "I was not aware of *that!*"

"Your majesty has doubtless read my report!"

"Yes, monseigneur! But we have reason to know that you overstepped the limits of your authority!"

"Your majesty will pardon an excess of zeal in his service!"

"Yes, monseigneur, on account of the value we attach to you as our minister, and of the very important services you have rendered us! But this must not occur again! We will have the rights of our good citizens respected! We require their assistance when the safety of our empire is menaced by the enemy, and they have a claim upon us to protect them from oppression!"

"In extenuation, may it please your majesty," said he, with great humility, "I can only plead my zeal in your service! Besides, I had strong suspicions of the place being a resort for evil characters, even traitors;" here he looked at Madame de Maintenon, who re-

turned his gaze unflinchingly, "though my suspicions proved unfounded."

"Those men, monseigneur," resumed Louis, severely, "must be set at liberty to-morrow!"

"Your majesty's commands shall be obeyed," ejaculated D'Argenson.

"Good, monseigneur! and with them two others who have been confined now upwards of two months; and this by another stretch of your authority!"

"Who are they, please your majesty?" enquired the lieutenant of police, breathless with astonishment.

"Two couriers, monseigneur," answered Louis, with increased severity, and a darker frown on his brow; "do you know them?"

"I—I do, your majesty!" was the almost inarticulate rejoinder.

"Then we understand each other so far, monseigneur?"

"I hope so, your majesty," replied the minister.

There ensued another brief pause, during which the king glanced his eye over the contents of a paper which he had selected from the packet; making a significant sign to his consort, who, up to this moment, had appeared wholly taken up with her work, he placed the same in D'Argenson's hands and bade him read it.

The latter took the paper, but had scarcely looked at it than it fell from his hand, and he became aware that both the king and De Maintenon were gazing intently at him.

Louis had given him the confession of Etienne Quinault.

Pale as a corpse, the perspiration starting from every pore of his quivering frame, with lips white and dry as though they had been recently seared, D'Argenson sat motionless as a statue, returning the look of his royal master with a fixed, glazed and vacant stare; at last the king broke silence, picking up the paper:

"Well, monseigneur," exclaimed he; "is this true?"

The culprit's jaw moved, but articulation had fled; after several attempts to reply, he stammered out, dropping upon his knee.

"Pardon, your majesty! Be merciful!"

"We *do* pardon, you, monseigneur," was the rejoinder; "but it costs us much! Rise monseigneur!"

D'Argenson rose, or rather staggered to his feet, stung with shame; for not having anticipated this blow, he was totally unprepared to meet it.

"Choose then, monseigneur; will you continue our servant, or must we consign you to the Bastile, and confiscate your property, allowing the brand of a felon to rest upon your name? Your answer, for we are peremptory!"

D'Argenson's hesitation—for he did hesitate—was of short duration; he could have faced death, but disgrace? no! Again falling on his knee before his royal master, he said:

"I have no alternative but to remain your majesty's devoted servant! If I hesitated to accept your majesty's most gracious offer, it was because I felt myself unworthy of his confidence!"

"Monseigneur D'Argenson," retorted Louis, making him a sign to rise, "the past shall be buried in oblivion, nor ever resuscitated unless we have cause. But look to it, monseigneur, how you act in future towards those in whose welfare we take an interest! I will not mention names, but you doubtless comprehend me!"

Completely crest-fallen, the lieutenant of police muttered:

"I do, your majesty."

At this moment Madame de Maintenon said something to Louis in an under-tone, who in reply smiled and looked aside at D'Argenson; she smiled too, there appearing to be between them some secret intelligence relating to the latter personage, who trembled again, dreading some new catastrophe:

"His majesty has granted me permission, monseigneur," said De Maintenon, summoning the page in waiting, "to introduce a young protégée of mine whom I have only very lately been able to have under my own eye!"

Here the page entered, and after receiving his mistress's instructions, delivered in a low tone, bowed and withdrew; De Maintenon continued:

"She has received some hard usage at the hands of a party well known to you, and I would crave your protection for her, monseigneur, in case of need!"

"It is sufficient, madame," returned the lieutenant of police, "that you take an interest in the young lady, for me to do your wishes!"

"I hope so," thought Madame de Maintenon.

There ensued a pause, during which the latter personage and her royal lord exchanged significant smiles and signs, looking towards the door with impatience; D'Argenson awaited the issue of this strange scene with great anxiety; at length the page returned, ushering in the expected visitor, who entered the apartment timidly, her eyes bent towards the ground; what was D'Argenson's astonishment and consternation when he beheld Julie de St. Auney.

In spite of the presence of the king, on perceiving her hateful persecutor, the maiden uttered a loud exclamation of terror, and sank into a chair; De Maintenon instantly got up, and taking her by the hand, encouraged her to rise:

"*Allons, allons!*" said the king, good-humoredly, for readily entering into the scheme that had suddenly suggested itself to Madame de Maintenon to punish D'Argenson's duplicity, he enjoyed this individual's embarrassment amazingly, even seeking to augment it.

"Come my child," added de Maintenon; "monseigneur has made the *amende honorable*, and desires to hear thee pronounce his pardon! Thy troubles are at an end!"

"Oh, your majesty, pardon me—" exclaimed Julie, and falling on her knees she took the proffered hand of the king and raised it to her lips.

The first shock passed, D'Argenson comprehended the whole truth, but was unable to utter a word either to ask forgiveness of

the maiden he had so much injured, or in extenuation of his conduct; the king saw his perplexity, and said, smilingly:

"Never mind explanations, monseigneur! This is a *coup à-la-Maintenon!* But you appear fatigued, and you have to return to Paris to-night!"

Glad of any opportunity to escape, the lieutenant of police taking the hint, staggered past the king, and with a profound bow, hurriedly quitted the apartment, not daring to direct his gaze upon either De Maintenon or Julie.

* * * * * * * *

On the fourth morning after the events above recorded, the marriage of Julie de St. Auney to the Count de St. Leu was solemnized in the small chapel of the *chateau* of Versailles, and was graced by the presence of the monarch and his consort, and by a few privileged members of the nobility; the nuptial benediction being given by the reverend Father de la Chaise; the baron, though not yet recovered from the effects of his long confinement and the cruel treatment he had experienced, looked happy once more, and gave away his daughter, Jeanne acting as bridesmaid to her sister; but in spite of the happiness she felt, she was observed to look wistfully round, and wipe away a tear.

CHAPTER LXII.

A DENOUEMENT.

On the fourteenth day of November, about seven months after the marriage of Julie de St. Auney, a grand imposing ceremony took place at the *chateau* of Versailles, to prepare the reader for which he must go back with us to the period of the interview of D'Argenson with Chamillart and Madame de Maintenon.

Satisfied of the duplicity of the lieutenant of police, and divining the true motive that had brought him to Versailles, De Maintenon immediately placed herself in communication with Jacques, in order that he might be upon his guard and take proper measures to cheat the vigilance of their common opponent; the result of their arrangement was a *ruse* calculated to keep D'Argenson constantly on the watch, and yet lull his suspicions, and by allowing certain despatches to fall into his hands, the said despatches being so concocted as to bear a mysterious import, entirely to deceive him; by this artifice they soon acquired the certainty of his intentions to play a double game, for the bearers of the fictitious despatches

were regularly stopped by him, and only allowed to proceed to their destination after the contents of the same had been scrupulously examined; though not one word ever reached the knowledge of De Maintenon; need it be added that the parties to whom these documents were addressed belonged to the secret community of Lutetians?

Meanwhile the real couriers were waylaid in the vicinity of the *auberge* already known, by some of the spy's trusty friends, and their despatches taken from them, and conveyed to Father Simon, or to Chamillart, or to whomsoever else they were directed; thus De Maintenon acquired accurate and speedy knowledge of every movement of her political opponents and was enabled to take the necessary measures for disconcerting their projects.

D'Argenson suspecting nothing, continued his treachery, every day expecting to arrive at the grand secret; but he was doomed to be disappointed; at length he began to despair, and had determined upon telling the king of his discovery, when the death of Quinault and the subsequent event to which it led, effectually frustrated his intentions, the release of the two couriers, by the king's command leaving him to infer that Madame de Maintenon had forestalled him, though this was an erroneous impression, for knowing too well that to place the king in possession of the facts would probably ruin what had been so well begun and promised to end so well, she had contrived adroitly to interest Louis in their favor, expressly with a view to induce this false supposition in the mind of D'Argenson, and she perfectly succeeded; thus the field was again her own.

Through Chamillart's advice, this minister, having first received his cue from her, Louis recalled the Marquis D'Harcourt from Madrid to command the army that he now assembled on the Spanish frontiers in order to intimidate the dying monarch, Charles, who had written to the Emperor of Germany, assuring him that the Arch-duke should inherit his kingdom and his crown; thus there was no French ambassador at the court of Madrid, nor indeed any one to watch over the interests of Louis Quatorze until De Maintenon despatched thither her confidential emissary: that emissary was St. Marcel.

From the day on which the young man began to act, the intrigue assumed a favorable aspect for France; provided with proper credentials to the principal members of the Gallic confederacy he was received by them with open arms, the real object of his visit being kept a profound secret; acting up to the letter of his instructions, and backed by the recommendatory epistles of his eminence, the Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo—in plain terms, of Father Pierre Simon—he soon grew into favor with the church party, and by a series of adroit manœuvres induced it to make common cause with the Gallic confederacy; in short, Charles, governed by his wife, and in her absence by his confessor, was at length induced by the pious exhortations of the latter, to draw up a will in favor of the young duke of Anjou, the grandson of Louis Quatorze,

but the king hesitated to sign it until he should receive an answer to the letter he had written to his holiness the Pope, requesting him to "*advise his son for the best, whether he should dismember his monarchy, or make a will in favor of the young Arch-duke, or whether he should bequeath his crown to a descendant of the king of France.*

Pope Innocent the Twelfth received with the king's letter, another from the Count D'Harcourt beseeching him to temporize with Charles, until he should hear from Versailles, a request which his holiness complied with, for besides being personally inclined to favor the French party, he felt jealous of the power of Austria, his neighbor, and hoping to affranchise Italy by weakening the former empire wherever she was vulnerable, kept the Spanish monarch in suspense for the space of four months, when he wrote to him saying, "*that the laws of Spain and the welfare of Christendom, rendered it imperative upon him to accord the preference to the house of Bourbon.*

Cardinal Portocarrero was immediately informed of this fact by Cardinal de Janson, in a letter bearing date the 18th of July, De Maintenon being in course informed of it likewise by the former personage with whom she forthwith held a long consultation to which Chamillart was admitted; it was resolved that the minister should inform Louis of this piece of good news, keeping from him every other circumstance connected with the intrigue; this was a bold and politic stroke, because by it, Louis's mind was set at ease, and it gave him courage to await the demise of Charles patiently.

But Louis wanted money to pay his troops on the Spanish frontier, who had become mutinous, hence the importance of the service D'Argenson rendered the king by the advance of the 1,500,000 livres which he had extorted from St. Marc, and hence too the secret of the king's leniency towards him. It need not be said that De Maintenon, always through the medium of Chamillart, profited by this timely supply and by an opportune remittance to D'Harcourt, effectually quieted the men upon whom so much depended, for as soon as Charles died, it was purposed to march the army direct upon Madrid and take possession of the country in the name of Philip the Fifth, in order to prevent Austria from forestalling them.

As the event fell out, however, this decisive step was rendered unnecessary.

But notwithstanding the Pope's letter to Charles, and his own inclination to comply with his holiness' wish, the weak-minded monarch found it impossible to sign his will, for the queen his consort, strongly attached to the interests of the House of Austria, now never quitted his bedside for a moment, or if she did, her place was during her absence occupied by one of her creatures; as yet she did not know that he had made a will at all, and determined that when he did, it should be in favor of the Arch-duke, she shut out

every one from her dying husband's chamber, in order that her authority over him might be the more absolute.

Matters remained in this state for three months, when it became apparent that the king could not survive many days longer; still the will remained unsigned, and the queen more vigilant than ever.

Resolved not to lose the advantage he had gained, St. Marcel counselled his party to take a bold step, and by some dexterous manœuvre contrive to cause the queen to leave the king's chamber; the expedient was judged politic and practicable, and it was forthwith executed. An alarm of fire was raised in the rooms beneath the king's sleeping apartment; the queen hearing the noise and suspecting no trick, ran out in the greatest consternation as did her attendants; during her temporary absence, everything being ready, the conspirators rushed in, and the king joyfully signed and dated the document, bequeathing his crown and all his states to the Duke of Anjou: when the queen returned, Charles was alone.

Having accomplished his mission, St. Marcel returned in all haste to Paris, whilst his Eminence Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo, otherwise Father Pierre Simon, having now nothing to detain him, quitted the city as secretly as he had entered it, and on his arrival at Madrid was *complimented upon the improvement that his sojourn at his château in Catalonia had effected in his personal appearance.*

On the morning of the fourteenth of November, then, the king, who had been lately staying at Fontainebleu, arrived at Versailles from the former place at about four o'clock.

Immediately after the levee he caused the Marquis de Castel dos Rios, the accredited ambassador from the Court of Spain, to be summoned to attend him in his cabinet, where he found him, with the Duke of Anjou by his side.

"Monseigneur," said Louis, pointing to his grandson, "behold your king! As such your excellency may salute him!"

Upon this the marquis knelt down before the king elect, and taking the hand that was graciously extended towards him, respectfully raised it to his lips, after which, according to the custom of his country he made a long harangue; this ended, Louis advanced, still holding his grandson by the hand, and throwing open the large folding doors, presented himself to his assembled court, comprising the members of his family, his ministers and all the public functionaries, the Archbishop of Paris, and the venerable Père de la Chaise, the ambassadors from the various courts and many other dignitaries, together with the flower of the nobility.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed he, placing the duke somewhat in advance of him, "behold the King of Spain! His birth called him to this crown, which was bequeathed to him by the late king! The various nations wished it to be so, and solicited me to allow it; it was the will of Heaven, and I submit with pleasure!" He then addressed his grandson: "My son," added he, "be a good Spaniard; it is now your duty! But remember ever that you were born

a Frenchman, and thus maintain union between the two kingdoms; it is the way to render them both happy, and to preserve the peace of Europe! Go, my son; the Pyrenees no longer exist!"

The king had scarcely ended than one loud, and enthusiastic shout rent the saloon.

"Louis Quatorze forever! the king forever! *Vive* le grand monarch! The king of Spain forever!" resounded through the vast apartments, and was echoed and reëchoed again and again; the principal personages then kissed hands with the young king, and when all was over, Louis retired with him into his cabinet.

Thus was the triumph of Madame de Maintenon complete!

St. Marcel, now Count de St. Angin, having been introduced to his majesty, and Madame de Maintenon having commended his conduct and extolled the services he had rendered to the state during the late political contest, received the Order of the Holy Ghost from the king's own hands, and was, moreover, created a marquis, but the pride he felt on this occasion was comparatively trifling to that which he experienced within a fortnight after, when he led the lovely Jeanne de St. Auney to the altar. The only drawback to the happiness that he experienced was not to see amongst his friends, the best and most tried of them, Jacques, who for reasons of his own declined being present at the ceremony.

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THE IRON MASK.

AN EPISODE.

1698—1703.

PREFATORY.

Who has not heard of the Man with the Iron Mask? An individual concerning whose fate so much has been said and written, and so much more conjectured. A man who lived and died a mystery, which to this day has never been unveiled, in spite of all the efforts made to unravel it during nearly a century and a half, and to whose memory even the grave denies a name.

But neither with his birth nor parentage have we to do here; in another place, and at another time, we shall bring our narrative concerning this mysterious personage up to the period of the commencement of this episode; for the present, the reader must go back with us to the year 1698.

AN EPISODE.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

Towards the evening of a bright day in the middle of September, 1698, a crowd of individuals appertaining to each sex, might have been seen congregated on the beach of the small hamlet of Le Gros, taking its name from the Cape on which it is situated on the extreme western coast of Provençe; somewhere clustered together on the low rocks and cliffs that line the sea shore, whilst a few of the most venturesome had advanced to the very edge of the water, evidently with a view to forestall their neighbors in the object that had brought them all thither from their homes. At one particular spot the throng was greater than anywhere else, so great indeed as entirely to obstruct the way from the only commodious landing place, a large square rock, perfectly flat, jutting suddenly up about two feet out of very deep water, and abutting upon the beach, where it formed the commencement of a path that led into the village.

The cause of this concourse of people at this spot was as follows: Early that morning a stranger had arrived on horseback, and unattended, though apparently from a long journey, and having put up at the only inn, or *auberge*, it could boast of, and partaken of such refreshments as was most readily to be procured, immediately sought the residence of the civil authorities, the result of his visit to whom was the engagement, for a stipulated sum, of the services of one Pierre Durand, the proprietor of the largest fishing boat in the hamlet, for which sum he was to place himself and his boat at the disposal of the stranger for the period of twenty-four hours; this done, the unknown returned to the inn, having appointed to meet the fisherman on the beach within an hour from that time.

Now, the arrival of a stranger under such peculiar circumstances was an occurrence of itself sufficient to engender all kinds of surmises, nor were mine host or his wife behind-hand in aiding the gossips, male and female, who visited their house, to a few conjectures, more or less happy, as to his identity and the business which brought him to their locality; but when it became buzzed abroad that Pierre Durand had been engaged to do he himself knew not what, and that the stranger was to meet him on the beach, rumor's

thousand busy tongues began going all at once to penetrate the secret further.

Punctual to a minute the stranger was seen approaching the place as the village clock struck the hour of ten; he looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor seemed surprised at the idle curiosity of the gazers to obtain a glimpse of his face, which he took no pains to conceal; without condescending even to bestow a single glance upon any of them, he made direct for the rock—the crowd dispersing somewhat to leave his passage free—and leaping into the boat with an agile step, took his seat in the stern, giving, in an under tone of voice, his commands to Pierre Durand; the boat immediately put off, followed by a hundred eyes, which watched its course out to sea, until the fact was satisfactorily ascertained that its destination was the Isle of St. Margaret.

"Who could the stranger be, and what his business?"

"What a hideous face!" cried one.

"And what eyes!" observed a second.

Numerous and deep were the potations indulged in that morning at "The Golden Bee," over the all-absorbing topic; fresh comers continually flocking in to hear the news, and to add their conjectures to the others. When all at once the excitement was increased by the arrival of one Ignace Cornu, clerk to the presiding local authorities.

It was easy to infer from the self-sufficient and mysterious air of this semi-official, that he was the bearer of important intelligence; several persons rose to offer him their seat, others simultaneously tendering him their glass. But Ignace was not to be tempted; he had to discharge himself of a state-message to mine host of "The Golden Bee," and straightway sought him for the purpose of delivering it, which he did within sight of the many customers outside, taking care, however, that they should see him slip a piece of paper into that worthy's hand, and hear him recommend him to the strictest silence.

But scarcely was Ignace Cornu out of sight, than the plethoric landlord of the *auberge* ran the greatest risk of suffocation, so closely was he surrounded by his guests, in their eagerness to learn the news.

"I haven't time," said he, fighting lustily to escape from them, "to tell you now! Besides, 'tis state business! I must be secret!"

"Come papa Tirelire, do!" ejaculated the others again.

Whether Tirelire's heart was moved by being addressed as the *papa* of so numerous a family, or his cupidity by the multiplicity of orders that followed the tender appeal, we leave those to determine who are better versed than ourselves in the ways of human nature, certain it is, though, that his "*children*," as he affectionately called them, were not sooner served than he expressed his willingness to satisfy their curiosity, on one condition, namely "*that they wouldn't blow a word.*"

Being historical, we are reluctantly compelled to give the exact terms of his charge, notwithstanding their inelegance.

"In the first place," continued he, after receiving the assurance he required from as many mouths as he considered essential to constitute a majority, "he's come from Antibes!"

"From Antibes!" echoed they; "oh!"

"And he's going back to-night! There's a carriage coming from Antibes to fetch them!"

"*Them!*" exclaimed the listeners in astonishment.

"*Them!*" resumed papa Tirelire; exulting in the exclusiveness of his information; "but who do you think the stranger is? eh?" Raising his hand to the corner of his mouth, he whispered to the nearest by-stander.

"Who? who?" asked half a dozen of the group, thrusting their heads forwards.

"The new lieutenant of police," answered the individual whose ear had been favored first; "Monseigneur D'Argenson!"

A movement of surprise followed this announcement, which was immediately succeeded by a strong reaction of curiosity.

"Dost thou know what he is gone to the castle for?" inquired one, alluding to the fortress on the Isle of St. Margaret.

"To be sure I do," replied mine host, "he's gone to fetch the governor."

"What, is Monsieur de St. Marc going away, then?" asked somebody else.

"Yes!" responded Tirelire (mine host of the inn), "he has been appointed governor of the Bastile at Paris."

"By my faith," ejaculated a third, in a tone of dissatisfaction, "there was no occasion to make so much mystery about it! Is this all thou hast to tell us?"

"Perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't," retorted Tirelire, apparently determined to tantalize them all a little longer, and to let out his secret only a bit at a time; "*some* people are always asking and never giving in return."

As the individual *some* people alluded to owed a long score at the bar of "The Golden Bee," and thought he perceived in this retort a delicate allusion to the same, he prudently withheld the reply upon the tip of his tongue, feeling much relieved at the turn given to the conversation by one of the bystanders putting it to Tirelire whether he had heard who was to be St. Marc's successor as governor of the Hieres and the Lerins.*

Mine host replied negatively, but with a smirk indicating that though upon *this* point his ignorance was as great as *their's*, he knew something else worth all he had yet told them, and was determined to make the most of it.

"I shall alter the sign of my house," he said, suddenly arousing himself from what might have been considered a good specimen of a sound nap, but which was only a fit of abstraction.

"What!" exclaimed three or four voices at once, "alter the sign of thy house?"

* The latter are two in number: St. Honorat and St. Margaret.

"Yes!" resumed Tirelire; "instead of the GOLDEN BEE, I shall call it"—

"What! what wilt thou call it?" asked they.

"THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK!" retorted Tirelire.

"Thou hast reasons then?" observed one.

"Good reasons!" replied the other; "wont he stop here to sup-per to-night?"

As nobody present could assert that the personage alluded to would not sup that night at the Golden Bee, everybody of course concluded that he would; the pause of astonishment occasioned by this communication was put an end to by one of the party inquiring "*whether the mysterious prisoner was going away with the governor?*"

"Monseigneur is gone to fetch them both," resumed Tirelire; "they are all three going back to Paris together it seems!"

"And the paper that Ignace Cornu gave thee!" suggested another.

"Oh!" replied he of the Golden Bee; "'tis only a line from *Monsieur le Juge*, bidding me prepare my best room for the visitors."

"And when dost thou expect thy *distinguished* guests?" asked another.

"At about nine," responded Tirelire.

Within an hour after that time, the *secret* entrusted to him was in rapid circulation throughout the village, but it was no longer the stranger of the morning who occupied the public attention, although he *was* the lieutenant of police, nor was any importance attached to the arrival of Monsieur de St. Marc; the all-engrossing topic of conversation seemed to be the mysterious personage known only under the name of "The Man with the Iron Mask," and it was to catch a glimpse of him when he should land, that the croud had assembled as already stated.

"They're coming at last! Isn't that Pierre Durand's boat?" shouted several of the crowd.

"Aye, aye, Maurice," ejaculated one of the group in answer; "that's it sure enough!"

The boat had in fact become visible to all the spectators at once, as it abruptly emerged from behind one of the rocky promontories that together formed the channel to the Isle of St. Margaret; every voice was instantly hushed, and even the respiration of the lookers-on was suspended as they watched the slow progress of the tiny bark towards the shore, now rising now falling on the undulations of the sea, more polished than a mirror, and refulgent with the chameleon-tints of an autumnal sun-set reflected from the cloudless vault of a southern sky; under the skilful guidance of Pierre Durand, seconded by a light breeze, it soon reached the shore, when a simultaneous murmur pervaded the various groups congregated, heads being thrust forwards, and fingers directed to the one object that for the time absorbed all their attention.

Besides Pierre Durand, the boat contained five individuals, namely, two officers belonging to the garrison of the *chateau*. Monsieur de St.

Marc the governor, Monseigneur D'Argenson, and the mysterious prisoner seated between the two latter.

The whole party, with the exception of Durand, were enveloped in military cloaks, and wore their beavers low down over their foreheads, so that in the dusk, it was difficult to distinguish one personage from the other; when, however, the honest fisherman had cast his kedge overboard, and brought his small vessel alongside the flat rock already mentioned, a low but perfectly audible whisper circulated rapidly from mouth to mouth, all eyes becoming riveted upon the form of the prisoner as the words "*there he is! there he is!*" escaped the lips of those who were fortunate enough to catch the first sight of him.

Immediately upon the "Rose of Provençe"—that was the name by which Pierre Durand's skiff was christened—coming to an anchor, the two officers rose from their seats in the fore-part of the bark and leaped ashore, pushing aside the crowd in order to clear the landing-place, and ranging themselves, one on each side of it, with *swords drawn* and *beavers doffed;* D'Argenson followed them, uncovering as the prisoner stepped on the rock, as did St. Marc, who landed last, and in this order they began advancing along the narrow path leading into the village.

The principal personage was a man of tall stature, proud and erect in his gait, and judging from those portions of his person not concealed by his cloak, extremely well-made; his beaver was feathered round the edges, and from beneath it his dark hair fell upon his shoulders in long ringlets; his face was entirely hidden beneath a closely-fitting mask of black velvet, adjusted in such a manner as not to leave visible the slightest portion of his features, but having two apertures for the eyes, two smaller ones for his nostrils, and a third for his mouth, which latter, by a mechanical contrivance, remained perfectly free; his hands were very white, and like his feet, remarkably small and well-formed, these last being set off to great advantage by the high-heeled buff boots of the period, but from which a close observer would have remarked the absence of spurs.

As soon as Monseigneur D'Argenson and his party were well on their way to the *auberge*, Pierre Durand, who had now landed, was besieged by questions relatively to his employment that day; the honest fisherman candidly told his friends all that had occurred.

The lieutenant of police ordered him first to direct his course to the Isle of St. Margaret, which they reached without another word escaping his lips; then upon landing he told him to stay where he was until *he* (D'Argenson) should return; this he had done, remaining the whole of the day, without seeing anybody, until towards evening, when the party he brought back with him entered his boat in the same order as they left it, the journey from the isle being performed in the same silence as the journey thither, never having been broken but twice; once when he received instructions to steer for Cape le Gros, and again when D'Argenson placing forty gold pieces in his hand said "*there's thy hire!*"

"I'm forty louis the richer for the trip," added Pierre, "but if I ever ship such a cargo again for twice that sum, may I be—"

We cannot conclude the sentence because the fisherman's wish was peculiar, and conveyed, moreover, in a *patois* that will not bear translation; let it be understood, however, that he made himself perfectly intelligible to his friends, who having congratulated him upon his good fortune, began to throw out strong hints of their willingness to pledge him their further good wishes in a few *litrons* of Papa Tirelire's wine, to be paid out of the forty gold pieces, to which arrangement Pierre Durand having consented, the friends forthwith adjourned to the *s...uggery* of "The Golden Bee," (thenceforth to be called "The Man with the Iron-Mask,") where they found more friends who had followed the mysterious prisoner thither, and were awaiting his departure with as much anxiety as they had looked forward to his arrival.

We have already stated that mine host was in waiting to receive his guests of the *château*, for whom he had prepared a repast unprecedented in the gastronomic annals of "The Golden Bee."

Much mortified, but not in the least discouraged, Tirelire brought up the rear to the door of the banquet-chamber, where his further progress was barred by the two officers, who, in reply to his earnest entreaties to be permitted the extreme honor of waiting upon his *distinguished visitors*, intimated to him that his services would be dispensed with, as Monsieur de St. Marc usually performed that office himself, and would officiate upon the present occasion.

Obliged to submit, though extremely disappointed, Papa Tirelire returned to fulfill his duties as host of the "Golden Bee," and was soon absorbed in the mysteries of dishing up the various delicacies he had prepared for his "*illustrious guests*," in his culinary laboratory we will leave him to take a peep at the scene in the *banqueting-room*."

Three individuals only had entered it, namely; the unknown, Monseigneur de St. Marc, and Monseigneur D'Argenson, and of these one alone, the first mentioned, was seated at the table, although covers for three were laid, St. Marc having taken up his position just within the door, whilst D'Argenson stood behind the chair of the prisoner; both he and his colleague were uncovered.

Upon the repast being announced as ready, one of the officers outside received the viands from the hands of the host, and passed them to Monseigneur de St. Marc who placed them upon the table, D'Argenson assisting the prisoner to such as the latter indicated by a sign.

The unknown had disencumbered himself of his cloak and his beaver, though he retained his mask, even during the meal; his costume, remarkable for its elegance, displayed his fine person to great advantage, but lacked the customary appendage of the period, namely, the small sword; his coat, extremely large in the skirts and

the wrists, was of the finest velvet; his ruffles and cravat being of lace of the rarest texture, for which he had a great passion; his face was entirely hidden, even to his forehead, beneath the mask, which the popular belief of the time asserted to of be iron, and which belief tradition has handed down to the present day, though this frightful disguise was really of black velvet as before described, fitting quite close, and fastening behind by small steel springs, the under portion being so constructed as to leave the jaw full room to perform its functions.

The repast was nearly ended when the rumbling of a heavy carriage resounded just beneath the window of the apartment; D'Argenson exchanged a significant glance with St. Marc, and looked at his watch; it wanted a quarter of ten.

"Go, 'sieur governor," said he addressing the last named personage; "go, get some refreshment, thou and thy two aide-de-camps; thou hast a long journey before thee, and 'tis within a quarter of the hour of departure."

St. Marc bowed and left the room.

"Did I hear aright, monseigneur?" inquired the mysterious prisoner somewhat surprised; "do we not remain here to night?"

"No, *highness!*" responded the lieutenant of police.

"And whither then do we journey?" resumed the former; "there surely is no necessity for keeping me in the dark on this point! Am I not a prisoner?"

"Highness," replied he, "we are bound for Paris!"

The prisoner shuddered.

"Captivity for captivity," he exclaimed, speaking to himself; "always captivity! My God, my God! what have *I* done to merit this fate!"

The unfortunate clasped his hands in an agony of grief and remained some moments silent, his breast heaving with the violence of the struggle within; at length he again spoke, but still as though no one were present.

"To Paris! Paris, the city of pleasure, of wealth, of happiness, and of beauty! Pleasure that I can never share, happiness that I can never enjoy, beauty that I cannot look upon! Why, why, has not solitude driven me mad! Why have I feelings, sentiments, and passions strong as other men have, I who am like no other man? I am alone in the world! A mystery! A fable in the eyes of some, a criminal in the eyes of others! Yet is no crime mine! Oh, preserve me heaven from cursing my mother!"

Another pause ensued, longer than the preceding one, during which the captive appeared plunged in reflection; all at once he started up, causing D'Argenson who had withdrawn to the window, to turn suddenly round and lay his hand upon his sword:

"Oh, fear not," continued the unknown, making a sign to his guardian to sheathe his weapon; "I can do thee no harm! A thought has struck me! We are going to Paris! We shall be near the king! Wilt thou be the bearer of a message from me to *him?*"

"I am bound to fulfill every wish that your highness may express," returned the lieutenant of police gravely, at the same time inclining his body profoundly.

"The few years I have yet to live, monseigneur," resumed the captive, "I would pass in freedom. To ensure myself this boon I will subscribe to any terms! Thou must see the king! Thou *wilt* see him, wilt thou not? Thou wilt tell him, from me, that my lips shall be sealed upon that fatal secret by oaths the most solemn! That no circumstance shall wring it from me, nor even on my death-bed shall priest ever know it! Let him banish me to a distant clime, where no recognition of my features can cause him fear! I will be content to live in obscurity so that I be but free!"

"I promise to fulfill your highness' commands," replied D'Argenson, again bowing profoundly.

At this moment an uncommon noise, as of some heavy body falling, caused the speaker and the unknown to start; turning their eyes in the direction whence they supposed the sound to proceed, they beheld the door of a closet in the wainscot wide open, and a man prostrate, with his face on the floor; to leap to the spot, sword in hand, and seize the unfortunate listener by the collar, was for the lieutenant of police the work of half a second, and dragging him up he would have inflicted summary justice upon him had not his arm been staid by the principal personage, whilst at the same time a lachrymose voice exclaimed:

"*Misèricorde! Misèricorde!* 'Tis I, monseigneur, Ignace Cornu!"

Between the confusion caused by the untoward accident which had resulted in his detection, and his terror for the consequences of his imprudence, the face of this semi-official assumed an expression so ludicrous that, under any other circumstances, the gravity even of the lieutenant of police would not have been proof against it.

"Miscreant!" exclaimed D'Argenson; "how camest thou here?"

"Mercy! mercy! monseigneur!" cried Cornu, imploringly; "'twas only curiosity!"

"Thou hast heard all, fool," shouted the lieutenant of police, threatening him.

"Not a word—not a syllable"—stammered Cornu; "*misèricorde*, monseigneur, I'm only clerk to the civil authorities."

"Peace, varlet! *Morbleu!* I'll teach thee better manners for the future!"

The entry of St. Marc abruptly put an end to this unexpected colloquy; as soon as D'Argenson saw him, he bade him *fetch* materials for writing a letter, and order a guard to the door of the inn, under the eye of *monsieur le juge* himself. Whilst he was absent on his mission, D'Argenson paced the room in a perfect fury, muttering oaths between his teeth, and paying no attention to the tears and entreaties of Cornu, who beat his breast and tore his hair, in an agony of bewilderment at this unlooked for termination

of his adventure; the unknown had resumed his seat, and remained passive.

St. Marc now re-entered, with the articles required, which he placed upon the table; D'Argenson sat down and rapidly wrote a few words on a piece of paper, folding the same up and sealing it, and addressing it to the major at the *chateau* of St. Margaret's. This done, he inquired of St. Marc if the men were below; the governor replied in the affirmative: he then seized Cornu by the collar, and in spite of his entreaties for mercy, dragged him down stairs, where he found the functionary in waiting.

"But what has Ignace done, monseigneur?" asked he, seeing his clerk in so deplorable a condition.

"Oh, *monsieur le juge*," whimpered Cornu, "do intercede for me! I only hid myself in the closet up stairs, to hear what was said, but indeed, indeed I did not hear a word!"

"I hope monseigneur does not think *I* had any thing to do with the traitor," exclaimed Papa Tirelire, who, with a number of his customers had gathered round the group; "he owes me fifteen livres for *petit verres*, and if your excellency only gives the word I'll forbid him the house as soon as he has paid his score!"

"There will be no necessity for that," observed D'Argenson, with a sinister smile, and he whispered to one of the soldiers, who immediately disappeared. "Here, *monsieur le juge*," continued he, "see this safely delivered, *thyself;* to thee I commit the safe keeping of Monsieur Ignace Cornu!"

The judicial functionary knew too well the nature of the offence committed by his clerk to hope that any intercession on *his* part would move D'Argenson in the unlucky wight's favor. He was gagged and bound, and delivered over to the custody of the chief magistrate and a picket of the guard.

"Here are twenty louis," said D'Argenson, handing the official the sum mentioned: "'twill defray the hire of the boat to the *chateau!* Away with him, and let not the gag be removed until he is safe in the keeping of the major! I shall hear how my orders have been obeyed!"

With this he made the best of his way back to the apartment he had just quitted.

Within ten minutes after these occurrences, a lumbering carriage was driven out of the court-yard of the *Golden Bee*, and drew up before the door; into it got Monseigneur D'Argenson, immediately followed by the mysterious prisoner, and Monsieur de St. Marc, one of the officers bringing up the rear. The postillions had, apparently, previously received their instructions, for without a word being said they drove rapidly off towards Antibes, the second officer following, mounted on D'Argenson's horse.

Although there is no necessity for us to accompany the travellers stage by stage to Paris, in which city they arrived at a few minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh day after their departure from Antibes, it behoves us, as historical chroniclers, to

narrate certain incidents that occurred on the way, and the measures adopted for the strict preservation of the masked prisoner's incognito.

On reaching the last-mentioned place, D'Argenson alighted, his purpose being to precede the vehicle on horseback, in order to secure relays, and as it was necessary that he should be always a few stages in advance, he arranged that the prisoner, with St. Marc and his subordinates should not resume their journey until an hour or two after day-break; the prisoner was, therefore, conducted with as much secrecy as possible, and with the same formalities as had been hitherto observed, into the best sleeping apartment in the "VILLE DE TOULON."

Before he departed, D'Argenson took advantage of an opportunity to draw St. Marc aside.

"Thou knowest what I have told thee," said he to him in a whisper; "let him not out of thy sight *for one moment, upon any pretext whatsoever!* He must not exchange a word with any one, and should he attempt to uncover his face whilst on the road, or on his passage to and from the inns at which thou wilt stop, *instantly despatch him!*"*

In spite, however, of the extreme precautions that D'Argenson had taken to conceal the arrival of his prisoner, and to prevent the circumstance from becoming noised abroad, it very soon formed the topic of conversation amongst the attendants who had been summoned to prepare his apartment, and of the ostlers and stable-boys who took charge of the vehicle, and very soon, notwithstanding the extreme lateness of the hour, the news travelled from *them* to such few of their especial friends who lived nearest, and whom they were willing to indulge with a sight of this incomprehensible personage at the hour of his departure on the morrow; hence was it not surprising that "LA VILLE DE TOULON" should have been in an unusual ferment the whole night, nor that, long before day-break, a considerable concourse of the worthy citizens should have assembled about the door of the inn, anxious to catch a passing glimpse of *him* whose mysterious existence amounted almost to a fable, and whose melancholy destiny formed the subject of many a romance familiar to their ears from infancy.

Meanwhile, had any of the anxious crowd been able to look into the chamber where the object of this general solicitude was confined, they would have beheld him lying, dressed, upon the bed, buried in sleep, though for this fact they would have had no other voucher than his regular breathing, *for his face was still masked.*

The slight repast of which he partook before his departure, was served with similar precautions to those observed on the previous evening, the viands being brought to the door by mine host himself, where they were received by one of the officers on duty, and thence

* This is an historical fact, consigned in *all the records of the period*, and particularly insisted upon by Voltaire.

handed in to St. Marc, who waited upon the prisoner with the submissiveness of the veriest menial, not even sitting down in his presence, nor venturing to address him a word.

The travellers did not stop again—except to take their meals—until they got to Paris, the same precautions being observed throughout the journey from first to last; still, whithersoever they went, the fame of their arrival seemed to precede them, and as the carriage whirled along, many an inquisitive head was stretched out to catch a glimpse of the mysterious personage within, and many a fair hand waved in token of sympathy for his misfortunes.

On reaching the Bastile, Monsieur de St. Marc, its newly-appointed governor, found the whole of the garrison under arms in the Court of the Elm, in readiness to receive him, the staff headed by Monseigneur D'Argenson, lieutenant of police, as proxy for his majesty, and upon whom devolved the charge of installing him in his office.

The coach having been driven into the centre of the court-yard, the two officers alighted, the masked prisoner coming after them, and St. Marc last; D'Argenson advanced to meet him, being followed by the officers forming the governor's staff, the chaplain bearing the cross, and his assistants, the four *porte-clèfs* and the remainder of the subordinate functionaries, who formed in separate groups according to their stations, the soldiers being drawn up rank and file from the great outer gate to the principal entrance itself. Nearest to the lieutenant of police stood the major, Monsieur de Joncas, officiating as lieutenant-governor, the aide-major, as lieutenant for the king, and the captain of the guard, each bearing a silver salver; on the first lay the official keys of the Bastile, on the second a parchment, sealed with the great seal, and on the third a large book, bound in vellum, having three clasps, the key whereof was deposited upon the cover. As soon as St. Marc set foot to the ground—which he did almost at the same time as the prisoner—the soldiers presented arms, the drums beating, and the officers, including D'Argenson himself, *uncovering and making the military salute.*

"Monsieur de St. Marc," said the latter, as soon as silence was re-established, "allow me, in the name of our well-beloved monarch his most christian majesty Louis Quatorze, whose representative I am, to congratulate you upon your appointment to the governorship of this fortress; an office which you shall have and hold so long as you shall worthily fulfil the important duties that will now devolve upon you, and shall keep your faith and loyalty as a good and devoted subject of his majesty."

"Take, then, this book, 'sieur governor," resumed D'Argenson, beckoning to the captain of the guard, who bore it, and who, advancing presented the same to St. Marc; "it contains the *consigné* of the *château*, together with various rules and regulations for your guidance, which you must promise, here, to follow strictly to the letter, or suffer the penalty disobedience will entail."

St. Marc took the small key that lay upon the book, and unlocked the clasps; this done, he deposited the key again upon the salver, and opened the book promiscuously, just glancing his eye over the page that first presented itself, taking, by this act, formal cognizance of its contents; then the officer bowed, and passed over to his *left hand*, St. Marc saying:

"I do promise, most solemnly, to do this—do ye all bear testimony to the fact!"

D'Argenson next called the major, who, advancing in like manner, presented the official keys to St. Marc, the lieutenant of police continuing his charge:

"Accept, then, 'sieur governor, the keys of this *chateau*. You must swear to defend it to the last drop of your blood, and never to surrender possession of those keys to an enemy of his most christian majesty's, whatever the extremity to which you may be driven."

St. Marc seized the keys with his right hand, and raised them high over his head, saying:

"With these keys I accept the honor of defending this fortress to the last extremity, and do here swear never to surrender possession of it to an enemy of his most christian majesty, but rather to die upon its ruins!"

"*Vive Louis Quatorze! Vive monsieur le gouveneur!*" resounded from every side, the assistants emulating one another who should express his loyalty the loudest, but a close observer would have perceived that at mention of the monarch's name the masked prisoner became much disturbed.

As soon as the shouts had subsided, St. Marc proceeded to embrace the other military functionaries of the fortress, the officers of the staff coming first, and next to them the officers and sub-officers of the garrison down to the corporals. The civilians, however, were not included in this ceremonial, of which they remained uninterested spectators. As each received the fraternal salute, he fell back into his rank, the superior functionaries forming in a group behind St. Marc, in advance of whom D'Argenson still remained, to head the march into the *chateau*, which took place in the following order, through the double ranks of soldiers, all with arms presented:

The lieutenant of police and two officers; the governor, side by side with the masked prisoner, followed by the two officers who had come with him from the castle of St. Margaret; next the *aid-major*, bearing the sealed parchment, then the *major*, with the official keys, and thirdly the captain of the guard, carrying the book of the "*consigne du chateau.*"

A low, animated conversation passed in the council-chamber between D'Argenson and St. Marc, *which* terminated, the latter opened a large book that lay upon the table, and having inscribed on the page the number of the folio, namely, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY, wrote for some length of time thereon, under the dictation of D'Argenson, though not a word reached the ears of the prisoner, notwithstanding that he formed the subject of the entry. When it

was completed, St. Marc closed the book, locked the clasps and put the key in his pocket; the lieutenant of police then bade the two officers remain where they were, and making a low bow to the prisoner, intimated that he should follow him, and led the way out of the apartment, St. Marc coming last.

Their destination was number four in the Bertaudière Tower.

"Highness," said D'Argenson to the prisoner on entering, "this is your apartment; as heretofore, Monsieur de St. Marc will wait upon you; as heretofore, you shall have all that you desire, short of liberty, nothing shall be denied you! His majesty has commanded that your slightest wish be instantly obeyed."

"Indeed!" resumed the captive; "why does not the king take my life at once? Death would be preferable far to this never-ending captivity!"

"His majesty does not seek your life, highness!"

"And yet he condemns me to a living death? Why am I thus removed from prison to prison? Made, too, a public spectacle? Is my person safer *here?* Could not I have died at St. Margaret's or at Pignerol? What does it avail him to deprive me of liberty for the few years I have to live? The days of family wars are past? Besides, did not I long ago abjure my birth-right to save our mother's honor? And what asked I in return? Not a diadem! not a title! not wealth! but a brother's affections, liberty and obscurity!"

"If his majesty had nothing to apprehend from your highness," observed D'Argenson, breaking the pause that followed this ebullition of bitter thought ——

"Peace, executioner!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly starting to his feet, proudly erect; "well art thou fitted, like this reptile here"—this was addressed to St. Marc—"to do the bidding of thy tyrant master."

"Highness!" remonstrated D'Argenson, "this is treason!"

"Call it treason, if thou wilt," continued the former, "and publish it if thou wilt; but thy master has committed treason worse than this."

The unknown, overcome by the bitterness of his anguish, sank into his chair and sobbed aloud.

Some time passed thus, D'Argenson exchanging rapid signs and glances with St. Marc.

"Your highness will be furnished with apparel entirely new. The inconvenience of removing hither your highness' wardrobe and other effects from St. Margaret's, rendered it necessary to destroy the same! Monsieur de St. Marc and myself performed that duty before our departure!"

This was said with great deliberation, the lieutenant of police speaking with a degree of respect even more marked than usual; but there was in his tone something so peculiar it was easy to perceive that he did not address his prisoner thus without design.

"Has your highness any commands to his majesty?" inquired D'Argenson, unmoved.

"Yes!" cried the unknown, "tell Louis that in the bitterness of my soul I have cursed him! Let that thought haunt him daily, hourly, to the last moment of his life! And may my malediction light not upon him alone but upon his descendants! All this tell the king, my brother, and that I will reiterate my malediction even on my deathbed!"*

D'Argenson and St. Marc, both equally unprepared to hear this denouncement, soon recovered from the surprise into which it momentarily threw them, the former resuming his differential air, and listening with stoical indifference; St. Marc imitating his superior's example. When the unhappy prisoner had given vent to his agonized feelings, the lieutenant of police said, in a tone of consummate hypocritical commiseration:

"I am sure, highness, his majesty will pray heaven to preserve your days! He will attribute your highness' uncharitable denouncement to the disturbed state of your highness' mind, and will grieve that he cannot alleviate the sufferings your highness experiences! The last act of my duty is to warn your highness that any attempt to escape hence, or to disclose the secret of the state by the adoption of stratagems similar to those which your highness' ingenuity has heretofore suggested, will be visited by his majesty's extreme displeasure!"

Bowing profoundly, the lieutenant of police withdrew, followed by the governor, both retracing their steps to the council-chamber.

* * * * * * *

A few days after the above events, the two officers who had accompanied the Man with the Iron Mask to Paris, received an audience of the king, who conferred upon one a brevet of captain in his regiment of body-guards as a mark of his satisfaction, and appointed the other one 'Sieur de Rosarges by name, who had the

* Louis Quatorze survived the whole of his family, every member of which died prematurely. His consort, aged 45, and his only son, aged 51, first; next, and within a year after the decease of the latter, his grandson, the Dauphin Duke of Burgundy, the Dauphine, his wife, and their eldest son, the Duke of Britanny, who were all interred in the same tomb at St. Denis, in April, 1712 The youngest of their children, who ascended the throne as Louis XV., was in his infancy extremely sickly, so much so that his life was long despaired of. The Duke of Berri, brother to the Duke of Burgundy, died in 1713, and was, with his infant daughter, consigned to the same grave.

Voltaire says, "so deeply was this complication of domestic misfortunes felt, that during the minority of Louis XV. few spoke of the circumstances without shedding tears."

By the queen, his consort, Louis XIV. had, besides monseigneur, two sons and three daughters, who died young, whilst of all his natural children, only two died in their infancy: the remaining eight lived and were legitimated, five leaving offspring. He had also, by a young lady attached to the service of Madame de Montespan, a daughter who was never acknowledged, but whom he married to one Sieur de la Queue, a gentleman residing within a few leagues of Versailles. Another girl, whom he placed in a convent, endowing her with twenty thousand livres, was likewise strongly suspected to be a daughter of his, but by whom was never known. Madame de Maintenon frequently visited her *at* the convent.

especial charge of the prisoner at the Isle of St. Margaret, to the post of Major of the Bastile, M. de Joncas being nominated to a superior office. Monsieur de St. Marc's recompense for the peculiar services he had rendered his majesty, was his appointment to the lucrative post of Governor of the Bastile, a post he occupied until his death in 1708, at the advanced age of eighty-eight,* whilst Monseigneur D'Argenson gained *only* the *unlimited* confidence of the king.

* * * * * * *

On the night of the nineteenth of November, seventeen hundred and three, six years after the events last recorded, a fearful scene was enacted in the chamber of the Bastile known as Number Four la Bertaudière, which, from the first day of his arrival had been set apart as the cell of "THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK."

Before, however, we proceed with our narration, let us take a retrospective glance at a few circumstances that are calculated to throw some degree of light upon the tragedy we have to disclose!

For more than a fortnight before the above-mentioned day, an unusual degree of excitement had prevailed amongst the functionaries of the Bastile, in consequence of the repeated visits that Monsieur D'Argenson had been observed to pay to Monsieur de St. Marc, frequently coming two and three times within the twenty-four hours, and remaining in close conference with him, and always protracting his visits far beyond their duration on ordinary occasions.

Numerous and various were the reports and surmises circulated amongst the officers of the garrison with reference to the object of these interviews, without their arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. About a week before the period stated, Monseigneur D'Argenson suddenly discontinued his visits; the circumstance was sharply canvassed, variously accounted for, acknowledged by all as being passing strange, and finally, within twice the revolution of the shadow on the dial, forgotten, like the many other passing strange events in the habit of occurring within that dreary pile.

At about ten o'clock on the evening of the day preceding that on which occurred the scene we are about to describe, St. Marc, accompanied by Corbé and de Joncas, had, according to his usual custom before retiring to rest, repaired to the chamber of his mysterious prisoner, de Joncas mounting guard at the foot of the tower, and Corbé performing the same service outside of the captive's cell, St. Marc entering it alone; as he ascended the narrow flight of stairs, and approached the den in which "THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK" was confined, he might have been observed to hesitate, several times looking uneasily at Corbé, (who followed him with a torch,) grasping the hand-rail with a convulsive clutch,

* His successor was Charles le Tournier de Bernaville, who fulfilled the same office ten years.

or stopping to wipe his face, on which the perspiration stood in cold, clammy drops.

St. Marc did not boldly enter that gloomy chamber; he hesitated to cross the threshold, and having crossed it, suddenly crouched down a little forwards, as if listening whether the prisoner moved. All appeared quiet; gradually he resumed his erect posture, gliding stealthily towards the opposite angle, every now and then stopping short and listening, then again advancing until he was within two strides of the bed, when he once more stopped, carrying his left hand to his heart, and pressing it hard as if to check the violence of its throbbing.

We said the chamber was gloomy, but only in this particular did it resemble the other cells of the fortress; it was furnished almost with elegance, though the extreme nudity of the walls gave it an air of discomfort incompatible with the various articles of luxury within them. On the table were the remains of the prisoner's last repast, consisting of a few of such delicacies as the season afforded, with dried fruits, and wine in a silver flagon, the platters and other table-appurtenances being of the same metal, as was also a double-branched chandelier in which two *bougies* were still burning.

St. Marc stood nearly half a minute in the position we have described, when, having recovered a portion of his equanimity, he again crouched forwards as if to ascertain, by the prisoner's breathings, whether he was sound asleep; satisfied as to this fact, he made one step towards the table, and seizing the flagon looked eagerly into it, his hand trembling violently the while, and his countenance turning cadaverously livid. At this moment, the sleeper groaned heavily; St. Marc started, involuntarily letting the vessel he held fall to the ground, and spilling the remainder of its contents; almost at the same instant he snatched off his beaver, which he had until now retained, and recovering himself somewhat, advanced towards the bed.

"Is your highness ill?" inquired he, in a half suffocating voice.

But the prisoner made no reply.

The governor paused awhile, then reiterated his question.

This time the unknown groaned heavily and with a painful effort turned over on his other side and faced his interrogator.

Having cast off the odious disguise which an inhuman policy had condemned him to wear, his features were fully exposed, showing a countenance that once seen could never be forgotten; it was indeed most noble and imposing, (though now distorted by anguish,) strikingly resembling that of Louis Quatorze, so much so that the two might easily have been mistaken for each other; each had the same contour, the same expression, the same aquiline nose, the same eye, the same full, voluptuous chin, the same broad, dark, well-defined brows, meeting in the middle between the eyes, and even the same swarthy complexion.

"Is your highness ill?" repeated St. Marc for the third time, with less trepidation than before.

The prisoner again moaned piteously, and raised himself with some difficulty, supporting himself on his elbow.

"Drink! Water!" exclaimed he, in a faint voice.

St. Marc poured some out into a goblet and handed it to him; he eagerly swallowed its contents.

"More!" cried he.

The governor replenished the vessel a second time, and a second time the captive emptied it.

"When was your highness taken ill?" inquired St. Marc.

"'Twas the wine!" answered the other.

St. Marc shuddered, and his teeth chattered, but instantly recovering himself, he echoed the prisoner's words with as much astonishment as his conscience—or that which held the place of it—would allow him to muster.

"Yes! the wine!" returned the latter; here he carried his hand to his temple, interrupting himself and exclaiming; "oh, how it burns!"

The unfortunate sufferer attempted to rise to his feet, but his strength failed him, and he fell backwards upon the bed; St. Marc immediately assisted him up, placing him in a sitting posture, and supporting him in his arms.

"Oh, 'sieur governor," gasped the captive, "I am very ill!"

"Your highness appears so!" replied the governor, huskily; "what can I do?"

"Send—send for—a—a confessor!" was the almost inarticulate response, and at the same time, the sufferer's head fell heavily upon St. Marc's shoulder, a spasmodic shudder convulsing his frame, his hands being nervously clutched.

The hoary jailer did not attempt to move; mechanically raising the captive's head, he fixed his eyes upon the distorted features, anxiously noting every change that passed over them.

An awful pause of more than a minute ensued, during which the prisoner gasped several times, renewing his efforts to speak, his gaze being riveted reproachfully upon St. Marc; at length, recovering momentary energy, he suddenly disengaged himself from his jailer's grasp, and stood upright; but his eye was vacant and glassy; all at once his jaw dropped; for a single second he remained motionless, then tottered, and with a deep gurgling groan sank heavily to the ground.

And thus the Iron Mask breathed his last.

St. Marc stood for a minute or two gazing at the body, and satisfied that the last spark of life had fled, stealthily quitted the apartment.

The next morning at his usual hour, accompanied by de Joncas and Corbé, he repaired thither again, and observing the same precautions as was his wont, on ordinary occasions, entered the chamber, carrying the prisoner's *first breakfast*; he had scarcely disappeared within, however, before he hurried out again, and with a well-feigned air of consternation, announced the death of his victim

to the two functionaries in waiting, after which he locked the doors, and making the best of his way to the council-chamber, instantly dispatched a letter to D'Argenson informing him of the circumstance, and which the latter no sooner received than he posted off to the Bastile, where he arrived at about eleven in the forenoon.

He remain closeted with St. Marc for nearly half an hour, when Corbé was sent for to join the conference; it was after this protracted to a considerable length; D'Argenson then quitted the Bastile, the governor accompanying him to the outer gate.

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At four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, a coach drove into the outer court of the *chateau*, from which alighted D'Argenson, who, after exchanging a few words with some person within, proceeded to the council-chamber, where he found St. Marc and Corbé waiting to receive him; without a word being said, the three at once directed their steps to the dead man's chamber, the governor leading the way, Corbé coming last, bearing a torch and a large basket.

At the foot of the Bertaudière tower they were joined by two of the *porte-clefs* carrying a rudely constructed shell which they took up to the door of the cell and left there, Corbé, and St. Marc dragging it in after the men had departed, the latter locking the door.

D'Argenson crossed over to the spot where the body still lay—for it had not been removed—and taking the torch from Ru's hand, held it close to the face, considering it awhile without the slightest alteration of feature; not so St. Marc who became fearfully agitated, though he strove to conceal his trepidation, whilst Corbé betrayed no symptom of any emotion save of curiosity gratified; all at once the lieutenant of police turned abruptly about, and bade Corbé light the fire, signing to St. Marc to strip the corpse the while, he himself going round the cell, and by the aid of the torch, examining the walls, which the prisoner had covered with inscriptions of fearful import, and the various articles that were strewn about, casting all those that were combustible in a heap into the middle of the floor.

St. Marc having accomplished his odious task, now assisted D'Argenson in ransacking the boxes in which the prisoner's apparel was kept, the whole of which, to the very smallest object, was in like manner turned out in a heap, preparatory to being destroyed; but the most revolting part remains to be told.

On a word from the lieutenant of police, Corbé took out from his basket, first several large logs of wood, then a heavy hammer, a chisel, some nails, an adze, a large knife, and lastly a quantity of quick-lime, a portion of which he emptied into the shell, then, with D'Argenson standing over him the while, and St. Marc holding the torch, began to mutilate the dead body, severing it limb from limb, the head from the trunk, the hands and feet from their corresponding members, not leaving even a single feature recognizable, and to crown all cleaving the skull in two; he afterwards crammed the mangled carcase into the shell, covering it with the remainder of the

lime, and completed his hideous task by nailing down the lid, first taking the precaution of washing his hands and his arms, bared to above the elbow, and covered with blood: this done the governor assisted him in conveying the corpse to the landing, where they left it.

"Thou art sure, 'sieur governor," said D'Argenson when they re-entered the cell, "that every article that belonged to the prisoner, or was used by him, is in this chamber!"

"I am, monseigneur!" replied St Marc; "his linen, his plate, his books, everything is here!"

"Then do thou," resumed the lieutenant of police addressing Corbé, "see that every article be destroyed; leave not a rag, not a vestige; burn up everything; break up the plate and melt it; let his bed and bedding be also burnt: leave nothing but the bare walls, and *them*, 'sieur governor, see to have scraped, and whitened afterwards; see too that this flooring be taken up and destroyed, and another put down in its place; above all, let no one enter this cell, till all has been done.

St. Marc bowed, and quitted the apartment, but soon returned to intimate that the men were waiting; D'Argenson immediately withdrew, followed by the governor, who locked the door upon his nephew leaving him occupied in the work of destruction.

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Some years elapsed before the fact of the death of "THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK" became currently known, so great were the precautions observed to conceal it; indeed as much trouble was taken to efface every trace of his existence after his death, as to enshroud him in mystery while he lived. When the Bastile was taken, a minute search was set on foot in order to discover some documentary evidence concerning him, but on examining the official register, in which the names of prisoners were usually entered, one folio was found wanting!

It was the folio *One Hundred and Twenty*, corresponding with the year 1698!

A more rigid inquiry resulted in the discovery of a diary kept by Monsieur de Joncas, during the period that he held office at the Bastile, and in which were the following entries: we give a literal translation.

"Tuesday, 18th Sept. 1698. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, M. de St. Marc took possession of the Bastile. Brought with him an old prisoner of Pignerol. Obliged always to wear a mask of black velvet. Whose name and quality have never been known. Called Marchiali."

"Monday, 19th Nov. 1703. Died Marchiali, at 10 o'clock in the morning, after a few hours' illness. He was the man known as 'THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.' The motives for his detention have never been known."

A word now in regard to his age. On the authority of M. de Reilh, Surgeon-Major of the Bastile, Marchiali often declared him-

self to be upwards of sixty, against which declaration we are bound to subjoin the following extract from the parish register of St. Paul's, translated literary:

"The year one thousand seven hundred and three; on the nineteenth of November, died at the Bastile, Marchiali, aged forty-five years or thereabouts; whose body was interred in the cemetery of this parish, the twentieth of the aforesaid month, in the presence of M. de Rosarges, Major of the Bastile, and of M. de Reilh, Surgeon-Major, who have affixed their signatures hereto."

(Follow, the signatures.)

This discrepancy will not excite wonder when it is remembered that it was part of the infernal policy of the despots of the Bastile, to inter their victims under fictitious names and ages, expressly to cheat posterity of a clue to them, whilst in the case of the man Marchiali, considering what cogent reasons existed for baffling inquiry after his decease, they were least likely to make him an exception to the general rule.

His real age was 77; his remains were never discovered.

BOOK II.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE.

PHILIP OF LUTETIA.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH IT IS ENDEAVORED TO BE SHOWN THAT "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

THE year of grace, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, so memorable as being that of the outbreak of the great French revolution, was ushered in by a winter of unprecedented severity, the rigors of which were cruelly aggravated by the total failure of the crops in the autumn preceding; a calamity in itself sufficiently fearful, but in this instance rendered an hundred-fold more terrible, because it proved not only the forerunner of a series of disasters of the same nature, resulting in the general famine of seventeen hundred and ninety-three, but because it was the consequence of a continuation of scanty harvests, which for twenty years had already desolated the kingdom, decimating the population, embarrassing the government, and engendering amongst the people disaffection towards the existing state of affairs, and towards those who regulated them.

As the winter advanced, and provisions became scarcer, the condition of the populace grew daily worse; the public mind, too, began to ferment, men who worked began to think they had a right to eat also, and here and there one bolder than his companions would harangue them upon the subject, insisting upon the equality of all, and how it was or ought to be, the privilege of every man to enjoy his just portion of the fruits of the earth, and his due share of its riches.

An orator of this class had collected about him at the corner of one of the narrow streets in the immediate neighborhood of the

Halle au Blé, or corn market, a crowd of some two hundred individuals, as ill-clad, as lean in person and as desperate in circumstances as himself. It was high noon, one day in the early part of January in the before-mentioned memorable year; the cold was intense, the snow falling fast, lying in solid, frozen masses and obstructing the public thoroughfares; yet the multitude appeared wholly insensible to it, so totally were the persons of whom it was composed absorbed in the eloquence of the speaker.

In order to make himself better heard, he had taken possession of a stone post that stood at the corner of the street, the crowd growing every moment more dense.

"Why should we starve?" said he, after a brief pause, filled up by a loud murmur of approbation from his listeners. "Why should *we* starve, I ask; we who work, or would work if we could, whilst the nobles, who don't work, are gorging themselves with every delicacy that wealth can purchase! We work, and are paid with a piece of paper; but even *that* wouldn't signify if the government honored its bills! That very government itself, which I say we don't want, and yet which we endure! Why, what are we? Dogs in a kennel, with the foot of power trampling upon us! Yes, dogs! I repeat it! Again, how much of what is left to us of our hard earnings goes to the Church? No Church, no priests, no nobles, no government, except a liberal one—a republic! That's what Jean Jacques Rousseau says, and if he doesn't say so, he means it; but if he does neither, I do both, and that's all the same!"

As Camille Desmoulins, for such was his name, touched upon the abuses of the existing government, his quick eye rapidly interrogated the countenances of his hearers, in order to note the impression which this portion of his harangue made upon them. Here and there the darkened brow, the compressed lips, and the menacing gesture responded to his seditious appeal, and where knots of men of the same calling and class were congregated together, hurried whispers were interchanged, and hands shaken in token of mutual aid. No sooner, then, did he come to a pause at the above critical time, then a score of voices, whose echo was rapidly caught up, murmured:

"He is right! What he says is true! There must be corn!" He had told them significantly that there was corn enough in the granaries.

"Corn!" continued he, "to be sure there is! And yet we are fools enough to believe that none is to be procured! But I repeat, it is! I see some of you looking towards the soldiers at yonder baker's shop. 'Hunger will break through stone walls,' says the proverb, now if anybody will follow me, we will try whether our appetite is not a match for a dozen of bayonets."

"Down with the military! Bread! bread!" shouted the crowd.

"Come along, then," resumed the orator, clapping his red cap upon his head; "not a mouthful of anything has crossed my lips these two days."

"To the baker's, then!" shouted Legendre; "I and my comrade Camille Desmoulins will lead you on!"

"We won't starve whilst bread is to be had!" murmured a few of the foremost in the throng; to which remark the remainder responded, "No, no!" and began to range themselves so as to allow Camille Desmoulins to take the lead.

Legendre himself was a man well calculated to lead a mob in an affair of this kind. Tall of stature, and muscular in frame, personal advantages which, at all times, ensure to their possessor a corresponding degree of deference, but which, during the agitation of a public question, are still more readily appreciated, especially when enlisted in the popular cause, his countenance, moreover, indicated extraordinary determination, without exhibiting any of the ferociousness characteristic of that of the majority of the leaders of the revolution. Like all men, however, of an impetuous temperament, his actions more frequently proceeded from impulse than from reflection, and, in this particular, Camille Desmoulins had him at an advantage.

"I can depend upon thee, Legendre?" asked Desmoulins.

"Through fire and blood!" responded his friend, holding out his huge palm, and pressing the delicate hand that was thrust into it, with an energy which brought the tears into its owner's eyes.

"'Tis well!" ejaculated he, hurriedly withdrawing the almost dislocated member.

"But, I say, Camille!" added Legendre.

"What is it?" retorted the other.

"Oh, nothing," continued his friend, "only, *halves!*"

This remark, be it said, was accompanied by a significant gesture.

"Oh, honor!" answered Desmoulins; "that's understood! But look yonder, and thou wilt see them!"

Turning his head in the direction indicated, Legendre beheld standing at the angle of another street some two hundred yards distant, a group of three men, closely enveloped within the ample folds of their cloaks, which were so drawn about their faces, as totally to conceal their features. It was easy to discern, nevertheless, that they were persons of distinction; or at any rate this was the impression which Legendre conceived of them, for, as his quick eye lighted upon them, he elevated his shaggy brow, muttering:

"Oh oh! Birds of high feather, eh? So much the better!"

Placing themselves foremost, the mob, as directed by Legendre, fell into their rear in the order of its strength, the most powerful coming immediately after their leaders. Its numbers, too, were now considerably augmented, not by the advent of men only, but of women, many of whom, in the absence of more offensive weapons, furnished themselves with large stones, with which they already menaced the soldiers, vowing vengeance against them, amidst the most vociferous clamor, intermingling their threats with fearful oaths and imprecations.

The determination of the mob to resort to hostile measures was

so sudden, and their proceedings so speedy and well directed, that the unfortunate objects of their ire, namely, the baker, Peter Pétrin, and the soldiers who guarded his shop, were not aware of their purpose until the entire mass began to move towards the premises, when it could no longer be misunderstood. Notwithstanding this demonstration, however, the soldiers, some twenty in number, under the command of a subaltern, were not greatly alarmed, seeing that their opponents were unarmed.

In the interval, the baker observed the precaution of placing his servants at the upper windows, furnishing them with fire-arms, he himself remaining in his shop, to encourage the soldiers by his presence, and to serve such few customers as still hurried in and out, under cover of the guard.

One of the last persons who had repaired to the baker's store, immediately before the outbreak, was a female, certainly not exceeding seventeen years of age, and of most prepossessing features. Her dress was of the most scanty description; her head was defended from the cold by a silk kerchief, tied beneath her chin; her long auburn hair falling about her neck and shoulders in luxuriant tresses, upon which the flakes of snow were thickly gathered, freezing where they alighted. Of this, however, she appeared wholly unconscious, nor even seemed to feel the cold, so intent was she upon her errand; but faltering as were her steps, as she timidly made her way through the line of soldiers, her strength or her courage—perhaps both—almost entirely deserted her when she found herself upon the threshold of the shop. Here she came to a pause; but her hesitation did not endure long; wiping a tear from her eye, she pushed more boldly forward, and confronted the baker.

"Your servant, mademoiselle," said he, slightly bowing; "a loaf?"

"A very stale one," replied she, hesitatingly.

"Stale bread goes farthest," remarked he, reaching to a shelf. "A whole one, or a two-pounder?"

"A whole one, if you please, Monsieur Pétrin," was the answer; but so extreme was her agitation, that her voice scarcely rose above a whisper.

Depositing the loaf upon the counter, Pétrin pushed it gradually towards the girl, keeping his hand on one end of it; for it was, like all French loaves, in shape like an elongated roll.

"Three livres," said he, at length perceiving that the poor girl hesitated.

"*Three!*" exclaimed she; "bread is dearer then?"

"Yes!" answered he; "since you were last here, it has risen a livre the four pound loaf."

"Heaven help the poor!" fervently ejaculated the distressed girl.

This was a critical moment for Pétrin, but as he withdrew his gaze from her wan countenance, it lighted up the figure of Desmoulins, elevated upon his stone rostrum, and pointing in the direction of the bakery.

"Rabble!" muttered he, setting his teeth hard together; then abruptly addressing the weeping maiden, he asked her, in no very gentle tone, "whether she wanted the loaf or not?"

This question, but more especially the manner of putting it, operated like magic in arousing the young woman to a sense of her situation; for she suddenly ceased sobbing, and quickly replied:

"Oh, yes! we do indeed want it. We have eaten nothing since yesterday morning; and then we had only the dry crust left from the loaf I purchased here three days ago. I have not two sous!" sobbed the famishing girl; "and my poor mother is dying of want. Good God! what is to become of us?"

"If you were the only ones, mademoiselle, it would be a different case," observed Pétrin.

Saying which, Pétrin coolly replaced the loaf upon the shelf.

The girl was too broken in spirit to remonstrate, or to vent her feelings in reproach; she clasped her hands frantically together, and with an agonizing sob, meekly withdrew; or rather tottered to the threshold: but here she found her egress impeded by the officer in command of the guard.

"Pardon, mademoiselle!" said he; "you had better remain. It is not safe for you to pass out! It will soon be over!"

A glance sufficed to satisfy the young woman of the nature of the danger the officer alluded to; to reach the street nearest to her dwelling, or, indeed, any of those leading into it, she must pass through the mob, now rapidly advancing, and led by Desmoulins and Legendre. At that moment, a huge stone, cast by a powerful arm, struck one of the soldiers to the earth, upon which the rioters set up a loud shout; the officer forthwith drew up his men in line, nor bestowed a further thought upon the object of his late friendly warning, intent only upon doing his duty to the last.

Pétrin was far too actively employed in making preparations for the defence of his house, to notice his customer, huddled up as she was between two sacks of flour; moreover, his attention was now specially concentrated upon the proceedings of the rioters, who, having advanced to within a stone's throw of his premises, halted at the angle of the opposite street, where they appeared to hold a consultation. After a brief pause, during which the two ringleaders conversed animatedly together, the principal one, Legendre—for he was the most active—stepped forward, holding in his hand a soiled handkerchief, as a signal for a parley.

"Back!" cried the offier; "back, or I order my men to fire!"

"So that I can make myself heard, mister officer," coolly answered the herald; "I don't care whether I speak to you exactly two yards off, or just where I stand."

"Speak then," was the rejoinder; "what do you want?"

"I'll ask my friends," replied Legendre: and turning about towards the mob, he elevated his voice, saying:

"Friends, monsieur"—here he pointed to the officer—"desires to know what we want? Answer for yourselves!"

"Bread! bread! bread!" shouted an hundred voices.

The officer stood irresolute, for, though a brave man, he was humane, and really desired to avoid bloodshed, without which he perceived quiet would not be re-established: making a sign to Desmoulins to keep his comrades back, he retreated a step or two, and hurriedly whispered to Pétrin:

"Monsieur Pétrin, I think it would be really prudent to compromise with this rabble. They are bent on mischief."

"If you are afraid to do your duty, sir," replied the baker, "leave me to do the best I can for myself!"

The soldier's cheek turned scarlet, as he answered:

"I shall do my duty none the worse for having striven to avoid the painful alternative:" then turning to his men, he ordered them to stand on the defensive, Pétrin withdrawing into his shop, but leaving the door open, to afford the soldiers a retreat, should they be compelled to give way.

The officer had formed a better estimate of the intentions of the mob, than Pétrin, who firmly believed that a company of military, a score in number, was more than sufficient to keep in awe a crowd of unarmed men, weakened by famine, and acting in opposition to the laws.

Scarcely had the soldiers fallen into line, than a shower of stones assailed them, dashing in the front of the shop, although it was protected by iron bars. Excited by Desmoulins and Legendre, the men whom they had selected for the purpose, rushed headlong upon the soldiery, and were received by a discharge of musketry that left half of them upon the ground, dead or severely wounded.

By this time the mob had tripled its numbers, for the rabble of the entire neighborhood, taking the alarm, rushed, as if by common consent, to participate in the fray, and share the plunder; nor were the women least backward in aggravating them to the attack; some, with their famished infant hanging to their breast, wholly exhausted, even grappling with the soldiers, as they strove, in their confusion, to force their way into the shop.

The charge of the latter, though successful, proved insufficient to deter the mob from their purpose, it had stopped only to gather breath; for Camille Desmoulins, waving his red cap in the air, vociferously urged his companions to a second attack:

"Follow me!" he cried; "grapple with the soldiers, comrades! If they are armed, we are fifty to one! Remember, 'tis for bread!"

Following up their advantage, the people did not give the soldiers time to close the door, but entered almost simultaneously with them; and here, during a few seconds, the struggle was terrific. The foremost of the mob were received upon the point of the bayonet, but no sooner fell, than their place was supplied by their infuriated companions, who, rushing forwards before the soldiers could *recover*, wrenched their weapons out of their hands, turning the same against them with deadly effect.

Upon gaining possession of the premises, the rioters who led the van, set up a loud shout to proclaim their victory, which shout was instantly and vociferously responded to by their companions outside. The women clamorously demanded that the baker should be sacrificed to their fury, which became unbridled when they beheld him and his servants, together with a few of the soldiers, scrambling painfully over the roofs of the houses; now rolling in the gutters; now grasping at a tile; and often on the very point of falling over into the street, as he leapt from one yielding stone, to another more secure.

The sturdy, ferocious ruffians, yet covered with blood and filth, who headed the tumult, might now be seen greedily gnawing at the loaves; some, with one under each arm, hurrying away with their treasure; others quarrelling and fighting for the possession of a mauled crust; whilst the majority, who, as may be imagined, were outside, implored those within to share the spoil equally.

"'Tis only fair!" stammered Desmoulins.

"And just!" added Legendre, forcing his way to the sill of the door. "A scramble, fall back, and let every one have what he can catch."

As the greater number of those in the shop were already provided with as much as they could conveniently carry off, this proposition was unopposed; the bulk and strength of the speaker deterring the rabble from venturing further; a space was rapidly cleared before the door, and Desmoulins and Legendre cast into the midst of it the whole of the bread that remained, upon which the mob precipitated itself with fearful avidity, men, women, and children, fighting for the morsels.

"There's no more bread!" shouted Legendre, throwing the last loaf; "but there's plenty of flour!"

"And lentils, and beans, and peas!" added Desmoulins.

"Give us all! Give us what there is!" exclaimed the mob.

"Come, then, a dozen of you, and remove it," continued Legendre.

A score of sinewy arms were immediately employed in carrying out into the open space, the whole of Pétrin's store, whence it rapidly disappeared, every one striving his utmost to procure as much as he could, the strongest of course being the best, the weakest being content to catch what fell from the others as they conveyed their prize away.

Whilst the crowd outside was thus actively employed, Desmoulins and Legendre were not less busy within, superintending the dislodgement of the sacks, and assisting their comrades to remove them; only a few more, at most half a dozen, remained; when, upon their proceeding to convey these away also, they discovered the poor girl already mentioned, crouched down in a corner, and perfectly insensible.

"What have we here?" ejaculated Legendre, who was the first to see her.

His comrades all drew back, looking wistfully at one another.

"Is she dead?" asked one.

Legendre passed his large hands around her waist, and lifting her bodily up, stood her upon her feet.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW THE UNKNOWN MAIDEN WAS RECOGNIZED; AND HOW PETRIN'S COURAGE WAS REWARDED.

"Does anybody know her?" asked Legendre, as he vainly essayed to restore the young girl to consciousness, by applying to her forehead and temples a handful of snow hastily caught up from the ground.

Desmoulins, who had not been one of the least active in applying available remedies, was the first to suggest the possibility of her prolonged insensibility being as much the result of exhaustion as of terror; and no sooner did he afford this hint, than every one else fell into the same opinion.

"*Parbleu!* 'Tis clear enough!" exclaimed Legendre; "the poor child is well nigh starved!"

"Room! Room for me, if you please, gentlemen! By your leave;" cried a woman, who suddenly came rushing through the crowd, "thank you! I know her! I was certain of it! Mam'selle Madelaine! She's my lodger, ladies and gentlemen!"

Upon hearing herself called by name, the young girl's countenance brightened up, and the matron having now become distinctly visible, she hastened to place herself under her protection:

"Oh, Madame Giboulette; how glad I am you are come!" she muttered as she cast her arms about her neck, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Here, another," said Camille Desmoulins, thrusting a loaf into the matron's hand; "take your share of bread!"

"Many thanks, sir! It isn't to be refused! White bread too! What a feast we shall have!" cried Madame Giboulette, edging her way back, and pulling Madelaine after her.

"Louis," whispered Desmoulins, to his comrade, "follow those two home. Meet me again at the *Pointe St. Eustache.* We have not done yet! Before to-night, we'll sack every baker's shop in Paris!"

The whole of the foregoing events passed within the space of half an hour; and the mob having taken possession of everything on the premises of Peter Pétrin, began to exchange sinister

whispers; for their evil passions being excited, were readily fanned into a flame, and they now needed only that their leader should urge them on to the commission of further depredations. These whisperings were carried on whilst the attention of Desmoulins and Legendre was directed to the recovery of the young girl, Madelaine; but no sooner was the back of his comrade turned, than Desmoulins perceived the state of things, and at once hastened to turn the same to account, by haranguing the multitude anew, terminating his address thus:

"*Allons:* my friends!" said he; "enough of Pétrin for to-day! Many of you are still unprovided with bread, but there is no lack of bakers' shops well stored with it, and we will go and pay them a visit!"

"*En avant!*" cried they; "bread! If it is to be had, we will have it!"

"It *is* to be had, and you *shall* have it!" continued Desmoulins.

"The guard! The guard!" exclaimed several voices.

"Sure enough," continued Desmoulins, "here comes Monsieur Le Noir and his sbirri! Save yourselves who can! Every one for himself, and God for us all!"

This piece of advice on the part of the orator was superfluous; for no sooner was the alarm raised, than the crowd separated, as if by common consent, each individual hurrying away as fast as his legs would carry him.

The arrival of Monsieur Le Noir at this critical moment, here be it said, was mainly due to the exertions of Peter Pétrin, who having, as previously shown, scrambled over the leads of some half-dozen houses, made bold to enter a garret-window that stood conveniently open, and making the best of his way down stairs, gained a by-street, and posted off to the *Hotel-de-Ville*, arriving there just as the lieutenant, already apprised of the riot, was gathering a force for the purpose of re-establishing order.

"I'm a ruined man, monsieur le lieutenant," said he; "I too, who have always paid my taxes and imposts, to the very day! I'll appeal to the minister: he ought to order a stronger guard to protect us poor bakers!"

"The minister is not to blame, Monsieur Pétrin," observed Le Noir; "I have the command of the police of Paris; and I set what guard I considered sufficient."

Monsieur Le Noir proceeded with his guard, and was busily occupied reconnoitring the scene of the fray; for the evil which he had arrived too late to prevent, there was no remedy, but to forestall mischief elsewhere; so he despatched one of his lieutenants to the *Hotel-de-Ville* for a strong body of patrol, with orders to perambulate the streets and disperse every group of persons, under what pretence soever assembled; whilst he himself, after posting some of his men at commanding stations, others conveying away the dead bodies of their comrades, repaired to the Council of State, to deliver his report, and to concert with his brother ministers fur-

ther measures for securing the tranquillity of the capital, and for ameliorating the condition of the people.

CHAPTER III.

THROWS A DEGREE OF LIGHT UPON THE PROCEEDINGS OF CAMILLE DESMOULINS AND HIS FRIEND.

We must now return to the three individuals whom Camille Desmoulins pointed out to his companion Legendre as being privy to, and deeply interested in their proceedings, and whom we left stationed at a prudent distance from the scene of the riot, yet sufficiently near to watch the progress of the same until it attained its height; when, in accordance with a pre-concerted arrangement, they repaired by different ways to the *Palais Royal*, where they arrived almost simultaneously, and were instantly admitted into the private cabinet of Philip, Duke of Orleans.

This illustrious personage, better known as Equality-Philip, a cognomen he assumed in compliance with the wishes of the popular party, during the troubles which subsequently terminated so fatally for the royal family, and ultimately for himself, evidently expected his visitors; for, immediately upon their being announced, he rose to receive them, even taking some half-dozen steps towards the door, which no sooner closed upon them than he hurriedly exclaimed:

"Well? What news? How get we on? Speak, Foulon!"

"The broth begins to simmer, my lord duke," replied the individual addressed, disencumbering himself of his cloak, and, without further ceremony, inducting himself into a chair. "However, it goes much against the grain of our worthy friend De Flesselles, here; who, as Provost of the Merchants of this good city of Paris, professes scruples of conscience—"

"Which we will take care to silence, my good Monsieur De Flesselles," said the duke, interrupting the speaker, and shaking the Provost of the Merchants cordially by the hand. "Once Necker is dethroned, I promise that you shall have your own way!"

The individual thus patronised, and who looked some fifty years of age, acknowledged his sense of the distinction conferred upon him, by inclining his huge head and diminutive person, until the former almost touched the ground; but his apparent obsequiousness was more than counterbalanced by the peculiar expression of his ill-favored and sinister countenance, when it was again turned upwards, which indicated beyond the possibility of doubt, the cer-

tainty of its owner being, under any circumstances, extremely well calculated to take care of himself.

Foulon was tall of person, and thick-set; in appearance and manner, rough almost to vulgarity, with a physiognomy coarse and unprepossessing, though not uncomely.

De Flesselles, lower in stature than his associates, was a sleek-looking man, with an open, intelligent countenance, and decidedly good-looking, but the kindly expression of whose face was spoiled by the astuteness and cupidity that lurked about his mouth; his eyes were dark, but unsteady in their orbits, and either from timidity or habit, he lowered their lids when spoken to, as if afraid or ashamed of looking the speaker in the face.

A glance sufficed to show that the one was ardent, impetuous, and resolute; the other cautious, phlegmatic, and vacillating.

Philip, Duke of Orleans, was a man numbering some eight lustres, but appearing nearly ten years older, so deeply had debauchery and indulgence in the fiery passions of youth, imprinted their traces upon his countenance, leaving his face red and bloated, though his once handsome features retained yet some degree of comeliness. In person he was tall and well made, but had grown somewhat too corpulent to be elegant; whilst the ease and grace he assumed, accessories acquired at a refined court, and that lent a certain distinction to his gait and carriage, sufficed not wholly to efface the natural abruptness of his manners, approximating almost to coarseness.

When his visitors arrived, he appeared upon the point of going out, being in full dress, with the exception of his hat and sword, which lay ready to hand, upon the table. He smiled as he addressed them, but no sooner did his eye meet the cold gaze of Marat, than a sudden change manifested itself; his visage fell; a shudder of disgust imparted a sinister scowl to his heavy brow.

An embarrassing pause, though a brief one, was the consequence of this movement; the duke himself was the first to perceive it, and, in a somewhat altered tone, suddenly renewed the colloquy:

"After all, Foulon," said he, "you have not told me the news!"

"Your highness must apply to our little friend for the news!" responded the minister of finance in expectancy, jerking his head towards Marat; "to him appertains the credit of all that has been done up to the present."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the duke, turning an inquiring eye upon the individual in question.

"Little enough as been done as yet," observed he in a dry, harsh voice; "a little blood has been shed, but nothing to speak of! The people have not tasted it yet!"

"Blood!" ejaculated D'Orleans, scarcely concealing his disgust.

"What would you have else?" resumed Marat, sturdily, and in an elevated tone; "the people wanted bread, the soldiery wouldn't let the people have it; blood followed; of course! I gave Camille his instructions only late last night, and he has been indefatigable ever since. Early this morning he worked the water-carriers; at

ten he was hard at it amongst the students in the *quartier Latin;* by eleven he had nearly driven mad the porters at the wine-market; and at noon he gets me up a riot."

D'Orleans listened anxiously to this recital of Desmoulins' proceedings, eyeing the speaker intently, and somewhat suspiciously; when the latter paused, the duke said, not without trepidation:

"You have not been so imprudent as to betray me, Monsieur Marat?"

Marat fixed his keen eyes upon his interrogator, and then allowed them to rest successively upon his two companions, as if appealing to their experience as to the likelihood of his committing an imprudence of any kind; the glance was momentary, but at once self-sufficient and scornful:

"It is not my mode of doing business," replied he; "besides Camille Desmoulins is my friend, not your highness!"

"Who was the other man, Marat?" inquired De Flesselles; "he was every whit as active as Desmoulins. Did you remark how he felled that soldier?"

"His name's Legendre," answered Marat; "a butcher!"

"A butcher!" ejaculated the duke, with an unfeigned shudder of disgust, his courtly prejudices, and refined habits, shocked by the bare idea of coming into contact with such a ruffian; "no, no! Besides, Monsieur Marat, you are aware that I am to remain incognite in this affair!"

"It couldn't be otherwise," bluntly retorted the demagogue; "the aristocrats never do their own dirty work; we of the people must do that for them. But 'tis in the order of things."

D'Orleans felt that his innermost soul was read; he lowered his eyes, and a pause ensued; for, except Marat, all experienced an unconquerable embarrassment, originating in this pointed allusion to a subject that had not yet been broached, and which they were, at that precise moment unprepared to discuss; it was broken by the duke:

"At critical junctures," said he, evasively, "it is the duty of those who hold the reins of government, to be guided by circumstances. Let us leave the future to itself; our business is with the present. The popular ferment we have excited, and which will continue to augment, cannot fail to increase the embarrassment of Necker; we must now urge those who have demands upon the treasury to present their claims without delay."

"And be sent to the Bastile for their pains!" observed Marat.

"Perhaps! Most possibly, indeed," rejoined the duke; "but this proceeding will only alarm the rest; who, instead of following the example of their brother-creditors, will raise an outcry against Necker! I will see Jacques, however, before I venture to play it. Upon this man, much depends!"

"Who *is* this Jacques, my lord duke; of whom we so frequently hear you make mention?"

"Jacques is a man," answered he, "who for years, ay, almost a

century, has been, in some mysterious manner, connected with our family. My great ancestor, the regent, was upon intimate terms with him, and even Louis Quatorze did not scruple to acknowledge his friendship! The last time I saw him, we parted in anger; for, by some incomprehensible agency, he procured information of my projects; or by some devilish spirit of intuition, guessed them, and warned me not to persist in them, as I valued his protection and friendship; but more particularly my own safety. If he refuse, I shall lose nothing; if he accede, our success is assured!"

"And our secret, my lord?" remarked Marat, anxiously.

"Is safe as in our own keeping," replied D'Orleans; "besides, he knows nothing of you; therefore, the danger, if any exist, is wholly mine!"

"The sooner we see him, then, the better," rejoined Marat, casting a hurried glance upon his companions, to catch their approval of the position he was assuming; "where is he to be found?"

"No where, and every where," answered D'Orleans; "but chiefly where and when his presence is least expected."

The duke was yet in the act of speaking, when the usher-in-waiting having previously knocked at the door, entered and announced, "the 'Sieur Jacques!"

Jacques—whose unexpected arrival threw this snug little party of conspirators into a state of perturbation. He stood erect as an ancient oak; his right hand resting upon a curiously-fashioned cane.

For the space of a few seconds he observed silence, allowing his searching gaze to scan successively, the troubled visages of the party assembled, each individual of which quailed beneath it, as though he shrank from an encounter with one reputed so potent, and possessed of such mysterious means of exercising his power; at last he fixed his eyes upon the duke:

"Your highness is in singular companionship," said he.

"I receive those persons whom it suits me to receive, 'Sieur Jacques," replied D'Orleans; "be seated, 'Sieur Jacques."

"Not in such company, highness!" responded Jacques; "you may deem it honorable!"

"Insolent dotard!" exclaimed Foulon, contracting his shaggy brows; "his highness's presence imposes a restraint upon me, or your gray hairs should prove no protection for this gratuitous insult!"

Without condescending to reply, Jacques fastened his gaze upon the speaker, and with a scornful smile upon his lips, surveyed him from head to foot, whilst the latter gave vent to his anger; but scarcely had he terminated his threat, than De Flesselles addressed him in the same tone:

"I know you all, perfectly well," responded Jacques, with a trifling degree of warmth; "I also am acquainted with the motives for which you are assembled. I expected to find you here!"

"Spy!" growled Foulon, starting to his feet; "this insolence is not to be borne!"

"Gentlemen," resumed the duke, affecting a smile, "this is nothing. You do not know the 'Sieur Jacques! He is plain-spoken, but intends no affront. And since you 'Sieur Jacques," continued the duke, rising, "will not place yourself on an equality with *me*, I must raise myself to a level with you! But let me request you will bridle your tongue somewhat—"

"I came hither, highness," retorted Jacques, proudly, "not to insult *any* one; but to speak truth; offend or please. I came to warn you of the danger you incur—I came as a friend, not as an enemy; but the option will remain with you to preserve me as the one, or to convert me into the other!"

"You have long spoken to me in riddles, 'Sieur Jacques," replied the duke, "and your present warning is not less enigmatical. At what danger do you point? To what nefarious schemes do you allude? It is really time this child's-play should end!"

"The time is come, highness, for it *to* end;" resumed Jacques; "I forewarned you of its approach, when last we met! But since you affect ignorance, my lord duke, I will be as candid as you are astute, and therefore denounce you all as traitors; traitors to your lawful sovereign; traitors to your country; traitors to one another; is this plain?"

D'Orleans turned pale; Foulon and De Flesselles, with lips livid with rage, looked at each other in wonderment, real or feigned; whilst Marat, trembled with fear.

"Perfectly plain in manner, 'sieur Jacques; rejoined D'Orleans, faltering, but resolved to urge his mysterious visitor to a full disclosure.

"Did I not, when I last intruded upon your privacy, forestall your communication with reference to your political intrigues? This Desmoulins—this Legendre—"

"Are no agents of *mine*, 'sieur Jacques;" interrupted the duke.

"Yet you *know* them, my lord duke?" retorted Jacques: "do you not perceive how you stand self-convicted?"

D'Orleans would have recalled his last observation almost as soon as he made it, for he immediately became aware of the importance of the admission; but it was too late; his burning cheek bore palpable evidence against him, nor was Jacques' reply necessary to crown his confusion.

You remain silent, highness," continued he; "and I am neither wrong in my conclusions, nor have been misinformed. But you are proceeding unwisely; you are not only ill-advised, but betrayed!"

"By whom, 'sieur Jacques? By whom?" exclaimed the duke, his eyes suddenly gleaming with indignation.

Jacques held his peace, but fixed his keen gaze upon Marat.

"You cannot mean *me*, 'sieur Jacques!" exclaimed De Flesselles.

"Nor *me!*" remarked Foulon.

"Nor *me!*" croaked Marat, returning Jacques' look with a steadfast stare.

"You are not the only one here, highness, who is betrayed,"

resumed Jacques: "as before this hour to-morrow, both Monsieur De Flesselles and Monsieur Foulon are likely to find, to their cost!"

The monopolists gazed into each other's countenance, stupified with amazement: Marat continued his task even more assiduously than before.

"You do not, you cannot deny it," resumed Jacques: "but who told Camille Desmoulins to inform the infuriate populace that corn is to be had, only for the seeking? Ere this hour to-morrow, I repeat, the names of Foulon and De Flesselles will be in every starving mouth of this great city, heaped with curses and execrations! For this you may thank Jean Marat!"

"Reptile!" cried Foulon, bounding across the chamber, and grasping the culprit by the throat."

Foulon's huge hand tightened, like a vice, about the lean throat of Marat, who grew black in the face, and struggled vehemently to escape, but uselessly; the blood started from his nostrils, and he would infallibly have fallen a sacrifice to Foulon's just anger, had not D'Orleans commanded him to desist, and De Flesselles hastened to his rescue.

"No murder, Foulon," said the duke: "though he merits not clemency. Leave the wretch! What hast thou to say for thyself, miscreant?"

Wiping the blood from his face, and returning his interrogator's glance with a scowl in which the intensest malignity of his treacherous nature was concentrated, he sullenly answered:

"Treachery for treason is a fair exchange: the one is well worth the other!"

"Dog! Dost thou defy me?" cried the duke.

"I do, my lord duke:" was the rejoinder: "murder me if you will, your secret will not the less come out! But 'tis not too late to prevent the mischief! A word of mine, and Camille Desmoulins would rather lose his tongue than betray his friends!"

"Trust him not, highness!" interposed Foulon.

"We shall rue the day if you do, highness!" added De Flesselles.

"For your sakes, I will not;" answered D'Orleans. "I am safe, come what may! No! He shall to the Bastile, with his ruffianly accomplices. Le Noir shall receive instructions to apprehend them this very day."

"And what end will that serve?" asked Marat, chuckling with malignant pleasure at the embarrassment of his late colleagues. "Will imprisoning us gag the tongues of half a million of famished people, who, long before your vengeance can overtake Desmoulins and Legendre, will have learnt from them the names of the men who are leagued by a compact of famine against *them*, their wives, their children, their fellow-men?"

And in the excitement of the moment, Marat snapped his fingers in very defiance of those to whom, scarcely five minutes before, he would have cringed.

"What he says is true," faltered the provost of the merchants; "how is your silence and our safety to be purchased?"

"Unconditionally!" replied Marat; "bind me to your interests, and I will remain faithful; if not to you, myself?"

"But what necessity was there for confiding our secret to the keeping of so foul a babbler, as thy friend Desmoulins?" asked Foulon: "what induced thee to betray us?"

"Simply, Monsieur Foulon, because I knew that once your own turn served, Jean Marat might go where he would."

Foulon turned from confronting his waspish opponent, for his cheek glowed with shame; De Flesselles bit his nails, and tried to conceal his confusion by appearing to be buried in thought: presently, however, the former exclaimed:

"We are fools, worse than fools, to allow ourselves to be thus bearded! Why, we are magnifying the danger of our position! There is no law prohibiting the monopoly of corn; what, then, have we to fear, except the fury of the populace? And by observing proper precautions, even *that* may be paralyzed."

"You are right, Monsieur Foulon," remarked Jacques, who, although silent, was not the less an interested spectator of this scene. There exists, indeed, no law to prevent the monopoly of which you speak. But so great, so crying an abuse, cannot remain unredressed!"

"And you, my lord duke! You too have devoted your exhaustless funds to the furtherance of so wicked a traffic, because it tended to determine the crisis which you have so long intrigued to bring about! Shame on you, highness!"

"'Sieur Jacques, trespass not too far upon my forbearance!" exclaimed D'Orleans, "I will not be braved by you nor by any other man, whatever his power."

"*You*, at least, are no patriot, my lord duke!" retorted Jacques. "You, my lord duke, to gratify at once your ambition and your hatred towards Marie Antoinette, and your cousin, King Louis—"

"And you, 'sieur Jacques?" interrupted D'Orleans in a sarcastic tone, unable to disguise any longer his indignation, "for what do you work; and for whom?"

"For this wretched, ill-used country, for this starving, overwrought, over-taxed, under-paid, oppressed people! For the annihilation of despotism, for the establishment of liberty!"

"Have you done, 'sieur Jacques?" asked the duke, choking with anger.

"No, highness!" retorted Jacques, "I have yet to tell you that your schemes cannot succeed; you *may* overthrow Necker; you *may* exasperate the populace against Marie Antoinette; you *may* dethrone King Louis and substitute King Philip; or establish the form of government which Jean Marat advocates, a democracy; but you will not succeed in ameliorating the condition of the people, because you have less their interest in view than the promotion of your own. But if you really desire the welfare of your country, seek Mirabeau.

At the mention of Mirabeau's name, a fearful scowl darkened the duke's brow; setting his teeth hard together, and clenching his hand, he exclaimed, in a voice almost inarticulate with rage:

"Mirabeau! I will not join his party. My determination is taken, and nothing shall shake it. You came hither, 'sieur Jacques, to forewarn me of a danger, I see it not."

Even whilst the duke was speaking, there arose a distant but deep murmur; a murmur like the roaring of a hurricane sweeping its way through a tangled forest; or like the heavy lashings of the surge upon a rocky coast, as heard at still midnight, long ere the ship nears the danger; it fell distinct upon every ear there: it caused a shudder in every breast save one: it was the voice of the people crying for bread.

"The mob is approaching the palace," said D'Orleans.

And now the rushing of feet swept onward; and again that fearful cry was raised. Foulon's hand trembled, as he bent forward to catch the sounds that fell from that dense multitude. De Flesselles wiped the heavy perspiration from his brow, and advanced one step towards the window. Jacques stood unmoved.

"They—they have passed onward!" gasped De Flesselles.

"Bread! Bread! Give us bread!" burst from a thousand mouths, even as he spoke, but the cry was again distant.

"The rabble! Bread is it they want! Let them eat hay!" growled Foulon. "*They want bread! Let them eat hay!*" repeated he, mentally.

And without saluting any of the persons present, Jacques withdrew, with the same stateliness as he entered, leaving the conspirators equally astounded at his boldness, as they were awe-stricken by his venerable appearance and mysterious manner.

About an hour after Jacques' departure, Marat might have been seen, hurrying over the *Pont Neuf*: his face was wrapped up in his cloak, but he muttered to himself as he shuffled along:

"*The rabble! Bread is it they want? Let them eat hay!*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVE OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed since the foregoing occurrences, and each succeeding week aggravated the heavy calamity under which the population groaned. Corn came into the market in such small quantities, that it reached an unprecedented price, for only the rich could purchase it; and even *they* began to complain of the exorbitant rate at which this necessary article of consumption was retail-

ed. The people, meanwhile, were dying by hundreds; famished groups beset the market-places and attacked the provision-carts as they came in; day after day the bakers' shops were pillaged, in spite of the presence of the soldiery; who, themselves, scarcely better fed, offered but feeble resistance to the multitude; first, because they were sick at heart of the dreadful carnage that was certain to ensue, and secondly, because their own cravings inspired them with commiseration for the sufferings of their fellow-men. The corn-market itself was guarded day and night by an over-powering military force, and buyers were, in like manner, escorted thence, to their houses or their shops.

The political excitement, too, was terrible. Sedition stalked through the streets, at broad noon; Treason showed a bold front at court; it smote royalty on the cheek; the Jacobins held their sittings in the public market-place; the Girondists, the Montagnards, and the Brissotins—so named from the head of this party, one Jean Pierre Brissot: all republicans, but differing in the violence of their creed, frequented the most popular *Cafes*, parading their opinions, without the shadow of a scruple; whilst yet a more democratic faction, whose real leader remained unknown, although suspected, made the Palais-Royal its head quarters, and at the *Cafe Foy*, held, under the auspices of Camille Desmoulins, public lectures upon the social system, as propounded by Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Nor was this all; for, that the objects of disfavor might be better known, bitter satires, and personal attacks upon the king and Marie Antoinette, appeared, placarded in the most conspicuous situations; even upon the very walls of the Tuilleries, and of the Palace of Versailles.

Under this accumulation of troubles, no condition could be more deplorable than that of the king, Louis Seize, and of his staunch friend and minister, Necker; with whom were associated the Comtes de Montmorin, De Saint-Priest, De La Lezarne, Daru, and De Puy Ségur. With the sincerest desire to relieve the prevalent distress, and to redress the most crying of the existing abuses, they lacked the determination necessary to carry their good intentions into effect.

The protracted and ruinous wars of Louis Quatorze, and his lavish prodigality: the wanton extravagance of the profligate Louis Quinze and of his mistresses; the peculations and wasteful expenditure of every kind, which had attended each successive change of ministry, had long since drained the exchequer, loaded the State with debt, and exhausted the resources of the country. Even so far back as the regency of the Duke of Orleans, Equality-Philip's great, great grand-sire, the revenue for three years had been anticipated, to the annihilation of the public credit. Then followed a loud cry for fiscal reform, and measures as clumsy and violent as they were unjust and iniquitous. Contracts concluded during the reign of Louis Quatorze were annulled; annuities and state-pensions reduced one half; offices and sinecures, purchased by the then holders at an enor-

mous price, were capriciously abolished, without any compensation being made in their stead; a new coin of a lower intrinsic value was issued, at a higher nominal rate; government securities amounting to above six hundred millions of francs, were by a stroke of the pen, reduced to one hundred and fifty millions; and even of this diminished sum, the fundholders were defrauded of more than a fifth part.

Meanwhile, the people were growing disgusted with the so-called chamber of justice; for instead of deriving benefit from its labors, the sums extorted through its means were wasted in gifts and pensions to the privileged classes, or lavished upon profligate mistresses. Trade and the demand for labor decreased rapidly, and money disappeared; for who would display riches or indulge in luxuries, when the indiscretion would render him an object of suspicion? At length the outcry against it became so loud and general, that the odious chamber of justice was abolished; its sentences were reversed, and a declaration made that no measure of a similar kind should again be resorted to.

Indeed, to enumerate the ills under which France groaned, at this unhappy period, would prove an Herculean task. Despotism had attained its height; the people were crushed to the lowest: bold spirits had spoken to their hearts, and their hearts responded to the appeal: the cry was, "*We are all equal, and ought all to be free!*" And however true in theory, and fallacious the doctrine in practice, that cry, uttered by Rousseau from the depths of his mountainous retreat, was instantly and eagerly caught up and re-echoed by thirty millions of oppressed, priest-ridden, oligarchy-crushed, starving human beings, panting to revenge whole centuries of accumulated wrongs.

We must now turn to Versailles.

An extraordinary commotion reigned throughout the palace of Versailles, the residence of the court. Louis XVI. embarrassed by the contending interests of the numerous political factions into which the country was divided; beset by a host of intriguers, manœuvring to destroy one another's credit, in order to establish or to strengthen their own; became alarmed at the progress of the famine, at the bread-riots in the capital, and at the constantly increasing boldness of the populace—desperation it might be called.

The Assembly was in deliberation, and anxious groups were congregated in the ante-chambers of the palace, upon whose countenances might be read the deep interest they took in the important proceedings of the day; the gardens were thronged by equally excited crowds of courtiers, who exchanged low but earnest whispers, their eyes every minute directed towards the great portal, whose opening was to relieve their feverish suspense; the town of Versailles itself swarmed with the chattering but not less anxious citizens of Paris, whose propriety had, in consequence of the uncertain condition of affairs, experienced the severest check, and who had travelled hither on foot to learn the news at the soonest; not

to mention innumerable knots of suspicious looking persons, without any immediate concern in the result, yet who awaited it, like the rest, but only as a signal for the perpetration of mischief, should a favorable opportunity offer.

Nevertheless, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion that called this host together, there was no lack of amusements to wile away the tedious hours. The humors of Polichinello, varied to suit the political whim of the moment, and the color of the times, received extraordinary encouragement; especially, when, in allusion to the bankruptcy of the state, this personage appeared heading a funeral procession, the deceased being a bundle of dishonored bank notes.

As the military commandant of the place was not altogether inapprehensive of a tumult, a powerful body of the *Gardes Francaises*, perambulated the town in strong detachments; but, though this precaution served to repress the vehement parade of opinion so common in the streets of Paris, several itinerant newsvenders advertised the last pamphlet, or libel, or squib, or the last number of the popular paper, with unblushing effrontery, even beneath the very windows of the palace.

In one of the *cabarets* nearest the palace, four men were grouped around a table in a remote corner of the common room, occupied in discussing a bowl of flaming punch, which had already been three times replenished, without elevating the spirits of the carousers, who looked with suspicion upon every new comer, and were evidently either fearful of being recognized, or awaiting the arrival of a companion.

"Thou art right, citizen Robespierre," said he who officiated, and who was no other than Louis Legendre; "Marat has influence, and we must make him one of us! Art thou of the same opinion Camille?"

Desmoulins, the person addressed, nodded affirmatively.

"And thou, Henriot?"

This individual, a tall, powerful, thick set, bulky man, with small, cunning eyes, and sharp features—muttered, "of course."

"Carried, then, by a majority!" resumed Legendre.

"We can work the thing together," observed Robespierre; "assisted by our kind friends," he added, as a kind of side compliment to his companions then present; "but we must not be premature. We must await the result of the measures which these notables may adopt."

The speaker was a man of thirty years' of age, of small stature and thin frame; with features sharp and insignificant, and deeply scarred by small-pox; his complexion was intensely leaden, his look sombre, equivocal, and replete with envy and hatred; his mouth almost lipless, expressed resolution and cruelty; its hard lines wholly unrelieved, except by a sinister smile that occasionally passed across it, but was, invariably, followed by a frown.

Henriot, who followed the equivocal calling of a smuggler, was

just discharged from prison, where he had been some eighteen months confined. Almost the first person he met, was his friend Legendre, who forthwith introduced him to Desmoulins and Robespierre, as an invaluable auxiliary at the kind of work they had in hand; and finally the latter inducted him into the club of which he (Robespierre) was the actual leader.

A pause followed the democrat's remark, which Desmoulins, Legendre, and Henriot filled up by gulping each a goblet of the flaming liquor; as the former set his drinking vessel down again, he exclaimed:

"Ah! 'Tis a pity Marat countermanded us in that affair of Foulon and De Flesselles! We had them safe; nothing could be more certain."

At the mention of De Flesselles' name Henriot frowned, and clenching his fist, struck it hard down upon the table.

"I wish *I* had De Flesselles safe," said he, "he sent me to prison!"

"That chance may come yet," remarked Legendre.

"I will not lose it if it should," growled the smuggler; "fill me another."

Legendre officiated as desired, and was in the act of replenishing the goblets, when he exclaimed, in a suppressed tone, jerking his head in the direction of the door:

"Here's Marat. Room friends, for citizen Jean Marat!"

A place was vacated between Desmoulins and Robespierre, which Marat hastened to occupy.

"Nothing is yet determined," remarked he; "the king is obstinate, and will not yield to Necker, who advises the assembling of the states general. The Bourbon fears the result!"

"It will be as well for our party if Louis persists," rejoined Robespierre; "the crisis will be the sooner determined! What of Mirabeau?"

"I left him pacing the gallery," rejoined Marat, "chafing like a roused lion. It appears they refused him admittance to the Assembly. His brother, they say, advises Louis to adopt strong measures! For my part, I think the convening of the states general a step in the right direction. Our party is certain of a majority! But whom have we here? A stranger?" added he, gazing suspiciously at Henriot.

"A friend to the cause of liberty!" whispered Robespierre, "and an enemy of my lord Provost of the Merchants!"

Marat eyed Henriot intently for the space of a minute, apparently estimating the exact amount of determination he might chance to possess; the scrutiny, probably, answered his expectations, for he presently held out his hand to him.

"I am happy to reckon another adherent to the good cause," said he, "I may soon have occasion for thy services."

"Citizen Marat," whispered Robespierre, "our club will hold a special sitting to-morrow evening, wilt thou come?"

"What are your objects?" asked Marat.

"Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death!"

"Where do you meet?"

"At the corner of the *Rue de la Souraièri*, at the church of the Jacobins."

"At what hour?" inquired Marat.

"At ten; military time."

"I will meet you," responded he.

"And thou wilt be one of us?"

"I will see!" was the rejoinder; "at any rate, expect me."

"'Tis well, citizen Marat. I *shall* expect thee."

And Marat, shaking hands with his brother democrat, and nodding familiarly to the others, pushed his way out of the crowded room. Shortly afterwards, Robespierre and his friends took the high road to Paris, where they arrived at nightfall; here they separated; Robespierre to return home and study Rousseau; Desmoulins and the others to organize the attack upon Foulon's granary.

Meanwhile, the excitement within the palace continued to augment in intensity; the ante-chambers resembled a swarming hive; the hum of anxiety was unceasing; the to and fro, constant; everybody appeared impressed with the sense of an impending calamity, and portentous whisperings were exchanged, as the acknowledged leaders of the various political parties hurried to the chamber where the assembly sat.

In one of the small apartments that served as a gallery of communication between the outer rooms and the chamber in question, a man stood with folded arms, leaning against the casement, his eyes intently fixed on the multitude beneath, as it waved backwards and forwards like the ocean under the influence of a tempest. His brow was darkened, his lips were firmly closed; but the throngs which jostled one another in those gorgeous saloons, though they almost touched him as they passed, remained unheeded; he appeared to have no sympathy, no thought, no consciousness of being except for that multitude. This man was Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau.

Mirabeau, indeed, was a gigantic epitome of contradictions. Constitutionally sensual himself, he decried the luxurious vices of the court and of the aristocracy: licentious and unprincipled in the gratification of his passion, he adored virtue, and preached its exercise: irreligious, almost atheistical, he advocated religion as a powerful engine of civilization; and though tolerant to excess, supported the church of which he was a baptized member, because of its unity of purpose; himself an aristocrat by birth, he hated the oligarchy; avaricious, though always poor, he had squandered his own patrimony and his wife's dowery in prodigalities to his mistresses.

At the period of his introduction to the reader, Mirabeau, though the nominal leader of the democratic party, without reference to the numerous factions into which it was subdivided, had figured upon the political stage only as a writer of avowed liberal princi-

ples; for as yet the war between the court faction, the *privileged classes*, and the people, had not broken out; it was only smouldering, a mere war of observation; consequently no opportunity had offered for the adverse parties to declare themselves, nevertheless, as by a tacit understanding these had already fixed upon the men likeliest to become their leaders, and amongst others, the democrats marked Mirabeau as destined to figure most prominently in their cause during the approaching struggle.

This extraordinary man's genius had developed itself in the midst of youthful licence and disorder; whilst his father's severity, scarcely one remove from positive oppression, first implanted in his bosom that rooted hatred of despotism, which he subsequently attacked with the torrent of his burning eloquence, and for whose annihilation he exerted the dauntless energies of his powerful mind. As much out of opposition to his father as from principle, he espoused the democratic opinions of the day, as propagated by Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, and others, and soon forced himself into notice by his own diatribes, characterized by the most logical conclusions, the most pungent causticity, and, above all, by unscrupulous daring. He made enemies, of course, but these he despised; the nobles, to which class he belonged, retorted upon him the scorn with which he treated them. But his ire was roused; he awaited the event.

He stood gazing at the multitude congregated beneath the windows, in the gardens, and in the outer courts of the palace; wild ambitious visions sprang from his burning brain, and swelled his heart; to become monarch of that fierce multitude; to control its turbulence by a nod; to lash its fiery passions into madness, then as suddenly to calm them; to advocate its rights, and crush its oppressors; this was in truth a mission worthy of him; and he accepted it.

Whilst he remained thus absorbed, a second personage entered from the inner rooms, and after looking around, as if in search of somebody, strode across to the spot where he stood, and laid a hand upon his shoulder. Mirabeau started, and faced the disturber of his meditations:

"Thou, Boniface!" exclaimed he.

"I, Gabriel," rejoined the other; "come: I have spoken; they will admit thee!"

Mirabeau burst into a loud fit of laughter; so contemptuous, so triumphant, it took the other wholly by surprise, and he stood aghast; presently, however, when the paroxysm was over, he said:

"Art thou sent by the Assembly, Boniface? Or comest thou of thine own accord?"

"What matters, Gabriel? Thou canst return with me!"

"Art thou bold enough, brother Boniface, to take back a message instead of me?"

"I will do thy bidding," rejoined his brother.

"Then tell the Assembly that Gabriel de Mirabeau has determined upon his course. He will not honor—mark that, Boniface—

he will not *honor* it by his presence; but, if these gentlemen want a notable in his place, he will send them the first shoe-black he meets."

He seized his brother by the arm, and drawing him nearer the window, pointed to the multitude, and with flaming eye and flushed cheek, added:

"Look brother! Yonder is *my* king; mark him well; a thousand heads he has! Yonder are *my* nobles; the true nobles of this land; the only nobles in creation! Return to thy seat in the Assembly, Boniface, and tell the notables what I have said: Go! leave me to my musings! They shut the door in my face; 'tis now too late to open it! If Louis himself came to bid me in, I would turn my back upon him."

"Yet, tell me, Boniface," added he, suddenly checking the current of his anger; "what have they done? Or what are they likely to do?"

"It is almost decided that the States-general shall be immediately convened, and the settlement of these disorders referred to them."

Mirabeau seemed, for a moment, to be plunged in deep reflection; all at once his countenance brightened up, and he ejaculated, enthusiastically, and as if unconscious of his brother's presence:

"Woe! Woe! to the privileged orders, for privileges shall cease, but the people are eternal!"

Boniface was about to depart when his brother pulled him back:

"I forgot to ask thee, Boniface; but how fares the petition of Madame la Duchesse de Beauvallais?"

"I myself tendered it to Necker," replied the other, "who promised that her claims should be considered. But, Gabriel, I would not advise thee to present any more; that is, if thou hast any regard for the claimant. I hear that it was yesterday seriously discussed in council, to send all such importunates to the Bastile! Necker opposed the measure; but what is he against the others?"

"This must be seen to!" muttered Mirabeau, contracting his shaggy brows.

"Then, decidedly, thou wilt not come, brother;" persisted Boniface.

The count stared him full in the face, with an expression which the other could not misunderstand, and turning abruptly on his heel, sauntered abstractedly away; Boniface returned to the Assembly.

CHAPTER V.

HOW MARAT AND HIS COMRADES DESTROYED THE CORN IN FOULON'S GRANARY.

PARIS slept! That vast multitude, but a few hours since so turbulent, had, for a brief while, forgotten its hunger, its wrongs, its hopes of vengeance, everything, and lay buried in profound stillness. The hour of two struck! Scarcely had the echo of those brazen voices that spoke so solemnly at dead of night died away, than a party of four men might have been descried, furtively quitting a tall, dismal house, situated in the *Rue Hautefeuille*, near the *Rue St. Jacques;* these were, Marat, Desmoulins, Legendre and Henriot; Marat came out the last, and cautiously pulled to the door after him, as though he feared the slamming it should awaken any of the neighbors.

The wind blew almost a hurricane, and whistled amongst the chimney-pots, between the gables of the houses, under doors, and through broken windows, rattling the casements as though determined to tumble them down; a heavy sleet accompanied it, driving, like so many needles, dead into the faces of those four men; but they only buried their heads deeper beneath their cloaks, and shuffled along the faster; run they could not, the ground was slippery.

They went on. Through long, dark, crooked streets, where the filth and garbage lay piled up in hard, frozen heaps, through narrow alleys, where the doors of the houses were secured by bars of iron, and the windows stuffed with dirty rags. Past the market, *St. Genevieve*, guarded by sentinels, who challenged them as they hurried on, muttering, "friends." Along the quay, where the wind blew sharper, and the sleet drove more blinding. Past the *Pont de la Tournelle*, where they crouched down, close against the wall, to avoid the patrol that was just crossing the bridge; and then down the sloping, rugged causeway, which led to the water-side, and where they took a boat.

And now they began to mount the river; the smuggler and Legendre pulled; Desmoulins steered; Marat sat in the stern, muffled up in his cloak, and observed a gloomy silence.

They had not more than half a mile to row, but their task was no easy one, for the river, besides being swollen, was blocked by large, floating masses of ice which every moment came with a crash against their boat, threatening to stave it in; besides that the current set against them. They plied their oars, manfully, nevertheless, making for the opposite shore, and, in the course of half an

hour from the time they quitted the bridge, arrived at their destination.

They landed at a small creek contiguous to a solitary house that stood completely away from the outskirts, and within five hundred yards of the *Tour du Billy* and the Bastile; it had once served as a place of confinement for lunatics, but was purchased by Foulon, together with the land attached to it, for the ostensible purpose of being converted into a sort of country residence, in preference to building an *hôtel* within the walls of the city. As they disembarked, they became aware of the presence of a fifth individual, who, in a low tone, muttered; "Liberty!"

"Equality, fraternity, or death!" responded Legendre.

The man gave a low whistle, which was instantly answered by another, and by a stream of light from a dark lantern; he then moved away in the direction of the light, Legendre and the others following. In a few minutes they reached the side-wall of the lonely house, and found themselves in the midst of a group of some twenty-five or thirty sturdy men, belonging to the laboring class of the *Faubourgs*, some of whom were armed with crow-bars, others with bludgeons, and the majority with knives.

The whole of the arrangements having been pre-concerted by Marat, not a word escaped from the lips of this determined band, save an occasional whisper from Legendre, whilst Desmoulins and Henriot were scaling the wall, preparatory to unfastening the great gates; this was quickly accomplished, and the whole body marched in.

"There it is," said Marat, pointing to a number of sacks in the court; "but there is more within."

"*We* know," responded Desmoulins; "our nearest way to the river lies through the house; gently, comrade."

This caution was addressed to Henriot, who was prizing open the door, with greater eagerness than caution.

"The men sleep below," added Marat; "if they raise an alarm, we shall have the guard upon us from the Bastile."

At this moment there arose a confused murmur of voices within; the inmates, seven in number, were aroused, and a movement of indecision was the result; but Legendre drew his knife, and pointed forwards; a dozen more followed his example.

A door of the apartment was suddenly opened, and the light fell upon the compact body of men who formed the garrison of this secret granary. A moment's indecision on the part of their assailants would have determined a deadly contest, but Legendre dashed in amongst them, followed by an overwhelming number of his comrades, and secured them almost without a struggle; for, awakened out of a deep sleep, and taken wholly by surprise, and, moreover, unconscious of the strength of the burglars as of their intentions, they were less capable of offering resistance than if they had been dispersed about the house. Of all this Marat was aware, and had concerted his measures accordingly. But a difficulty presented it-

self for disposing of the prisoners, until the work in hand should be accomplished. A brief consultation ensued between the leaders, in the midst of which Henriot went out. He soon returned, the object of his journey being to ascertain whether there existed cellar-room below; the answer was affirmative, and in silence the unfortunates were marched to the basement and thrust into a vault. This done, Legendre returned to the chamber above.

"Now," said he, "all is secure. First the sacks in the yard, and remember, rip them open as you cast them into the river!"

And now some half a dozen dark lanterns being lighted, and the large door opened that formed the communication between the court and the small terrace overlooking the water, the entire band, with Desmoulins at its head, began the iniquitous work of destruction. Sack after sack was thrown into the river, until the whole that encumbered the courtyard had disappeared; but the bulk remained to be disposed of.

Marat looked on and chuckled, muttering to himself, "*The rabble! Is it corn they want? Let them eat hay!*"

The work was done, and the formidable, desperate band dispersed in the same thiefish silence it had assembled, returning to hungry wives and starving children; but that work was well paid, and bread could be procured for money. Marat and his companions retraced their steps to the boat, leaving the guardians of the granary shut up in their narrow prison.

Within a few hours after the perpetration of this evil deed, all Paris was in commotion—corn had been seen floating down the river in huge frozen masses, and the famished populace crowded to the banks of the Seine to save what they could of it. The supply was traced to its source, it was fished up out of the soil, it was carried away in congealed blocks, it was eaten in crude ice-bound morsels, it was fought for as only famished human beings can fight.

Amongst others who lingered on the outskirts of that dense, hungry, desperate crowd, fearful of affronting its perils, yet pining for even a little of the precious substance for which it so eagerly struggled, was a pale, delicate young woman, scantily clad, holding on her arm a small basket. Her trembling limbs could scarcely support her attenuated frame, yet amidst that rude multitude she at last ventured, rendered bold by want and strong by the thought that a cherished life hung upon her success. Yet her utterly forlorn appearance excited the compassion of one sympathizing heart—a rough artizan pushing his way through the dense throng with a huge load of corn upon his head; her tearful gaze met his, he stopped and filled her basket, and rubbing his hand across his eyelids resumed his journey without speaking a word. Surprised at the act, overcome with gratitude at its unexpectedness, she turned to thank him but he was already too far off. The fact, however, had not escaped the watchful eyes of half a dozen beldams, by whom she was instantly surrounded. Their hands were upon her basket, and she herself, terrified by their looks and angry gestures,

was upon the point of meekly resigning her prize, when unexpected aid appeared. She heard her own name pronounced, and the next moment a young man who, in wandering about Paris, had chanced to pass that way, rushed forward—he had seen and recognized her.

"Good God!" ejaculated he, clasping her to his bosom, "can it be thou, Madelaine, and in this condition?"

"Oh, Philip! Philip! save me!" she gasped.

Not without some difficulty did Philip succeed in rescuing Madelaine from her perilous situation, for they were surrounded by a class of persons whose scruples were few and whose wants many, and who were consequently the less disposed to allow to pass unresented any interference between themselves and what, according to the law of the strongest, they regarded in the light of their rightful prey.

Another circumstance likewise tended to excite the animosity of the mob, namely, the personal appearance of Philip. His attire, by betraying his position in society, at once held him up to obloquy as an aristocrat. No sooner, then, did he interpose between Madelaine and the rabble, than the beldams who had previously menaced her vomited against him an overwhelming torrent of execrations.

"Down with the aristocrat! What does he want here?" burst from half a score of these furies, as the young man quietly edged his way out, supporting Madelaine in the best way he was able. "Any one may see he is well fed. What does he do amongst us who are starving?"

As soon as he had got her away from the mob, he exclaimed, "Thank heaven, thou art at last safe!" and he pressed her warmly to his side; "but oh, Madelaine, how changed thou art! How pale! How thin! Is it possible my suspicions can be founded? The famine—"

"'Tis true, Philip," responded she, "the famine has not spared us. My poor mother must have died of want but for the charity of our good porteress. Let us hasten on, Philip; she is not aware of the motive that took me so far from home!"

"But how is it that I find thee in this condition, Madelaine?" asked he, scarcely able to suppress his feelings, "'tis now nearly a year since we last met; you were not then in distress."

"I cannot explain to thee, Philip, by what chain of misfortune we have been reduced from opulence to poverty," responded she. "Although when thou and I first became acquainted, my mother was even then living upon the produce of the few jewels she had been able to save from the wreck of her property. But this resource soon failed; it was the only one we possessed, and finding it necessary to retrench, we removed suddenly, without informing any one whither we were going. Then, also, we resumed our own name."

"This explains how all my researches to discover whither Madame de Tourneville had fled proved fruitless," replied he. "It was unkind of thee, Madelaine, not to make me a confidant."

"Oh, Philip! you know not what that step cost me. But it was my mother's request. I could not disobey her. I almost wish we had never met!"

"But wherefore, Madelaine! Is it, then, unhappiness to love, to know thou art beloved?"

"Yes, Philip, yes! for I fear our fate is not to be united!"

"What sayest thou, Madelaine! Is the uncertainty of my parentage an obstacle?"

"No, Philip! Thy candor in this particular won my mother's good opinion of thee; but I am a poor, portionless, friendless girl, for whom a less brilliant destiny is in store than uniting her fate with thine!"

"Is this an appeal to my generosity, Madelaine?" exclaimed he. "Thou wert not less a poor, portionless, friendless girl when thou didst exchange tokens of true love with me, when thou didst promise constancy to me alone, and when I did return that promise. But, again, this change of name! Thine, then, is not Tourneville? What mystery is this?"

"I would, Philip, that I were in a position to explain it, but I may not. My mother's earnest desire was that I should remain to thee simply Madelaine. She assumed her maiden name of Tourneville to evade a remorseless enemy; nor resumed her own but upon the advice of a sincere friend!"

Mirabeau is my god-father! our only friend," she continued, after a pause.

"And Mirabeau permitted you both to starve!" exclaimed he.

"Mirabeau is poor," answered Madelaine; "besides, he knew not of our extreme distress. We lost sight of him also, for a long time, he being absent in England. At length, some few weeks since, I heard he had returned to Paris, and wrote to him."

"And he came, of course," observed Philip.

"He did," responded she; "nor did he withhold what assistance was in his power. He was well acquainted with our position, and not only promised to see us righted, but to allow us a weekly supply until our affairs assumed a more favorable aspect. By some mischance, however, this stipend—which, after all, we had no right to expect from him—has been discontinued."

"And you were starving!" exclaimed the young man, painfully moved: "poor Madelaine! Why—why didst thou not seek *me!*"

"Philip!" ejaculated she, in a reproachful tone.

"True, Madelaine! I forgot! I spoke from my heart; without considering the restrictions which society imposes upon young persons situated as we are! But thy privations shall now end! If thou wilt consent to share my fortunes, for good and ill, ere another week, ay, or even ere another day, some holy priest shall unite us; and we will retire to some distant clime. What sayest thou, Madelaine? Shall this be?"

The innocent, confiding, artless girl trembled as her lover's impassioned tones fell upon her ear. She had long, long since, con-

fessed her affection for him; unsophisticated as she was, she conceived that no impropriety existed in avowing a pure sentiment, of whose existence he could not but be aware; nor shrank from the anticipation of beholding her earthly felicity consummated, as soon as circumstances would admit of the event taking place. But in his earnestness, Philip had lost sight of an important fact; namely: that until he had attained his majority, and learned the fact of his parentage, he could not contract marriage; and this circumstance had frequently formed a subject of conversation between him and Madelaine, resulting, according to the custom of the period, in an interchange of love-tokens, and of mutual vows of constancy. It was for Madelaine to recur to the fact, of which she reminded him, after a brief but eloquent pause, during which her brilliant eyes spoke the language of her heart, betraying the deep feelings that were rooted there.

"Thou art a cruel monitress," resumed he, in reply to her observation; "but the time is now near at hand. Some three short months at most and I am thine, unless thou shouldst still raise an objection."

She made no reply, save by returning the affectionate pressure of the hand that grasped her's, and looking fondly into his face.

And here it will be proper to enter into the particulars of this youthful pair's earlier acquaintanceship, as the narrative will, moreover comprise certain episodes in the history of Madame de Beauvallais, of which the reader is yet ignorant.

The old duke had married her, be it said, solely on account of her beauty; for, although she belonged to one of the most ancient families of Provence, it was, at the same time, the poorest. Her mother had died some fifteen years previously, and there being no male heir to the little property that remained in the family, it had fallen, by escheat, to the crown; at least, the lieutenant-general of the province had seized it, in the name of Louis XVI., which amounted to the same thing; and although his majesty's treasury did not become very much the richer for the seizure, it reduced Mademoiselle de Tourneville to absolute dependency upon the charity of a distant maiden relative, who was so attached to the Virgin and the holy saints of the calendar, that she devoted herself wholly to their service, dwelling in blissful ignorance of the existence of her entire circle of relations, particularly of that of her niece, until a courier one morning, brought her a letter sealed with black, and stamped with the family arms, announcing the approaching demise of her sister, and bequeathing her, as a legacy, the care of her young niece, Marguerite de Tourneville. The old lady crossed herself devoutly after perusing this letter; and with great sincerity, for she was an ardent lover of her religion; she also shed a few tears, and wrote off, by the same courier, that "she trusted her sister would recover; but if she should not, she might die quite happy on the score of her daughter, as she, her loving aunt, would provide for her in the bosom of the church."

No doubt this epistle, written in the true essence of Christian charity, would have proved highly consolatory to the departing spirit of Madame de Tourneville, but for one trifling circumstance; namely, that it had already forsaken its earthly tabernacle before the courier reached the remote region in which the family mansion—the *chatéau de Tourneville* it was called—was situated: he met the body at the great gate, and disturbed the notary in the library, in the middle of a fierce argument with the agent of the lieutenant-general, who had placed seals upon every door and drawer and cupboard in the *chateau;* Louis XVI. being ostensibly in want of every article of value upon the premises, inclusive of the kitchen-crockery, broken china, and wearing apparel appertaining to the late proprietress; but this is straying from the point.

At the period of her installation at her Aunt Felicité's, Marguerite was just turned ten years of age; and for fifteen more, her life passed in almost monastic seclusion. She read prayers to her aunt in the morning, then accompanied her to early mass; breakfast on their return; then, prayers till high-mass at twelve, when, to chapel again. After this, a very short walk, if the weather permitted; then, home once more to read Fénélon and St. Francis de Sales, until dinner-time; or, perhaps, the chapter of incidents diversified by a visit to a few poor families, her aunt's pensioners. After dinner, and a little solemn chat, to vespers and an evening sermon; then home again for the third time or the fourth, as the case might be, to another sermon from Aunt Felicité, and more prayers; and, lastly to rest.

Marguerite had attained the age of five-and-twenty, when, one fine Sunday morning, as she was proceeding along to chapel, arm in arm with Aunt Felicité, she observed a greater bustle than usual in the neighborhood of the Holy Sanctuary. The peasants wore nosegays in their hats, the peasant girls nosegays in their bosoms, and the little boys carried nosegays in their hands; as she reached the small, neatly gravelled walk that led through the modest churchyard, the peasant girls aforesaid, curtsied and threw their nosegays on the ground; the peasants bobbed their heads, and the little boys got very much in every body's way; one little urchin in particular; who, in his anxiety to cast his nosegay in the proper place, unfortunately threw it right into the face of the personage who was the object of these unusual marks of popularity; which feat was rewarded by a rap on the head from the Swiss' staff of office and a smile from the personage aforesaid, who, not perceiving the direction whence the present came, but attributing the favor to a remarkably ruddy peasant girl who stood close to him, patted her on the head, then chucked her under the chin, and finally placed the bouquet in his button hole, displaying, as he did so, a very large, diamond star, which at once reminded Marguerite of the expected arrival of the Duke de Beauvallais, to whom the domain belonged, and confirmed her in the belief that the very old gentleman with the star was the identical nobleman: nor was she mistaken.

Aunt Felicité was highly flattered, when, immediately after the

sermon, the old nobleman—who had remained during the whole of the service, with his eyes fixed upon Marguerite—made up to her, (Aunt Felicité,) and afforded her an opportunity of saluting him with the most formal reverence ever perpetrated in the eyes of the admiring peasantry. The duke had heard of her piety; of course he had; who had not: though he had not seen her for twenty years; and he felt rejoiced to add she was looking as young as ever.

Aunt Felicité curtsied, and introduced her niece: the duke bowed gracefully to Aunt Felicité, and kissed the niece most luxuriously upon her cherry-red lips, and squeezed her taper fingers, till the poor girl blushed so she knew not how to conceal her confusion; and then the duke went away.

The duke was an old *roué* of the Louis XV. school; indeed, he had participated so largely in the pleasures of this voluptuous monarch's court, that they no longer possessed a charm for him; simply, because he was no longer in a position to enjoy them. His palate was surfeited, though his taste remained unimpaired; and, having, in a fit of ennui, determined upon visiting his paternal estate—the one in question—which he had altogether lost sight of—except through the medium of his rent-roll—for the last twenty years, he suddenly started off from Paris, and made his appearance amongst his tenantry, in the manner described, within twenty-four hours after the notification announcing his arrival.

For several weeks his attendance at the chapel was most assiduous; greatly to the satisfaction of the old *curé*, who now began to believe he really *could* preach; and his calls to learn the condition of Aunt Felicité's health, most persevering, and above all, alarmingly prolonged. To so wary a diplomatist in the gentle art, opportunities of avowing his sentiments to Marguerite were not wanting; she blushed, hesitated, and at last, consented to become Madame la Duchesse de Beauvallais; preferring the ring of a bride with an old husband, to the ring of an abbess with an old Convent. He married her for her beauty and innocence; she espoused him for the sake of a position in the world, which she felt desirous of seeing and mixing with; and because, without actually loving the superannuated fop whom she was now to regard as her lawful protector, she felt that the change was not only for the better, but more consonant to her feelings. They were married by the old *curé;* and by that ceremony, Aunt Felicité lost her niece.

But Marguerite soon discovered that she had only exchanged one kind of solitude for another. Her husband's jealousy was extreme, and as his own depredations had not been inconsiderable, he resolved to keep his prize secluded from the court poachers; hence he and his bride lived entirely secluded in the old family *chateau*, where, one twelvemonth after their marriage, Madelaine was born. This event, though it materially added to the happiness of the duchess, proved less gratifying to the duke, whose hopes were centered in an heir; hopes destined never to be fulfilled, Madelaine proving the only issue of their union.

Whether the duke imagined that in espousing a portionless girl, and elevating her to the rank of duchess, he had sufficiently provided for her; or whether it was his intention to do so, conjointly with her child, we cannot determine; probably the latter; but be the case as it may, he constantly deferred the duty, until death suddenly surprised him, and effectually prevented his good intentions altogether. Some persons averred that he did actually make a will in favor of his daughter, to whom he grew more attached as he advanced in his dotage; if he did, the will was never discovered; or it was kept back, or destroyed, by those whose interests were compromised thereby: thus Madame de Beauvallais and Madelaine —who had just attained her twelfth year—were left wholly unprovided for, with the certainty of a law-suit on the part of the heir, (the duke's nephew,) for the possession of the property.

It was instituted, as the duchess had foreseen, and carried on for some time, until the costs accumulated so heavily that she found herself without the means of defraying them; for the revenues arising from the estate were vested in the hands of trustees, who allowed her a bare sufficiency to live upon. At length, the fatal judgment was issued: the duchess and her daughter were compelled to quit the *chateau;* without means of existence; without friends; and deeply involved. To satisfy the harpies of the law, the duchess sold the jewels which her husband presented to her upon their nuptials, and the few trinkets that belonged to Madelaine shared the same fate. Madame de Beauvallais came to Paris, assuming her maiden name, and hired furnished apartments in the *faubourg St. Germain*, her intention being to attempt the recovery of a large amount due to her late husband, on the part of the public treasury, little dreaming that the claim would remain any length of time unnoticed, still less unpaid; of her right, in this particular, no law could deprive her, an article in her marriage contract assigning the credit to her for pin money.

Her reasons for the re-assumption of her maiden name were simple and justifiable; first, that of De Beauvallais was too well known in the aristocratic *faubourg* to remain long unnoticed, and she desired to live—at least for the present—in comparative seclusion; again, there were many claims upon her, yet unsatisfied, and the actual duke was urging her creditors to do their worst, in the hope of compelling his aunt to consent to his marrying Madelaine as soon as she should be of age, her beauty having—she was now fifteen—already inflamed his passions to the highest degree. As, however, the young girl seemed to entertain an instinctive aversion to him—and had done so from a very tender age—this point was further than ever from being settled to his satisfaction; nor was Madame De Beauvallais deterred from hinting the fact to him, and at length from positively rejecting him as a suitor, in perspective, for her child's hand.

It chanced, unfortunately for the duchess' interests, that Mirabeau—who was the late duke's sincere friend and Madelaine's god-

father—was absent from Paris when she arrived; the lack of funds complicated her position, the misery of which was greatly aggravated by the raging famine. At length Mirabeau returned; he waited upon her, and promised to do his best for her as soon as a favorable opportunity offered for urging her claims. Upon his advice she resumed the name of De Beauvallais; and her hopes were raised by the perseverance with which he sought to establish the justness of her demand. But he suddenly departed for England, and this circumstance again plunged the unfortunate duchess and her daughter into the deepest tribulation. Misery crept upon them apace; their resources were fast dwindling away; a change to a cheaper domicile became absolutely necessary, and they removed to the *Rue des deux Ecus*, where, in consequence of Mirabeau's protracted absence, they suffered the extreme of poverty, as the reader has already seen.

During their residence in the *faubourg St. Germain*, accident threw them into Philip's way one morning, whilst taking an early walk in the gardens of the Palais D'Orleans, namely, the Luxembourg. Between young people of peculiar sympathies, what is commonly called "love at first sight," is an ordinary occurrence; morning after morning they met, exchanged looks, and passed on. At length Philip addressed them; his unassuming manner pleased the duchess; the intimacy ripened; he spoke to Madelaine of love, and was not rejected. But, at the critical moment when he hoped to bring his suit to a more determinate form, the object of his affections disappeared, together with her mother; nor could he ever succeed in tracing them. How he again met with her, and under what circumstances, is known.

The conversation related in the early part of this chapter, had been carried on between them during their progress to the *Rue des deux Ecus*, and was maintained in a similar strain, until they reached the house where Madelaine and her mother dwelt.

"We are miserably lodged, Philip," faltered the poor girl, ashamed of her poverty; "but thou wilt not refuse to step up to my mother."

Philip could not reply, so hurt was he at the too manifest evidences of distress that met his eye; he pressed Madelaine's hand, and followed her in.

"Oh, mademoiselle! Oh, my lady countess!" cried Madame Giboulette, as soon as she beheld her; what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Countess!" mused Philip; "what does the hag mean?"

"And only to think you should have been away too! That's the worst part of it!" chimed in the porter.

"What is the matter?" asked Madelaine: "nothing surely has happened to my dear mother!"

"*The* wretches!" exclaimed the porteress, wringing her hands.

"*The* monsters!" echoed her husband; making a very faint demonstration with his clenched fist.

"Well, then, sir," continued the porteress, after a pause, admonished by Philip, "four of the musketeer guards, commanded by an officer and a sedan chair, and which walked in, says to me, is there the name of De Beauvallais lodges here?" Again she paused.

Philip made a sign to the porteress to continue her narrative, of which she forthwith resumed the thread:

"'Its the Duchess de Beauvallais I mean,' says he, looking at a bit of paper. 'Oh,' says I, 'yes: six pair; first corridor on the right, first door on the left: I'll go up and acquaint her ladyship's grace; seeing she's indisposed.'"

"Oh, that horrid Bastile!" groaned Giboulette.

A faint shriek burst from Madelaine; had not Philip been there she would have fallen to the ground: he supported her to a chair, into which she sank heavily, and burst into tears.

"They—they have taken my mother—to the Bastile!" gasped she.

"Yes, mademoiselle; which I'm truly sorry for," responded the porteress; "the officer let me go up first, he did, and I tidied up the apartment a bit, before he went in; and then told the duchess, your mother and my lodger, that she must come with him to the Bastile in a sedan chair, which was waiting below with the soldiers to take her, in the name of the king."

"My mother! My mother! My poor mother!" murmured Madelaine.

Madelaine heard no part of the conclusion of Madame Giboulette's narrative; exhaustion and grief had rendered her suddenly insensible; a deathly chill came over her, and she sank back and swooned in Philip's arms.

When Madelaine was sufficiently restored, she began reciting her sorrows, which so enlisted the sympathies of Philip, that he, after quieting her emotions, declared his resolution to proceed to the Bastile, and get what tidings he could of her mother.

Madelaine then permitted his warm embrace, and with tears in her eyes beheld him depart.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILIP OF LUTETIA PAYS A VISIT TO THE BASTILE.

Absorbed in reflections of the most conflicting nature, arising from the occurrences he had just become a party to, and from the disclosure in which they had resulted, Philip once more directed his steps towards the Bastile, a neighborhood that, as will be remembered, he had only recently quitted, in companionship with Made-

laine. He could scarcely credit the truth of his accidental discovery of her rank! yet, the longer he pondered, the less able was he to understand how he should not have made it long ago. Her distinguished manners, her conversation, and, above all, the numerous, though apparently unimportant and indirect circumstances and allusions which he now distinctly remembered becoming privy to, at times when, in the freedom of their intercourse, reserve was, or appeared, wholly banished from their conversation, ought to have afforded him a clue to her real position, almost from the first. Had he found her to be of obscure, lowly parentage, how elated he would have felt to raise her to the rank which he himself occupied; but now, the case was altered. She had confessed herself not a free agent in the disposal of her hand, and indicated Mirabeau as the dispenser of her liberty and her happiness. True she loved *him* (Philip); this, at least, he could not doubt; and the reflection somewhat consoled him for the bitter thought that followed; namely, in the event of his own origin proving obscure, even ignominious —a surmise from which he involuntarily shrank—would she condescend to forswear her own untarnished name and elevated rank for one that might bring a blush to her cheek, for her husband's sake? Or, even if *she* consented, would Mirabeau, who, in spite of his well-known and rather eccentric liberality of opinion upon many points, yet retained, amongst other deeply-rooted prejudices of education, an aristocratic punctiliousness on the score of individual birth and extraction, in which he was the more likely to prove inflexible, that it constituted one of the inconsistencies of his character!

In the midst of his cogitations, and just as he had resolved—his present mission accomplished—upon paying a visit to the notary through whom he received his quarterly supplies, for the purpose of making an attempt to forestall the period when the secret of his birth was to be divulged to him—he found himself within sight of the entrance-gate of the Bastile.

Several times, in the course of his journey hither, he had observed knots of men, and women, and children, hurrying onwards in the same direction as himself, and other groups returning; as he drew nearer to the scene of his morning's adventure, the concourse augmented, the excitement becoming every minute greater, as these poor famished creatures gradually came within sight of the goal. Occasionally there arose a loud murmur, announcing another calamity, or a deadly struggle for the possession of an unexpectedly discovered prize; a well-filled sack, perhaps, only partially ripped, and whose contents were, consequently, worth an extra effort to secure. But what struck Philip most, were the deep and fearful imprecations invoked by the passing groups, upon the wanton destroyers of so much good corn; the truth could not be disguised; the wantonness of the act was too palpable to escape observation; and had it escaped, there were men mixed up with that famishing crowd, who took care to call attention to the circumstance. Camille Desmoulins and Legendre were there; Henriot too, and the others of the

Marat faction, exercising their dangerous talent to inflame the angry passions of the mob, already too riotously disposed. Philip did not know them, but easily distinguished them from the multitude, by the business-like manner of their proceedings.

As he turned the corner of the *Rue St. Antoine*, he met three men muffled up in cloaks, and hurrying from this frightful scene of confusion and punishment. One of them was a tall person, with whose figure Philip seemed not wholly unacquainted; and looked round after him, to catch another glimpse of the small portion of his face that was visible; in this attempt, however, he failed. The two others were shorter in stature; in one of them Philip instantly recognized Marat, the Count D'Artois, veterinary surgeon; from whose countenance a sudden gust of wind had suddenly displaced the cloak; the other was a stranger: he was Robespierre.

He went on; two individuals hurried past; had they noticed him, a salute would have been interchanged; but they were too busily engaged in conversation to note anything, or anybody. The one was the Lord Provost of the merchants; the other, Foulon. Philip caught a few words of their colloquy; Foulon being the speaker.

"Treachery! I know it!" said he, clenching his hand; "but how they should have discovered the corn—"

The remainder died away in the next gust.

The next personage who went by was Monsieur Le Noir, and a strong body of police-soldiers. When he reached the entrance gate of the grim fortress that overlooked this part of Paris, like a gray, stone giant, ready, at anytime, to devour the terrified inhabitants, he became aware of a more than ordinary bustle and commotion; large covered carts, heavily laden, were going in, and their precise counterparts, minus the load, coming out; groups of soldiers were under arms outside, and other groups were under arms in the court yard; with some difficulty, and not without a shudder, he passed the sentry; to enquire after a prisoner, at last sufficed, and he entered. Here other objects met his wiew; stacks of muskets piled up all around the court; heaps of pavingstones lying about in every direction; cannon balls of various sizes arranged in small cones; field-pieces tilted up in the corners against the walls, and disposed of in any way to make room; billets of wood shot out of carts, and piles of tow, just emptied out of sacks; rammers and mops, and little bags, very tightly sown up, and very closely crammed with what appeared to be marbles, and a little further on, guarded by a couple of sentinels, a multitude of oblong cases, partially covered with straw, and some sixty or more small barrels, the head of one whereof having, by some accident, been forced out, a portion of its contents was strewn about, leaving a long trail of tiny black grains, which trodden into the snow, shewd like a dingy snake, its tail beginning at the outer gate, and its head marked by a broad slash where the barrel was cast down. In another corner,

a number of trusses of hay and straw served as a couch for a score of soldiers, who were lounging luxuriously upon them; some were playing at dice for straws; others drinking; more doing nothing at all but looking listlessly about; all this our hero noted on his way through the first court, that of the Elm, or Entry-court, and as he stood at the foot of the drawbridge, striving to pass the sentinel; for, beyond this boundary, strangers were not allowed.

The officer on duty at this outpost having ascertained Philip's errand, and received his respectful message to the governor, despatched his orderly into the interior of the fortress, the governor being at that moment in the council-chamber. In the course of a quarter of an hour, the man returned; and greatly to the officer's astonishment, handed him a written permission to admit the applicant, with further instructions to accord him the honor of a guard of four men to the council-chamber. Philip bowed and passed through the guard house, immediately after, having the disagreeable satisfaction of seeing the drawbridge secured; however, as he had heard of the special precautions observed in similar cases, he regarded this as an ordinary occurrence, and did not permit it to disturb his equanimity.

After crossing the first drawbridge, over the smaller moat, and passing by the two sentry boxes at the foot of it, each containing a vigilant looking sentinel, he came into the second court, called the governor's court, from the governor's house being situated at the end of it, this they traversed, and turning sharp round to the left, reached a standing-bridge jutting out into the great moat that encompassed the fortress, and upon which fell the great drawbridge communicating with the principal gate, and the main body of the edifice.

It was a grim place to go in at, between those two massive towers, bristling with cannon, and rising on each side of the bridge like twin giants, stationed there to prevent anybody from going in, or, when once in, from coming out again. The large door, studded with heavy, clouted nails, seemed afflicted with iron pimples, and swung back upon its rusty hinges, with a heavy, grating chuckle, that brought a chill over Philip, making him feel as though his warm blood were suddenly pumped out of his veins, and in its place, icy water pumped into them, through the soles of his feet. The corporal of the guard, under whose escort he was, exchanged the pass-word with the sentinel on duty here, behind an iron-wicket, and the party were fairly inside the Bastile.

The great door closed upon them, as creakily as it had opened; and they now traversed the entrance-guard-house, (*corps-de-garde d'entree*) with its compliment of six sentinels and a subaltern, till their further progress was impeded by a second iron-wicket, in the space between which and a second strong door within, two more sentinels paced backwards and forwards like two human pendulums. Both these barriers opened to them, upon the delivery of the pass-word by the corporal, affording them admission into a short, nar-

row, stone passage, whence the light of day was wholly excluded, and where the darkness of the night was but barely relieved by a dismal oil-lamp, which threw out a pungent, offensive smoke, in its sputtering attempt to make a flame out of the rank fat that served it for aliment. At the end of this passage another thick door, iron-barred, and another wicket, opened into the second entrance-guard-house, likewise manned by six sentinels, and a subaltern; this was crossed in turn, and a fourth barrier, similar in all respects to the former, passed also, brought them into a very narrow space, divided from the great Inner Court by a fifth wicket, which, though closed, commanded the entire court aforesaid, so that the sentinel on duty here could see all that occurred. The corporal's "open sesame" duly pronounced, Philip was escorted through the wicket, down five steps and into the great Court of the Interior.

He had passed two towers, on entering, namely, that of the *Comte*, and *de la Bazinière;* he now passed those of the *Tresor*, and *de la Bertaudière*, which, with the tower of the chapel, and that of liberty, formed the boundary of the great court, its northern limit being a new building erected by Monsieur de Sartines, lieutenant ot police, during the latter portion of the reign of Louis XV: towards which they were now advancing.

The governor, Jourdain Marquis De Launay—who drew his first breath in this hideous den—was alone when Philip entered. He was a man of about fifty years of age, with stern harsh features, and a sinister expression of countenance; his eyes were dark, cunning, and restless; but when they became fixed upon a prisoner, it seemed as though they would never blink again, so steadfast was their gaze.

"So, young man," said he after returning Philip's salutation, *à la militaire*, "you have done well to save us the trouble of hunting you up!"

Philip started, as well he might.

"You appear surprised!" resumed Monsieur De Launay: "are you not aware that a *lettre-de-cachet* was lodged against you last night?"

"Good God!" ejaculated the young man; "Am I a prisoner?"

"Exactly so," replied the governor," with extreme urbanity; "the Bastile is a famous place to cool hot blood."

"It is, then, for the affair with the Duke de Beauvallais!" remarked Philip. Monsieur de Launay nodded, affirmatively.

"Is he dead?" inquired our hero.

"I know nothing of the business," responded the governor, "further than that I received instructions, last evening, to arrest and have you conveyed hither for the crime of high treason; you have assaulted the Duke de Beauvallais, first, in his majesty's apartments, and afterwards fought a duel with him within the precincts of the palace.

"Monsieur le Marquis," answered Philip, after a brief but painful pause, "I trust you will not aggravate my misfortune by ill-timed bantering. I did not come hither to surrender myself a prisoner, but to discharge a duty to a fellow-creature. I came to solicit your permission for a young girl to see her mother, a lady who was

only this morning brought here a prisoner; it is madame, the Duchess de Beauvallais."

"Number Two in the Bazinière," muttered De Launay: "well?"

"Well, 'sieur governor," resumed Philip, "if you will accord her this permission, you will alleviate the sorrow of both."

"The young lady must await the king's clemency before she can see her mother. Moreover, it is not the custom here, for any prisoner to hold communication with the exterior, except by virtue of a minister's order. You will first deliver up your sword, and every article of value that you have about your person."

Remonstrance was useless; Philip saw that; and resistance would have been madness: he emptied his pockets, gave up his sword, and awaited the sequel.

De Launay entered every article in a book, and then bade Philip advance and sign his name at the foot of the entry, in testimony of its correctness.

"The whole of these articles," observed he, as the young man took the pen, "will be restored to you when you are liberated."

"God speed the day!" ejaculated Philip.

"You will not be confined to the diet of the *chateau* whilst you remain with us," resumed the governor, quite affably.

As the governor was speaking, there entered a small, lean, lantern-visaged man; the sharpness of whose glance gave good earnest of its owner's vigilance. He might have been any age between forty and seventy, being one of those individuals who always have an ancient look, as though they had, at one period of their life, determined to get over the worst part of their age at once, and have done with it. He wore his own grizzly hair, twisted into a long queue behind, by the aid of a stout eel-skin, drawing it so tight off his forehead, that his bright, gray eyes seemed absolutely upon the verge of starting out of their sockets; his office was betrayed by a very large bunch of massive keys that he carried in his hand.

"Fouine!" said De Launay, as he glided in, "here is a new prisoner. Is the apartment ready that I selected?"

Fouine was merely the man's nick-name; his legitimate being La Tour du Puit, from the circumstance of his having been born in the tower of this name. He fixed his weasel-like gaze upon Philip, and answered the governor's question affirmatively.

"Then you may remove one in the corner," replied De Launay, designating Philip.

Fouine writhed his lean body into some half-dozen contortions, each intended for a bow, and the soldiers falling in, Philip was marched out of the council-chamber, down the twenty-five stairs, through a passage and guard-house, into a small court bounded by the new building, the two towers that flanked it, and by those of the well and of the corner, to the latter of which he was being conducted.

Notwithstanding his unfortunate position, he could not help remarking the solidity of the terrible fortress whose very name struck

such wholesome terror into the hearts of the Parisians; as he did so, his heart sank within him, for escape seemed hopeless; and when the ponderous door of the Tower of the Corner closed upon him, he felt that he was indeed cut off from the world, and from all he loved dearest in it; and that despair and he were now to dwell together.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE was, at this period, in her thirty-fourth year, and yet the bloom of youth lingered on her features. She was small of stature, but the faultlessness of her figure, and the commanding graces of her person, lent a majesty to her carriage. Her complexion, exquisitely pure, acquired additional brightness from the presence of powder, worn in profusion in her fair hair, in accordance with the prevalent fashion. She charmed those with whom she came in contact; at once banishing reserve, and effacing the conventially austere dignity of queen, in the amiability of the woman.

Married at the tender age of fifteen, to the young Duke de Berri, Dauphin of France, it was Marie-Antoinette's misfortune to create herself personal enemies, almost immediately upon her appearance at the court of her husband's licentious grand-father, Louis XV.; amongst these were the Duchesses De Noailles and De Bouillon, and her august relative Louis Philip Joseph D'Orleans, whose vindictive spirit, once roused, slumbered not until its vengeance was satiated. Not a circumstance of her life, how trivial soever, escaped observation and libellous comment; not an opportunity remained neglected to render her unpopular. Not even her magnanimity when she became queen, in forgetting the injuries of the Dauphiness, availed to disarm the resentment of her malignant enemies. Averse to the formalities and etiquette of the court, from innate simplicity of habit and taste, she was accused of abusing the queenly dignity; her sprightly repartees were tortured into malicious sarcasms; her harmless coquetry—pardonable enough in a youthful beauty, surrounded by a crowd of flatterers—assumed the aspect of culpable gallantry; short of incontinency, every indiscretion of which female weakness is susceptible, calumny fastened upon her spotless fame, until at length, the popular ear was gained, and the popular voice turned against her.

The affair of the diamond neck-lace, of which she was wholly guiltless, afforded another point of vantage to her foes; who did not fail to turn the circumstance most skilfully to her discredit, by cir-

culating the foulest reports respecting her connexion with the Cardinal de Rohan, the principal actor—or rather dupe—in this disgraceful intrigue; the odium of which fell the more heavily upon the innocent queen, that the extravagance alleged against her, contrasted fearfully with the misery of the nation, and the destitution of the public treasury; the populace firmly believing that her dissipation and wastefulness were the cause of dire calamities under which it groaned.*

And this was the state of the public mind against her, at the period of our narrative. Madelaine, hearing nothing from Philip, resolved to seek an interview with Marie-Antoinette. And here we deem it prudent to forego a description of the means by which she reached the palace, and present her as she appeared before the queen, presented by Mirabeau.

"Mademoiselle de Beauvallais is welcome to Versailles," said the queen; "the name of her family is not unknown to us, although she herself, is a stranger at our court. Monsieur le Comte," added she addressing Mirabeau; "we owe you a favor for this surprise."

Mirabeau bowed low, and gravely replied:

"Madame, it was to solicit a favor that I besought audience of your majesty. Mademoiselle de Beauvallais appears before you as a suppliant."

Marie-Antoinette regarded Madelaine for a moment, with the deepest interest; her wan, emaciated cheeks; her tearful eyes; the convulsive sobs that struggled to escape, and which the poor girl sought to stifle. Marie-Antoinette noted these evidences of Madelaine's feelings, at a single glance; and it was in a low and even tremulous voice, that she encouraged the abashed maiden to reveal her sorrows:

"And rest assured," added she, warmly pressing the thin hand which she held in her own, "that my interest shall not be wanting to relieve your troubles."

The fountain of Madelaine's grief was touched; in vain she essayed to suppress her sobs, to check the tide of anguish that overflowed at her eyes; the tears fell hot and scalding, upon the queen's hand, and the poor girl could only gasp, and gaze imploringly into her face; even the stern Mirabeau was moved, nor sought to conceal his emotion, whilst Marie-Antoinette, touched to the heart by witnessing real misery so near the throne, and in the person of one of the most ancient noblesse, at length fairly gave way, and mingled her tears with those of the suppliant:

* This barefaced intrigue originated in the needy circumstances of the author thereof, namely, the Countess de la Motte. Herself, with a brother and a sister, were descended from Henri de St. Remi, a natural son of Henry II. de Valois, but the family was reduced to beggary. The Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, having found two of them asking alms, took them under her protection, and ultimately obtained for them, through D'Hozier the genealogist, and the Duke de Brancas, a small pension from the queen, whose benevolence they rewarded by the blackest ingratitude.

"Your majesty's kind intercession," responded Madelaine, in a voice still half suffocated by her bursting sorrow; "on behalf of my—of my mother!"

"Thy mother!" exclaimed the queen; "what of her my child?"

"The—Bastile—she is in the Bastile, your majesty!" rejoined Madelaine, shuddering.

Marie-Antoinette's countenance changed, she let fall the hand of the suppliant; the name of the fortress had terrors even for royalty.

"Holy Virgin!" murmured she, in a whisper; "how is this?"

"I can only guess at the reason, madame," observed Mirabeau, interposing; "but should scarcely be justified in publishing my suspicions. Of this I feel certain; the motive is unjust, unfounded, and iniquitous."

"Of this too, do I feel assured, Monsieur le Comte," rejoined Marie-Antoinette; "but how is it that I behold the Countess de Beauvallais thus attired?"

"Famine has been busy with your majesty's subjects," resumed the count, bitterly, after a long pause; "with the young as well as the aged; with the beautiful, too; it has spared neither the peasant nor the noble; nor even *me*, Gabriel de Mirabeau!"

"Yet, Monsieur de Mirabeau," continued the queen, glancing aside at Madelaine, "can I *not* comprehend how the Duchess de Beauvallais and her daughter should be destitute. I understood they were living in retirement; in one of the duke's châteaux."

"In retirement, madam; yes!" retorted Mirabeau; "in a fine chateau! But, mademoiselle, my god-daughter has not acquainted your majesty with the history of her sufferings, and of her noble mother's. With your majesty's permission, I—"

Her majesty bid Mirabeau be seated, and with true politeness he acknowledged the royal condescension by immediately taking advantage of it; and being seated, recounted the trials of the duchess and her daughter; sparing not the simplest detail; showing how that, upon their arrival in Paris, they had existed upon such resources as the sale of their jewels placed at their disposal; how, upon these failing, Madelaine had endeavored to support her mother and herself, by embroidery; how that this source had proved insufficient, and they had, at length, become dependent upon the charity of Madame Giboulette; the danger Madelaine had incurred on the morning of the riot at Pétrin's; his own visit to the duchess the same evening, and its object; namely, to espouse her cause, and vindicate her rights, even though the case should have to be submitted to the parliament; the presentation of the duchess's petition to Louis, with its probable fate, and its result, as regarded the noble petitioner; namely, her incarceration in the Bastile.

Marie-Antoinette, who in her ignorance of misery, imagined that the hardships incidental to the general famine were shared equally by her children, because they were forced to eat stale pastry, and believed they were as greatly to be pitied as the poor creatures

who went altogether without sustenance, did not even now perceive the covert gibe, but understood Mirabeau's commiseration to be as sincere as it seemed earnest.

"Although," added she, with some slight hesitation of manner, "it is not always that I succeed in my suit. But be of good cheer, my poor child! We shall see!"

"Your majesty has my warmest gratitude beforehand," observed Madelaine; "already I feel my heart lighter!"

"Monsieur de Mirabeau," remarked Marie-Antoinette, rising; Madelaine and the court imitating her example; "take charge of your fair god-daughter, and rejoin us in the reception-saloon, within a quarter of an hour. I will prepare the way, and myself present the Countess de Beauvallais to the king."

Mirabeau, whilst conducting the young countess through the long suite of apartments contiguous to the queen's chamber, and thence through the galleries that formed the approach to the ante-rooms leading into the reception-saloon, enjoyed ample opportunity to explain the reasons of his absence from the *Rue des Deux Ecus;* but experienced not a little surprise upon ascertaining from her detailed account of the privations she and her mother had undergone since his last visit, that the stipend he promised to allow them had been discontinued:

"Yet," added he, presently; speaking as if he were musing in his chamber; "yet, ought not I to marvel at this, for I am myself almost a beggar. And who will lend money to Gabriel de Mirabeau? Nevertheless, I will learn the reason of thy contumacy, Sir Advocate! I made thee even what thou art: gave thee even thy little consideration; thy few clients; thy small amount of credit, by my countenance; and will know whether I am not, for all this, worth trusting."

"I trust that what I have said will not prove the means of bringing any one under your displeasure, Monsieur de Mirabeau," timidly observed Madelaine; who had, of course, heard the greater portion of her noble god-father's soliloquy.

"Thou hast told but the truth, my sweet child," replied he; "trouble not thyself with the consequences. I gave him more than sufficient for the end I had in view; he has misappropriated the money."

Here he gazed earnestly at her, seeming suddenly plunged in reflection.

"Hadst thou died of famishment, that infernal advocate would have had thy blood upon his head. I will punish him for this; as my name is Mirabeau," he exclaimed.

They had already attained the great lobby forming the entrance to the ante-rooms communicating with the reception-saloon, when some one addressed him:

"Monsieur de Mirabeau; excuse me!"

The voice was small, but sharp and shrill; piercing the ear with a grating, and producing upon the nerves a sensation similar to

that experienced on hearing a saw set. Madelaine involuntarily clung to Mirabeau, as he turned quickly about to face the individual who thus violated the established usages of society, and the more formal etiquette of the court: it was Maximilian Robespierre.

"I was thinking of the devil!" exclaimed Mirabeau, significantly.

Robespierre was manifestly more confounded upon recognizing the count's companion, than by his uncomplimentary parallel, for he instantly fastened his gaze upon Madelaine, with an unequivocal expression of astonishment.

"Your most respectful servant, mademoiselle," said he, with a formal bow.

Madelaine, trembling from head to foot, curtsied to the advocate, and clung closer to Mirabeau, without attempting to reply: Robespierre renewed his salute; this time addressing it to the count.

"Monsieur le Comte," continued he, with the same deferential smile; "I am enchanted to meet you thus opportunely."

"Indeed!" muttered Mirabeau; in a tone significant of their existing a likelihood of the spell being soon disagreeably broken.

"Yes!" resumed the other; "it has spared me the ungrateful necessity of seeking for you amongst yonder crowd of court puppets!"

"To what accident, Monsieur Robespierre," asked the count, surveying him contemptuously from head to foot, "is the court indebted for thy presence here, at all? How didst thou procure the entry?"

"Under favor, of course, Monsieur le Comte," retorted the democrat.

"Thou hast business here, then?" remarked Mirabeau: "I will not do thy principles the injustice to suppose thou camest hither to see the court."

"I came to see you, Monsieur de Mirabeau," replied Robespierre; "you play too skillfully at hide-and-seek in Paris to be easily found there."

"I would have found *thee*, surely enough," answered the count, clenching his fingers; "how hast thou fulfilled thine engagement with regard to Madame de Beauvallais and her daughter? Reptile! Thou hast left them to starve!"

He now once more bent his fierce gaze upon Robespierre, who, although astounded by the suddenness of this attack, nevertheless seemed to preserve his presence of mind intact.

"Now!" resumed Mirabeau; "what lie hast thou ready forged to meet this charge. Did not I give thee money? One hundred louis! Money for the use of the Duchess de Beauvallais! What has become of it?"

"I had no money, Monsieur de Mirabeau," said he, calmly.

"No money!" retorted Mirabeau; the exclamation being succeeded by a loud laugh: "*pardieu!*" I had forgotten that! We are all beggars; from the king to the clown.

"Ha!" exclaimed the count; "let me hear thy case."

"Simply," resumed Robespierre, "that having completed the affair you confided to my management, and tendered my accounts to the minister, I was paid in assignats; which, when I presented them, were dishonored. This is not to be borne, Monsieur de Mirabeau. Honest men cannot live at this rate."

"And what wouldst thou have *me* do, Robespierre; eh?" asked the other, shrugging his shoulders; "make the government honest?"

"Monsieur de Mirabeau," rejoined Robespierre, his countenance assuming a very blank expression; "I am without money. I am starving."

"One need but look at thee to believe it," responded Mirabeau; "but thou art not alone. Thou hast at least the advantage of starving in respectable companionship. Hast thou seen Danton?"

Robespierre answered affirmatively; he had parted from him but a few hours before.

"And what is he doing?" enquired Mirabeau.

"Getting up our strength amongst the lawyers," replied the democrat.

"To teach the government honesty;" retorted the other, musingly; immediately afterwards indulging in a boisterous chuckle. "How goes the game, Robespierre?"

"As bravely as all true friends to freedom of opinion could wish!"

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed the count. "But come my child," continued he, addressing Madelaine, who had remained a passive and unwilling listener; "we will in to the king. Monsieur Robespierre, I cannot undertake thy mission to Necker; however, if the opportunity present itself, I will not forget thee."

"Stay, Monsieur de Mirabeau," interposed the other, hurriedly, grasping his patron by the arm; "one word in your ear, if you please."

Mirabeau stooped until his ear was on a level with Robespierre's mouth; the demagogue whispered:

"You have some interest at Arras, Monsieur de Mirabeau; interest with the electoral committees. Will you exercise it in my behalf? I would represent one of the Third Estate for that city, in the forthcoming Assembly of the States-General."

"*Thou*, so ambitious!" muttered he, after a few moments passed thus.

"And why not *I*!" retorted Robespierre, his eyes suddenly gleaming with the fire that slumbered in his soul; "*I*, as well as any other?"

"And what to do at the Assembly?" enquired the latter; still, with the same intensity, eyeing the suppliant.

"To be led, by circumstances," retorted Robespierre. "Perhaps to lead."

"Tell me candidly, Robespierre," resumed the other, after

some consideration; "askest thou this of me from pure patriotism?"

"I desire a voice in the Assembly, Monsieur de Mirabeau; "retorted Robespierre. "And for the sincerity of my patriotism, let my actions speak. Will you accord me your patronage; or must I seek the influence I require, in other quarters, where it is likely to be accorded to me less graciously?"

"No! no!" answered the count, somewhat hurriedly; "depend upon me. Thou shalt come in for Arras. Regard thy election as certain!"

Turning abruptly upon his heel, and drawing Madelaine's arm within his own, Mirabeau entered the ante-room, leaving Robespierre deep in a bow, which was not completed before his patron had wholly disappeared.

"The first step is taken;" muttered the demagogue, upon recovering his equanimity; "a member of the Third Estate! A Tribune of the People! Which shall be the second?"

He marched onwards as he spoke, and was on the point of descending the flight of steps that led to the lower vestibules, when he stopped short, hesitating:

"No!" continued he; "not downwards; the second step shall not be downwards."

And still he hesitated; his superstition mastering his better judgment; for, like Marat he believed in omens, and was always upon the look-out for them; nay, even converting into such, the ordinary occurrences, the every day accidents of life. He turned, and began ascending the upper flight, regardless of the menials who hurried to and fro, and of the stragglers who were making their way to the ante-room; he reached the higher landing, and having thus dissolved the spell, came down again, and continued his journey to the bottom, when he once more exclaimed: "No! not downwards!" and went out; his business at the Palace was accomplished.

Meanwhile, Mirabeau was progressing towards the reception-saloon, from which only one ante-chamber separated him; Madelaine clinging to him from excessive timidity and shame; for the titterings, and by no means low whisperings that followed them on their passage, were too significant and pointed not to remind her painfully of the meanness and poverty of her garb, which showed the more strikingly, from being now brought into contact with the magnificence of the court.

Two ladies almost joined them as they made up to the usher-in-waiting; both young, both beautiful; the elder, was the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, a blood relative of the Queen's; the other, Mademoiselle Necker, the witty daughter of the Minister of Finance, and afterwards so celebrated as Madame de Stael!

Mirabeau, affecting not to be aware of their proximity, approached the entrance to the reception room, encouraged Madelaine, and gave in his title and hers.

"Monsieur le Comte de Mirabeau, and the Demoiselle Countess de Beauvallais!" said the usher, repeating the names.

A murmur of surprise passed from mouth to mouth, and meaning glances were interchanged; the garb of the reduced countess told the story of her woes, whilst her noble name reminded the majority of the famous lawsuit which had placed the whole of the late duke her father's property in the possession of his nephew.

Louis XVI. was seated in a chair of state beneath a dais, having at his right hand, Marie-Antoinette, their children, the Dauphin, monsieur and mademoiselle; and at his left, Madame Elizabeth, the Count D'Artois, and the Duke de Berri.*

Stationed at various parts of the saloon, were the officers, subalterns, and privates of the Swiss guard, then on presence duty; the remainder of the company, consisting of the best blood in France, being dispersed in groups, awaiting their turn to be presented. The entire scene was extremely animated and magnificent, notwithstanding the undefinable air of restraint that pervaded it; whilst the gorgeousness and the variety of their several costumes, though imparting unwonted splendor to the whole, suggested to such minds, as Mirabeau's, a succession of appalling and painful contrasts with the misery prevalent without.

"Here comes my sweet protegée," whispered Marie-Antoinette to her royal consort, as soon as she beheld Madelaine advancing, under the guidance of Mirabeau. "I have your majesty's word—"

Marie-Antoinette was compelled to observe silence, for at this moment, Madelaine was presented to Louis, in the usual formal manner, and then to *her*.

"We are delighted to welcome you to Versailles," observed the king, as soon as the ceremony of kissing hands was accomplished; "our beloved consort has informed us of the object of your journey, and we will presently attend to your request."

"My eternal gratitude shall be your majesty's, if I thus accomplish my mother's liberation," faltered Madelaine.

"Heaven bless your majesty!" sobbed Madelaine, as she rose from her knee and yielded to the queen, who drew her gently aside.

By this time, Mirabeau having paid his respects to Louis, came to offer his obeisance to Marie-Antoinette: as he arose she smiled, and asked him aside, in her former confidential tone, "where he dined to-day?"

"I have not yet made up my mind, madam," answered he; "perhaps I may *not* dine. 'Tis as often thus as otherwise."

"Join us *en famille*, at six, count," whispered the Queen; "your god-daughter will be of the party. I have reasons for it; if we leave this affair *en route*, I fear for the result."

Mirabeau bowed his acknowledgment of the signal honor, and standing aside, began to converse in a low tone, with the timid Madelaine.

* Successively, Louis XVIII., and Charles X.

Several more presentations followed, yet, although the customary formalities were observed as rigidly as usual, an air of coldness pervaded the ceremonial, that afforded a fearful indice of the progress of the revolutionary spirit; not that spirit in open rebellion, but calm and observant as Brutus paying homage to Cæsar whilst awaiting the favorable moment to strike. No one could possibly mistake the changed sentiments of the court towards its sovereign; men knelt, kissed the royal hand, arose, bowed, and withdrew; manifestly regarding the ceremony not as tantamount to a warm earnest protestation of loyalty, but as a compulsory exaction of reverence.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUIS XVI IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

If the flattering reception of Madelaine excited the envy, "malice, and all uncharitableness," of the courtly dames who had basked in the sunshine of a De Pompador and a Du Barry, but vainly intrigued and fawned, and cringed to obtain even a passing smile from the virtuous Marie-Antoinette, how loud were their comments, and how wrathful when the facts became first whispered, then publicly bruited, that the queen, regardless of the austere etiquette conventionally attaching to her elevated station, had condescended to accord Madelaine the honor of a seat at the royal table.

But how deeply was Madelaine touched by the earnest expressions of feeling that broke from the royal lips, and interrupted the course of her simple narrative of suffering, when, yielding to the queen's solicitation, she related her history in detail, even repeating all that her patroness had already heard from Mirabeau. How grateful to her heart were the tears that fell from her thin hand so firmly grasped, so warmly pressed, so affectionately caressed! Above all, how eloquent the sobs that betrayed the sincerity of this commiseration, whilst choking its utterance! Surely a nature so rich in womanly affections, so exalted in its humility, so genuine in its earnestness, merited not to fall in its full spring-tide and blossom, beneath the sanguinary axe of the guillotine.

The royal family dinner party comprised six persons in all; namely, Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, the Princess de Lamballe, Madelaine, and Mirabeau; the repast being, moreover, served up in the queen's private apartment; a not unfrequent custom, it according better with her own and her royal consort's retired habits. The king appeared disturbed and pre-occupied, though he ate and drank with extreme relish, for his decided propensity

for the pleasures of the table, fell nothing short of epicurism. The queen also exhibited marks of uneasiness, frequently fixing her deep blue eyes full upon her husband's face, as if endeavoring to read there some passing thought that might afford her a clue to the fate of Madelaine's petition; then glancing at the pallid countenance of her beautiful protegée, whereon were legibly traced the anxious doubts that distracted her bosom.

The dessert had been placed upon the table, and the king just given the pages and the domestics the usual intimation to depart, when Madelaine, no longer able to restrain her emotion, burst into tears; and overwhelmed with confusion and grief, and a consciousness of her humiliated condition, buried her face in her hands, sinking back in her chair and sobbing vehemently. Louis turned towards the sufferer with a look of surprise.

"'Tis nothing, sire," said the queen, in an under voice; "the poor girl is over-fatigued and anxious."

To witness distress of mind so poignant, had seldom fallen to Louis' lot; and in a kind of bewilderment, he gazed at the afflicted girl until this fresh outbreak of grief that the image of her mother excited, had in some degree subsided, when, as much perhaps in obedience to the kindly impulse of his heart, as to the imploring glances of his weeping consort, he addressed his condolements to Madelaine:

"Come, *chère enfant*," said he, in a voice subdued by his emotion, "take courage. I trust before long, to see Madame la Duchesse de Beauvallais at Versailles. It is only a matter of *time*."

"Sire, your majesty is very good!" sobbed Madelaine.

"Yes, yes!" resumed Louis; not as though assenting to the tribute thus rendered to his virtues, but as if he were resuming a train of reflections which this unlooked-for incident had interrupted.

"Poor Madelaine's heart sank upon hearing these unconsolatory tidings. Another day to wait! And what consequences might not ensue from that delay! Marie-Antoinette, expecting nothing less than that the duchess's release was already signed, manifested her astonishment by an involuntary exclamation, which Louis responded to by a slight shrug of the shoulders, implying that he "could not help it."

"And is it possible, sire," asked Marie-Antoinette, "that your majesty did not urge the immediate consideration of the Demoiselle Countess de Beauvallais' request?"

"Nay, *chère amie*," responded he; "you do not consider the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. The *lettre-de-cachet* issued against Madame de Beauvallais, emanated from the council, Necker and myself being in the minority. The same order will be productive of sad results, I fear, with respect to many others, who, like Madame de Beauvallais, have claims upon the treasury. The ministers will assemble to-morrow, and Madame de Beauvallais' case will be submitted to their consideration."

"Oh, sire!" sobbed Madelaine, "did your majesty only know

how ill my poor mother is, you would not hesitate to restore her to me. Two days more in that dreadful place, and she will die!"

The king's heart secretly bled for the suppliant's anguish, though he hesitated to yield to its promptings; he seemed grievously embarrassed, and looked inquiringly into every face, as if asking counsel of their various workings: Mirabeau sat unmoved.

"And during the time these gentlemen are deliberating, Madame de Beauvallais, ill as she is, must remain in the Bastile!" exclaimed Marie-Antoinette, in a tone of deep reproach; "and this poor child endure the agonizing torture of suspense. But by this proceeding, your majesty sanctions a crying injustice: you abdicate a right. To whom can your subjects apply for redress under oppression, if not to your majesty?"

"Have not I explained my reasons," remonstrated the king, growing embarrassed under the public infliction of this uxorial sermon; "are not they clear, Monsieur de Mirabeau?"

"Almost as clear as the necessities of your majesty's grandsire, when he applied to the late Duke de Beauvallais for pecuniary assistance," retorted Mirabeau, deliberately, but in a tone of deep sarcasm.

"Yes! I know mademoiselle's father rendered Louis Quinze a great service at that period; and this fact renders me more anxious to accede to her just demand; but——" and the king paused.

"But, and if!" continued Mirabeau; "those words have lost empires! *But*, and *if* my old friend the duke had been *only anxious* to accede to your majesty's grandsire's by no means just request! or hesitated to grant him the favor he solicited! Yes, solicited is the word; fancy a monarch soliciting a favor of his subject! or refused to receive Louis Quinze's simple acknowledgement upon the treasury! or, that at a later period, he had embarrassed the government by presenting his claim, and besieging the king for its acquittal!"

"Yes, yes! All this I know, Monsieur de Mirabeau," remarked Louis, smarting beneath the tacit, but bitter reproach, conveyed by this recapitulation of the obligations his family was under to the father of the timid suppliant.

"Then, your majesty," pursued Mirabeau, a sardonic smile distorting his mouth as he spoke; "as the Duke de Beauvallais did not hesitate one moment to oblige your majesty's grandsire, I do not doubt but if he could only have foreseen, that when his widow presented this just claim, she being then starving, it would not only be rejected, but she herself cast into the Bastile for her pains."

It is saying much in favor of Louis's good nature and real sense of equity, that, feeling the truth of these remarks, bitter though they were, he neither exhibited symptoms of offended dignity nor anger, but returning Mirabeau's imperious glance with a calmness and a placidity almost peculiar to himself, mildly replied, heaving a deep sigh, and thus breaking the awkward silence that reigned:

"Ah, Monsieur de Mirabeau! I fear you do not comprehend the position of royalty at this moment!"

"Do I not!" exclaimed the count, sharply, and with an animation perfectly astounding from its suddenness; "that is it!"

And as he spoke, he applied the blade of his dessert-knife to the base of the new cone of filbert-shells he had just completed, and threw it down, the fragments of which it was composed, being by this act, scattered over his plate and about the table.

"I mean it in no disrespect to royalty as an individual sire," resumed Mirabeau, renewing the broken chain of his thoughts, unabashed. "I speak of it as a system. Constituted as it is, royalty is an anomaly."

"This poor royalty has many enemies!" said, or rather sighed, the king.

"Royalty has no greater enemy to itself, as a system—as a system—" continued Mirabeau, emphasizing the saving clause, as though he feared Louis should apply to himself the remarks that he —Mirabeau—was about to hazard in a sweeping sense; "no greater enemy to itself, I repeat, than its own inaptitude for this age of progression and intellectuality. It should meet opinion, not let opinion out-run it; or the result may be that opinion will run down royalty altogether. Where a crying abuse exists, it should be redressed at once; instead of that, it is answered by the Bastile and bayonets; bayonets and the Bastile; always bayonets, always Bastile, but no justice.

"What, Monsieur de Mirabeau," exclaimed Louis in some trepidation; "you entertain fears of this kind!"

"God forbid they should be verified!" responded the count; "but everything is to be feared from a starving and oppressed people. If they ask for bread, and you give them bayonets, they will commence by taking the bayonets, and helping themselves to bread."

"The lesson is a rude one, Monsieur le Comte," remarked Louis, understanding from this oblique hint, that his secret enemies were actively employed in exciting the public clamor against him. But is it true, Monsieur de Mirabeau, that it is your intention to forego your birth-right, and instead of taking your place amongst your peers, to come in as one of the third estate, in the forthcoming assembly of the states-general?"

"It is perfectly true, sire; such is my intention," replied Mirabeau; "the notables—your majesty remembers, *shut their door* in my face; I go to another: 'tis simple enough."

"I protest," answered Louis, "that I felt much aggrieved when I learnt you had been subjected to so gross an insult; but how the mistake originated, I know not."

"'Twill be merely by a mistake that I shall not sit amongst them when the states-general meet;" retorted Mirabeau, sarcastically.

"The new opinions will have a majority in the third estate," remarked Louis; "fortunately the power is balanced, and the right

our's. I *had* hoped to see Monsieur le Comte de Mirabeau amongst our friends."

"Your majesty shall ever find me where my principles call me;" retorted Mirabeau.

"What is this, *chère amie?*" resumed the king, addressing Marie-Antoinette, as she slipt a blank slip of paper towards his hand, and tendered him a pen, both of which, upon a sign from her to that effect, Madame Elizabeth had procured, whilst Louis's attention was absorbed in his singular discussion with Mirabeau.

"All that is necessary with your majesty's signature, to ensure Madame de Beauvallais's immediate release;" responded the tender-hearted Queen; adding in a low voice, so low that no ear but her husband's caught the endearing appeal, whilst she fixed upon him her humid eyes, beaming with uxorial affection, and eloquent with the intense earnestness of urgent entreaty; "Louis, *thou* wilt not refuse *me* this favor?"

The king hesitated, yet returning her affectionate gaze with equal tenderness; she pushed the paper quite under his head, but he hesitated still:

"Louis! For *me!*" urged Marie-Antoinette, in the same low tone.

He took the pen, turned his eyes upon Madelaine's emaciated face, down which the tears were fast coursing one another, then looked again at his consort; he sighed deeply, and after one moment's further hesitation, scrawled a few words upon the paper, and appended his signature to the writing.

"There, my dear child," said the queen, pressing Madelaine's hand; "dry your tears. Your troubles are ended now."

"Your majesty—I am so overcome—I am so happy—I—" sobbed the poor girl, unable to connect her sentences.

"Yes, and so are we all happy now," chimed in Marie-Antoinette; "but I have not yet done with you. I shall require a maid of honor, in place of Mademoiselle de Beaupre, who has taken an old marquis for a husband; I shall appoint you to succeed her; and Madame de Beauvallais shall be one of the ladies of my bed-chamber."

"I can never repay such generosity," answered Madelaine, inarticulately.

"I shall never ask you to repay me my dear child," answered the queen; "only—yes—you must love me in return."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOB PAY A VISIT TO VERSAILLES.

"Gracious heaven! What noise was that?" ejaculated the queen, starting suddenly up, and listening.

A dead pause ensued, during which Mademoiselle Necker, who had joined the party, contrived to disengage herself, and to retreat beyond the reach of danger; nothing, however, was audible save a dull, heavy moaning, like the surging of the wind, as heard from afar off, in the stillness of the night, as its rude blasts buffet their way through the tangled mazes of a distant forest.

"'Tis nothing, *chere amie!*" said Louis; "how pale you are. 'Tis only the wind."

"Her majesty was right! There is a murmur of voices! Hark!" spoke Mirabeau.

In the pause that followed, a long, low, but distant shout became audible, then subsided; the king started to his feet, and listened for it again: it came, after a few minutes' space, rising higher and higher; the women gazed at one another in silent terror, mademoiselle and monsieur clinging to their mother; the Dauphin had disappeared; but his absence was not perceived:

"What can be the meaning of this?" faltered Louis, as the queen fell upon his neck, unable, nor seeking to conceal her alarm: "courage, *chere amie*, courage: no harm can come to us. It is nothing."

All at once a deafening shout rent the air; the next moment the Dauphin—who, it seemed, having heard the noise at first, had concealed himself behind the curtains, and watched at the window—bounded forwards from his hiding place, and pale with terror, ran up to his father, crying out:

"Oh, papa! The *canaille!* The *canaille!* They are forcing the gates."

"'Tis the Bread-mob!" remarked Mirabeau, calmly, as the fearful rallying cry broke upon the ear of the terrified party.

"Presently, and whilst the royal family were hesitating between their fears and doubts, the Prince de Lambesc, and the Count D'Estaing, the former commanding the queen's dragoons, the latter the Swiss guard of the palace, entered:

"Your majesty," said the prince, "the mob is breaking in the palace gates: it demands '*Bread*,' and to see your majesty. Shall we drive this *canaille* back at the point of the bayonet."

"No!" replied Louis, after a moment's deliberation; "no blood, unless the rioters strive to break into the palace; then there will be no alternative. I will speak to them."

The officers bowed and withdrew, Louis advancing towards the

casement, for the purpose of showing himself to the mob, as soon as the time arrived: Marie-Antoinette clung to him:

"I will not leave thee, Louis," said she; using the familiar language peculiar to their privacy: "thou shalt incur no danger that I will not share."

"There is no danger, Marie; none!" remonstrated he.

Another loud shout burst upon them, followed by the heavy, rustling sound attendant upon the advance of a multitude; the rioters had forced the gates, and having gained access to the court yard, were now congregating beneath the palace windows.

"Bread! bread! Louis! bread!" rent the air.

At the same moment, a geneal commotion became audible in the ante-chambers, and the apartment in which the royal party was assembled soon became filled with soldiers and with the officers of the household, who, alarmed for the safety of their royal master, rallied about him; in the suddenness of the danger, forgetting the infringement upon his privacy.

Standing out from the bold outline of the gray streets, with the glare of an hundred torches flashing upon a countless multitude of upturned, angry countenances, Louis beheld that dense, dark mob, advancing, like a giant wave, upon the thin line of retreating guards, who, with bayonets lowered, hesitated, in the absence of orders from their chiefs, to discharge their perilous duty. The *Place d'Armes*, and as far as the eye could discern, was alike blockaded by agitated masses of men and women, struggling against one another with desperate eagerness, all striving to press forward through the palace gates, to the spot where the interest of the scene promised to be concentrated; namely, beneath the very windows of the royal apartments.

"To Versailles! To Versailles!" had Desmoulins cried, that afternoon; "to Versailles, to ask King Louis for bread:" and the mob, repeating that fearful rallying cry had followed him. It was the voice of this famishing multitude, borne upon the wind from afar off, that had broken through the casements of the palace, smitten the ear of royalty as it sat at meat: Marie-Antoinette had heard it, only indistinctly; the second time it burst forth, it was in proclamation of the victory of the mob over the sentinels at the outer gate.

On it came, bearing down all opposition; step by step as it advanced, the sentinels retreated; every now and then rising above the dull, heavy tread of a thousand feet; leaping high into the air; breaking itself against the casements; bursting through the closed doors; rushing in through the passages below; and up the gorgeous staircases; filling hall and vestibule, and ante-room and gallery, making the very portraits of a long line of kings to tremble in their gilded frames; loud, piercing, and terrible arose that awful cry for "Bread! bread! bread!"

"Show yourself to your starving people, Louis, King of France!" shouted Desmoulins, waving his cap in the air; and the multitude echoed his cry, till the casements shook again.

Louis, pale but perfectly calm, pressed the hand of his affectionate consort, and advanced, followed by her, each holding a son by the hand, the princess royal clinging to her mother's skirt: a deafening yell saluted Marie-Antoinette:

"Not the queen! Not the Austrian! Louis! *Vive le roi!* Bread! give us bread!" cried the mob, Desmoulins leading.

A vociferous yell drowned the king's voice, and lasted some minutes, being several times repeated; meanwhile, the leaders—for Legendre and Henriot were also present—seemed to be consulting as to the next step to be taken, whilst Louis withdrew, to escape the danger of assassination that seemed imminent, or, at least, in nowise improbable. All at once, Mirabeau suddenly started from the impassibility he had maintained, and pushing past the king, presented himself at the balcony; his eye gleaming, his whole frame convulsed; not distinguished in the gloom, a second and a louder yell of execration assailed him; but elevating his stentorian voice, he shouted: "Fools! what do you want here? Do you come to ask King Louis to do what Satan demanded of Christ? Can he turn stones—the stones of this palace—into bread!"

In an instant that fierce mass of angry passions was quelled: crushed by surprise; a murmur sprang from the central group, and rapidly passed from mouth to mouth: the name of Mirabeau trembled upon every lip: he perceived his advantage, and followed it up:

"I know thee, Camille Desmoulins," cried he, yet louder; "I would that thy ruffianly companions knew thee as well. Shall I publish the secret of this enterprise? Or wilt thou be content to draw off——"

"Bread! bread!" shouted Desmoulins; the cry being repeated by a hundred voices.

"Bread!" screamed Mirabeau; "go back to Paris for it; go to the Palais Royal, and ask for it there! Go and ask it of the Duke D'Orleans; and if he does not give you some, you shall hang me to-morrow at the first lamp-post."

A tumultuous shout of approbation greeted this brief but energetic allocution; the remote prospect of hanging Mirabeau, or anybody, indeed, at the first lamp-post, being probably as consonant to the feelings and passions of some, as that of procuring bread was consolatory to the majority; whilst its effect upon the mob was instantaneous and decided; the misguided ruffians who composed it, quailing beneath the stern gaze of the man whose fierce philippics against the abuses of the government, had already marked him as the unconpromising champion of the people's rights, though he had not yet advocated them in the tribune.

"Mirabeau for ever! Mirabeau, the champion of the people! He is right, comrades! Back to Paris! Let us to the Palais Royal! The Duke of Orleans is the people's friend!"

"Bread! Bread! Will he give us bread?" shouted the mob, interrupting the speaker.

"Not at Versailles, I tell you!" thundered Mirabeau again, leaning over the balcony.

"Go back to Paris for it, then! To Paris!" screamed a shrill, grating voice, that seemed to come from somewhere high up in the air, and whose owner every eye sought, but could not find; "seek Monsieur Foulon, and ask him for it! He is one of the corn-monopolists! One of those who have renewed the compact of famine against the people!"

There ensued a dead silence, that, for an entire minute remained unbroken, and during whose continuance the speaker was still eagerly looked for, but in vain, as, indeed, he might well be.

It was Marat, crouched in the gutter of the palace-roof, whither he had repaired upon the first intimation of the disturbance and of its nature; his duties in the Count d'Artois' stables having detained him at Versailles until too late in the day for him to return to Paris. Here, aloof from immediate danger, he watched the swelling of the tumult; chuckling at the successful progress of the machinations whereof he was himself the prime instigator; prepared to profit by any opportunity that might offer of furthering the immediate designs of his royal patron, and of ministering to his own scarcely yet awakened ambition.

"To Paris! To Paris! Death to Foulon! Bread! Bread!" shouted the multitude.

"And Mirabeau for ever!" cried Legendre, prompted by Desmoulins.

"Mirabeau for ever!" chimed in Henriot, taking his cue from his companions.

"Mirabeau for ever!" responded the crowd, some waving their hats, others who had no hats, describing circles in the air with their hands.

"And Monsieur d'Orleans for ever!" exclaimed Desmoulins, again prompting Legendre and Henriot, who repeated the cry lustily; their example being instantly imitated by their companions.

"And the king for ever, I say!" shouted Mirabeau, in the succeeding lull; "the royal family for ever!"

"Yes! Yes! the king for ever! The royal family for ever!" cried Desmoulins, glad now of any opportunity to turn the tide; "Marie-Antoinette for ever!"

"The king for ever! Louis Seize for ever! Marie-Antoinette for ever! The royal family for ever!" yelled the capricious mob.

Before this unexpected manifestation of loyalty subsided, Mirabeau retreated from the balcony into the royal apartment, even more speedily than he had advanced; and, regardless of etiquette—an omission sufficiently excusable under the circumstances—making a rapid sign to Louis and to the queen, they took his place, once more presenting themselves at the casement, and being instantly recognized, were vociferously cheered. But these loyal demonstrations knew no bounds, when Louis, presently catching up the Dauphin in his arms, exhibited him to that crowd, lately so ferociously

inclined, and whose anger appeared as suddenly disarmed by this act, as it had previously been excited by the presence of the queen. For a very long time, however, the mob maintained possession of the court-yard, every now and then forcing the king and his consort to show themselves at the balcony; at length its numbers slowly diminished; the sentinels resumed their former posts, and, ere another hour, that dense mass, yet bent upon the perpetration of further outrage, had dispersed upon its road back to Paris.

When all was again quiet, Marat, who still lay crouched in the gutter of the roof, slunk from his hiding-place, and cautiously creeping down the back stairs, made the best of his way unseen, out of the palace.

CHAPTER X.

MADELAINE RETURNS TO PARIS, AND CLAIMS THE RELEASE OF HER MOTHER FROM THE BASTILE.

On the afternoon of the following day Madelaine and Mirabeau set out for Paris. As they approached the city, they overtook yet more numerous groups belonging to the principal mob; being, in fact, the same, split into hundreds of parts; however, the coach rolled on unmolested, Mirabeau consoling himself upon his recent escape, and comforting Madelaine with the assurance of their reaching their journey's end in safety.

At Passy, the crowd of rioters was nearly as dense as at Saint Cloud, and equally excessive in its aggressions upon the inhabitants; fortunately, its object seemed to be only the procuring of food, its cry for "bread" being unmixed with the seditious shouts characteristic of the band under the leadership of Desmoulins; thus the travellers passed, almost unheeded, through the thickest of the throng; and though, during the remainder of the journey until they reached the Porte St. Honoré, the greatest excitement prevailed amongst the parties they observed trudging wearisomely towards the same goal as themselves, they were left unassailed, and were soon again safe within the city barriers.

Ten minutes more brought the travellers into the Rue St. Antoine: Mirabeau whispered to Madelaine that they were near their journey's end, an announcement which made the poor girl's heart beat high with hope, and delight, and filial love. But upon reaching the corner of the Rue St. Paul, the coach came to a full stop; at the same moment a glare of red light glimmered through the window, and thrusting out her head to ascertain the meaning of the unusual appearance:

"It 's a funeral!" gasped she.

"Yes," observed Mirabeau, "a funeral from the Bastile! The poor unfortunates are always buried at midnight!"

As he spoke a deep and solemn chime echoed through the silent street; Madelaine shuddered, an icy chill all at once pervading her frame; she convulsively grasped her godfather's hand, and earnestly pressing it, burst into tears:

Oh, Monsieur de Mirabeau!" she faltered; sobs choking her utterance.

"What? What, my child?" observed he; startled by this unexpected gush of anguish.

"My—my mother! My dear mother!" gasped she.

"Thy mother! Well, silly girl!" replied he; "thou wilt presently embrace her! This funeral is the affair of a few minutes only; see, it is passing!"

Whilst devoutly crossing herself, and repeating the brief prayer for the repose of the departed soul, prescribed by the solemn ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, Madelaine kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the coach window. The funeral moved slowly on. A priest walked in front, followed by two assistants, one bearing the cross, the other a silver bowl containing holy water, which he offered to the few passers-by, that they might dip their fingers in, and sprinkle the body as it went past; the coffin, covered with a black pall fringed with white, and borne by six soldiers attached to the service of the Bastile, came immediately after, two more soldiers walking, one on each side of it, carrying lighted torches; lastly, figured the major of the fortress, and Fouine the turnkey, their services being required at the church, to sign the burial register.

The silence and darkness of the night imparted a peculiar solemnity and character to this incident, at all times mournful and impressive, and which seemed to strike with deepest awe the two or three slender groups of men—a dozen in all, perhaps—who had drawn aside upon the causeway whilst the corpse was carried by.

The bell of Saint Paul la Bastile tolled again; one solemn, melancholy chime; the deep voice of the priest was heard in the succeeding stillness, chanting impressively, in low mournful cadence, the solemn ritual for the dead; the red glare of the torches flickered for a moment upon the walls of the tall, gloomy houses, then momently gleamed upon the sorrowing countenances that were congregated beneath their shadow, and all again became dark, and silent, and sad: the coach rolled on.

They were not far from the Bastile; scarcely a few hundred yards: when they reached the great gate, Mirabeau alighted.

"Give me the paper, my dear child," said he, addressing Madelaine; "and await thou here; for thou mayst not accompany me: in a few minutes I shall return."

Madelaine complied; and the count having communicated his business to the sentinel, was admitted forthwith.

After waiting in eager anxiety for some minutes, he came back alone, and entered the vehicle in silence.

"And—and my mother!" gasped Madelaine, breathless with anxiety.

"My dear child," he responded, gravely, checking his emotion, and taking both her hands between his, and pressing them affectionately; "we have seen the last of her."

"That funeral—" continued he.

"Gracious heaven!" ejaculated she; a moan of intense anguish burst from her bosom, and she sank upon Mirabeau's neck, in an agony of tears and sobs.

He placed his arm about the sufferer, drew her yet nearer to his bosom, kissing her forehead several times; but word of consolation he offered not; for what sympathy, however tender, could heal the fresh wound in that young heart!

He deposited her at the door of her miserable dwelling, and in silence left her; save when taking leave that he whispered, "God bless her," promising to see her on the morrow: she pressed his hand, and they parted in sorrow.

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CHAPTER XI.

HOW PHILIP OF LUTETIA FARED IN THE BASTILE; AND OF THE COMPANIONS OF HIS CAPTIVITY.

The Tower of the Corner, in the first cell of which, and called number one, Philip was confined, occupied the northernmost angle of the parallelogram enclosed between the eight towers of the fortress, commanding from the platform on its summit a view of the principal exterior *boulevard*, and an extensive prospect of the Faubourg St. Antoine, until the line of vision became circumscribed by the heights of Charonne, La Vilette, Menilmontant and Montmartre. From the chilliness of the aspect, however, the cells within—like those in the opposite tower, namely, that of the well—struck with even deadlier damp upon its unfortunate inmates, suggesting to them an entrance into what indeed they frequently proved to be: a tomb for the living, without hope of resurrection.

Into this den was Philip ushered by Fouine, who, after observing that he, Fouine, would have to return before night, pulled the heavy door to, with a loud slam, and left the prisoner to his medi tations, and to the company of his brethren in captivity.

Coming in from the bright noon-tide light, the prevalent obscurity offended our hero's sight so much, that, for the space of several minutes, he was unable to distinguish surrounding objects, though he sought to descry his companions, with whom he purposed im-

mediately to fraternize; his own misfortunes rendering his heart the more sympathetic; presently, however, his eyes becoming accustomed to the sombreness, he made out an octangular dungeon about twelve feet in height, by fifteen in its broadest span, whose dingy walls, encrusted with a coating of dust, sweated streamlets of rank moisture, which imparted a death-like clamminess to the thick atmosphere, rendering the act of respiration unwholesome and painfully oppressive; presently he discerned a table and a wooden bench, and lastly a trestle bedstead, upon which lay, huddled up all of a heap, a shapeless mass, which he shuddered to believe was a human being; as he gazed at the undefined form, he was startled by a rustling, apparently proceeding from the opposite angle of the den, and looking in the direction whence the noise issued, beheld a heap of straw, and on it a moving shape, whose eyes seemed to gaze upon him with that glassy brilliancy and greenness of hue peculiar to nyctalopian animals, so that, at first, he almost suspected it to be some wild beast; anon, however, the shape raised itself upright, disclosing to Philip the proportions of a man, nude as a worm.

Our Philip stood aghast, but the sentiment of mingled horror, disgust and alarm which he experienced, soon gave place to one of the profoundest commiseration, when the creature, after looking at him for a few seconds, began to advance timidly towards him, uttering low plaintive moans of joy, interspersed with incoherent exclamations; finally—seeing that the stranger did not repulse him—giving away to the most extravagant gestures of delight, dancing and leaping frantically round the cell, gradually lessening the distance between himself and our hero, until, in a paroxysm of frenzied happiness, he cast his arms about the latter, and earnestly embraced him, immediately bursting into a convulsive agony of tears.

Philip experienced some difficulty in releasing himself from this affectionate thraldom, which, in spite of his strong philanthropic tendencies, possessed but small charms for him; he succeeded, however, and retreated towards the embayment or recess that the window stood in, making signs to the creature not to approach: as he did this, he enjoyed ample opportunity to note his appearance more narrowly.

He was a man evidently advanced in years; of commanding stature and herculean frame, though wasted to mere bone and sinew; his hair and his beard, both abundant, and of a grizzly hue, were unshorn, and hung in matted masses upon his breast and shoulders, which, like the whole of his body, were covered with shaggy hair; his strongly-marked countenance, worn haggard by famishment and long years of untold suffering, nevertheless interested, for it revealed a tale of sorrow and broken-heartedness, and of abandonment to despair, that few, even of stoniest nature, could read unpityingly.

The wretch understood Philip's gesture, for he stopped short in his advances, and after several convulsive attempts at articulation—his emotion holding him mute—he muttered in a husky, tremulous voice, interrupted by deep sobs:

"You are—you are afraid of me! Don't be afraid! I am harmless! I will not hurt you."

"No! no! I am not afraid," replied our hero; I am shocked!

"Ah, yes! You are right! It must be strange to you! But if you desire it, I will go quite away again," responded the poor creature; "shall I go away?"

"Yes! yes!" answered Philip, for he felt at a loss what to say. "Go away, at least for the present; but, here—take this coat; I cannot behold you in this condition."

As he uttered these words, our hero divested himself of his upper garments, and gave it to the denuded wretch, who eagerly accepted the welcome gift; adapting it to the charitable purpose for which the donor intended it, muttering his thanks earnestly, but incoherently, and finally slinking away into his darksome retreat, where he again huddled down amongst the straw, still keeping his bright gaze fixed glaringly upon his benefactor.

Philip watched his movements with sensations of intense pity and interest, shuddering at the bare thought of a similar fate awaiting himself, perhaps. Presently he turned his attention to the shapeless mass upon the bed, and prompted by an invincible curiosity to ascertain whether it really comprised the proportions of a human creature, and, moreover, prepared to witness a similar spectacle to the former, he cautiously drew near the spot, when the being in the straw exclaimed, in a hollow whisper:

"Don't wake him! He is better asleep! He is mad! If you wake him, he will kill you! He killed our last companion, in the night; not last night; but a long night ago."

"What! is the poor unfortunate chained, too!" ejaculated Philip, petrified with horror.

"Since he killed our last companion, he has been chained; he used not to be;" answered the other.

"Has he been long here?" inquired our hero.

"Long! Oh, yes! But I don't know how long. Time is very long here. It is morning when the turnkey comes first, and night when he comes last. Fourteen times make a week; and four times fourteen a month. Short straws for the days and nights. Fourteen in a bundle for a week; four bundles for a month; and thirteen of them done up in one, for a year. I've got thirty-five big bundles."

"Thirty-six years, soon!" ejaculated Philip; "gracious heaven! An entire life!"

As he spoke, he took up one of the bundles, that had now become to him so eloquent a record of human suffering, privation, and misery, and attentively considered it, pondering upon the sad tale each individual straw might tell, and yet scarcely appreciating the morbid feeling that urged the lonesome captive to keep account of his solitariness by thus counting his days, and months, and years by straws.

"An entire life!" continued he, musing; adding, as he again

addressed his companion; "and what crime could merit a fate like this?"

"Sh!" muttered the other, holding up his long finger over his lips; "give me back my bundle."

"Well," resumed Philip, perceiving the poor creature's repugnance to satisfy his inquiry, and averse, from motives of delicacy, to prosecute it further at present, "I will not ask, if it pain you; but, tell me, what is the meaning of these long straws, interspersed amongst the bundles?"

"I shall put a long straw for you, to-day, and another when you go away," answered the old man; "they all mean something, those long straws do; but I don't know what; one of them means when he killed our friend;" the captive here pointed to the bed, adding, "but I can't tell which. I mix them together when I put them away, and then every year is alike. But I don't forget."

"And by what name shall I call you, my friend?" asked Philip, handing back his companion the straw almanac.

"You shall call me Jupiter, in the morning," replied the old man, putting away his diary; "and, let me see, I will be Pegasus, the flying horse, at night. I'll wear my new coat to-night, and astonish Olympus with the latest news from Louis XV.'s court! How did you leave his majesty?"

"Louis XV. is well. Do you know him?"

The old man gazed a moment at the speaker, then shook his head sorrowfully.

"No, no!" said he; "you think that because I have been here so long, I know nothing of what passes in Paris; you believe I am mad, like our friend Clytus, yonder; but I am not. I know Louis XV. is well, because he is dead; fourteen big bundles ago; I remember that, for the guns fired, and we had a bottle of wine to drink long life to Louis XVI."

There ensued a long interval of silence, during which the old man removed from Philip's side, and resumed his crouching position amongst his straw; long habit had rendered that posture more easy to him. Philip did not attempt to restrain him, and fell into a deep reverie; his thoughts reverting to her, whose image still maintained its bright presence in his mind, and partially illuminated even the gloominess of captivity.

What those thoughts were, we leave to the imagination of the reader to conceive; most conflicting and painful, beyond a doubt, yet not wholly despairing,

Whilst hope cheered the captive who, for thirty-five years, had neither seen God's sun nor breathed his air, what impiety in him, so young, to lose heart and to despond!

When Philip awoke from this mental abstraction, the cell was enveloped in total darkness, although the hour of nightfall was not yet come; he got up, and being cold, endeavored to grope his way across the chamber, purposing to restore a healthier circulation by taking such limited exercise as the dimensions of his dungeon

would admit of; but he was soon compelled to renounce the attempt, and to have recourse to another and a more vigorous mode of effecting the desired end, namely, buffeting his hands against his body; in this process he was busily engaged, when he again heard the voice of the old man:

"You are cold; you want your coat; take it again!"

"No, no, my friend; keep it;" answered he; "but at what hour does the turnkey, this man Fouine, usually come of an evening? as yet I do not see where I am to sleep, nor how I am to dine."

"He beats me, and I don't want him to come," replied the old man; "only he brings food; it is near his time, for the light at the window is gray."

Though Philip could discern no light at the spot indicated, he felt disposed to place full reliance upon his companion's experience, the more especially as it happened to fall in with his own wishes; the other creature had not yet even stirred.

Another long lapse of silence, at last interrupted by the heavy tread of the turnkey, who shortly after entered, holding a lighted lamp, which he set down upon the table, bestowing a scrutinizing glance upon Philip, as he detected the absence of his upper garment. He was followed by a couple of soldiers bearing sundry articles of domestic comfort, including a camp bedstead, some bedding in tolerable condition, a chair, a small round table, and a mat. Having deposited these upon the ground, they withdrew, but soon returned, carrying the one a large pitcher full of water, and a smaller one, as yet empty; the second a wooden tray, on which was spread a meagre repast intended for Philip's own and sole consumption; two lumps of brown, or black bread rather, forming the only food destined for the other prisoners.

"There's your supper," said Fouine, speaking to Philip, as he arranged the dishes to the best advantage; "dinner and supper together, one meal; breakfast and luncheon together, two meals; that's the fare here, since the famine has set in. You needn't eat it all, unless you like."

Philip did not condescend to reply to this brutal remark, having already determined upon soliciting another audience of the governor, for the purpose of procuring permission to write to his friends; foreseeing the kind of treatment he was destined to receive:

"My friend," said he, "I desire to speak with Monsieur de Launay; I shall be, in a day or two, in a position to reward you handsomely for your good-nature."

The prospect of golden remuneration brightened Fouine's countenance amazingly; politeness he regarded in the light of dross, that people are prodigal of only when they have nothing more substantial to offer, and which, being in a position to receive more of than he cared about, he treated according to the value he placed upon it, namely; with sovereign contempt.

"Well, I suppose I must," retorted he of the keys, ogling with a

covetous eye, the gold buttons upon Philip's under-coat; "but I shan't see Monsieur de Launay before to-morrow."

"Deliver my message to-morrow then, my friend," rejoined Philip.

Fouine made no reply, but crossing over to the corner where the old man had crouched down on his straw, pretending to be asleep, took up his pitcher, and emptying the stale water it contained upon the floor, and half over the straw, replenished it out of the larger vessel, setting the former down again, and placing upon the top of it, the black, hard loaf allotted to him for his daily sustenance; he repeated the same ceremony on the opposite side, and without even ascertaining the condition of his two wretched prisoners, proceeded to set Philip's couch in order.

The young man remarked these proceedings with disgust and horror, but aware that no interference upon his part would avail, and conceiving it most probable that the turnkey fulfilled his duties according to his instructions, prudently restrained his indignation, confining himself to silent observation.

All at once Fouine turned about, discontinuing his task to address our hero, whom he remarked had not yet commenced his repast:

"You had better eat your supper," growled he, "or else you'll have to get it in the dark. I shall be done directly."

"What!" ejaculated Philip; "are you going to leave me without light! Why these two poor creatures are lunatics!"

"They will not hurt you," replied the turnkey, as he disappeared, bidding Philip good night.

CHAPTER XII.

OF PHILIP'S STRANGE COMPANIONS.

The repast which the munificence of the governor had provided for Philip, would not have proved more than sufficient to satisfy a very moderate appetite, premising always that the edibles whereof it was composed, were palatable; there were, a plate of thin broth, another of a sort of stew, which Philip dare not analyze, a third of boiled lentils mixed up with some unctuous substance, and exhaling a strong odor of rancidity; a small morsel of ancient cheese; a dried apple; a largish piece of tolerably good-looking bread, and a great stone-bottle of wine that proved of passable quality. To share these delicacies our hero summoned the old man:

"Come, my friend," said he, beckoning him to draw near; for the poor creature, having watched Fouine out, was preparing to discuss his own hard fare with an earnestness that bespoke a keen appetite.

"To eat with you!" muttered the unfortunate being.

"Yes! Why not?" asked Philip; "and had not you better call—" here the young man indicated by the mass upon the bed.

"No, no!" answered the old man, shaking his head as he approached; "he's mad, and would murder us if we went near him to wake him."

"We will, at any rate, save him a portion," resumed Philip; "eat the soup first, my friend."

The famished wretch devoured the mess with marvellous despatch, after which, Philip divided the remainder of the meal into two equal parts—reserving for himself merely a piece of the bread and a horn of the wine—giving one moiety to the old man, and setting the second aside for their companion; this also the former greedily demolished, all without uttering a syllable.

"Has our friend yonder," enquired Philip, "always been thus, since he came hither?"

"Clytus?" ejaculated the old man; "Clytus is Alexander's friend, and Alexander is the son of Philip of Macedon. One day I put in two long straws."

Philip could not avoid shuddering as he listened to these incoherencies. He resolved, however, not to prosecute his investigation more closely that evening, but to await a more favorable opportunity, at the same time determined to watch his brother-captive closely, with a view to a juster appreciation of their position with relation to each other.

The old man kept his glassy eyes fixed full upon Philip's face, every now and then blinking like an owl, as though dazzled by the heavy red light of the lamp. All at once he started up, and began to caper about the floor as he had already done earlier in the day, then sat down again and wept and sobbed like a child.

"I am a foolish old man, I know," he spoke; "but I cannot help it; no one but you have spoken kind words to me."

Philip offered no reply to this aberration, but crossing over to that angle of the cell in which Fouine had placed his bed, removed therefrom the mattress and rug, and deposited them upon the old man's straw; he then took him by the hand, and led him, as one would have led a child, to this rude couch, and bade him lie down, which the poor creature did, apparently unconscious of what he was doing; but presently huddling himself up, and murmuring the words "long straw," and "Clytus," and "Polar Star," he dropped off into a sound slumber, suddenly induced by the warmth; in which condition his kind patron left him.

Notwithstanding the old man's warning, Philip experienced the most eager desire to satisfy his curiosity respecting his other companion; reflecting, however, that no good result could accrue from forcing the event, and that the unfortunate would—if the old man had spoken truth—ere long wake up, he re-arranged his couch, and, having no books nor writing materials, threw himself down upon it, dressed as he was, once more abandoning himself to the tenor of his melancholy thoughts.

The clanking of a heavy chain seemed first to arouse him, when he beheld the unfortunate creature sitting upright on his miserable pallet, and looking cautiously around; but apparently frightened by the slight rustling Philip made in turning, and aware that he was watched, the poor maniac all at once curled himself up in a heap, as before, and, for a long interval stirred not again.

Philip next became aware that the maniac's eyes were fastened upon his, with a steady gaze, which continued until he began to experience a species of fascination for which he could not account, and which held him riveted to the spot where he lay; then the creature slowly uncoiled himself, and once more sat upright, peering furtively about, first at his new companion, then at the sleeper in the straw, uttering a series of unintelligible, low, moaning sounds, and swaying his body backwards and forwards, as though rocking himself quiet, but observing the precaution of holding his chain, so that in his abrupt movements, it made no noise; presently, and with astounding agility, he leaped upright on his bed, and shook himself, as a wild beast does when he rises from his lair, then jumping upon the ground, began to pace to and fro, at the length of his chain.

Having paced up and down for several minutes, every now and then, as Philip imagined, casting a quick glance at *him*, he stopped short, at the extent of his chain, and tried to reach the food upon the table; this attempt not succeeding, he again uttered the same low, unintelligible, moaning sounds, and catching up his pitcher, drank a deep draught of its contents, then emptied the rest over his person; he next ate, or devoured rather, the loaf of brown bread that Fouine had brought, with the exception of one small morsel, which he bit into a square form and thrust into his bosom, under his tatters.

His frugal meal finished, the maniac turned his attention keenly towards the sleepers, seeming to listen to their heavy breathings; apparently satisfied that both slept soundly, he crept back into his bed, and lying down upon it, at full length, gathering up his chain as he moved, he sought a hole in the rude tick, and thrusting in his hand, withdrew from amongst the straw, a packet of papers, folded loosely together; these he conned over, by the dim glimmer of the lamp, placing himself in such a posture as to be able readily to simulate sleep, in the event of being surprised whilst occupied in their perusal: astonished at this strange proceeding, Philip suddenly aroused himself from the torpid, almost lethargic condition into which he had sunk, and sat up; in an instant the maniac again buried the packet in amongst the straw, and began to snore, but lying perfectly quiet, in precisely the same position as he habitually observed; Philip rubbed his eyes, fancying himself deceived, and after watching for some space longer, once more relapsed into partial forgetfulness.

The noise was constantly resumed, nevertheless; of this he felt certain; and gathering caution from experience, he contrived, by bringing himself gradually into a convenient position for observing,

to command a perfect view of the angle in which his fellow-prisoner was confined, without further danger of being remarked by the latter.

What Philip beheld, we will now describe.

Lying with his face towards the wall, the maniac was busy rubbing together two links of his chain, where it was attached to the staple; assiduously he wrought, though slowly, never once ceasing from his labor, but frequently casting his eyes upon his fellow-prisoners, as if to assure himself that they slept. Philip, now perfectly awake, watched his progress with the deepest interest, caring not to interrupt him, notwithstanding that he could easily have done so by merely stirring, or simulating restlessness. In the course of half an hour, he discontinued of his own accord, and after lying quite still, for several minutes' space, during which interval he appeared to be listening, slowly gathered himself up, then, all at once leaped upright, and bounded to the floor: here he stopped again, glancing quickly and anxiously in the direction of the sleepers; hearing no noise, save their heavy respiration, he came out to the full length of his chain, and began to pace to and fro; suddenly he grasped the chain in his two hands, and slackening it somewhat, by drawing nearer to the wall, gave it one vigorous jerk; the worn links yielded, snapping like threads, and the chain fell to the ground with a loud clank: the noise startled the old man in the straw, who started up; but the maniac had already thrown himself upon his bed, where he lay motionless; the other, after looking around, curled himself up again, seeming to luxuriate in the warmth of his couch, and apparently composed himself to sleep.

The chained captive remained recumbent so long after this interruption, that Philip grew almost fatigued of watching; yet his curiosity was now so intensely excited, he resolved not to abate in vigilance, for he likewise felt there might be danger in sleeping; a conviction which grew stronger, the more he reflected upon this position—remote as he was from assistance—and dwelt upon the mysterious disclosures of the old man. At length the maniac began to move, observing the same cunning precautions as before; first raising his head slowly and peering cautiously about, as if to assure himself that he was unobserved, then gradually uncoiling his whole body, previously to assuming an erect posture. He next gathered his chain up in his left hand to prevent it from clanking, as it seemed, then strode stealthily over to where the old man lay, stooping down and attentively considering him; apparently satisfied of the latter's being asleep, he drank a deep draught of water out of his fellow-prisoner's pitcher, emptying the remainder upon his own head, as he had done before with what had been left for himself, and seizing the untouched loaf, deposited his gnawed crust in its place, immediately hurrying back to his bed, and thrusting his prize beneath the ragged matting that served him for a cover, chuckling the while at the success of his exploit.

Presently he advanced towards the bed, and lowering his head,

peered fixedly at Philip's face, bringing his own so near, that his hot, acrid breath fell heavily and clammy upon the cheek of our hero, who might well shrink from the proximity, though he durst manifest no emotion.

The young man could not but compassionate the long sufferings of this bereaved creature, whose haggard countenance beamed with an expression nearly allied to joy, when he beheld comparatively good food within his grasp, his unspeculative eyes filling with tears as he voraciously proceeded to satisfy the cravings of nature. Tears such as these, were, indeed, an eloquent key to the untold, uncommiserated agonies of a protracted and cruel solitude; agonies rendered tenfold more acute by the stings of a repentant conscience, perhaps, or by the rankling, envenomed hatred engendered by injustice and oppression: either sentiment, when left to work in isolation, all-powerful in their morbid influences, to corrupt and prostrate the healthiest intellect.

These reflections flitted across his mind with the rapidity of light; not presenting themselves fitfully, but in a mass; as it were embodied in one gloomy picture, which his imagination comprised at a glance, and in all its hideous details, yet without distracting, his attention from the object that had summoned it into existence.

The maniac had already nearly demolished the food—certainly no difficult task—and was in the act of assisting himself to the contents of the stone-bottle, when he was disturbed, and Philip's curiosity for the moment diverted from his proceedings, by a strange rumbling noise, which seemed to shake the tower to its very foundations, and to come from the platform on the roof; the maniac completed his draught, nevertheless, and stole stealthily to his couch.

Philip lay attentively alive to every variation of this strange sound, wondering from what cause it might originate; and more than once satisfied that human voices were mingling with it, in a tone of authority. At length he felt certain of the noise being occasioned by the rolling of some weighty body across the platform, and remembering the commotion reigning in the *faubourg St. Antoine*, inferred that the governor was perhaps, secretly placing the fortress in the best state of defence it was capable of; rumors to this effect—as he knew to his cost—bring rife in the capital; nor was he deceived.

He soon recognized the measured tread of soldiers engaged in this nocturnal labor, as they crossed and re-crossed the court-yards, heavily laden, as it seemed, with ponderous missiles.

The noise continuing, but coming no nearer, nor threatening interruption to the prisoners, the maniac took courage, after a while, and previous to advancing to the table again, furtively examined his packet of papers, taking it out of its place of concealment and thrusting it back, with as much caution as he had already once exhibited, his countenance lighting up with strange excitement, as though he gloated over some hidden treasure, instead of what Philip imagined them to be: a series of unmeaning scraps of paper.

This scrutiny completed, evidently greatly to his satisfaction, and the packet once more safely bestowed amongst the straw, the madman strode boldly across to the table, and grasping the stone bottle, emptied it entirely: as he did this, Philip observed the old man in the corner slowly raise his head, and with so much deliberation, that he felt convinced the latter had been, for some time, watching the movements of their mutual companion, with an interest as keen as his own.

The wine produced an extraordinary effect upon him. Several times he stopped short in his gibberish, then bowed low, mockingly, immediately resuming even more earnestly than before; and Philip being, by this time, better accustomed to his articulation, recognized the lunatic's jargon to be the rude *patois* spoken by the natives of *Provence*, a province dear to him from its association with Madelaine, being that of her birth.

As the fumes of the wine began to operate more actively, the unfortunate grew proportionately violent, seeming less upon his guard against interruption, and more careless of being observed by his fellow-prisoners; but, after vehemently gabbling and gesticulating for a considerable while, he suddenly discontinued, with an air and a gesture of defiance turning from his visionary opponent to pace the cell with hurried steps, now stopping and throwing up his arm high over his head.

Starting suddenly like a wild beast frightened, he stood for a single moment with his bleared and glassy eyes fixed upon the sleeper, then, at a bound, sprang upon the bed and clutched him by the throat, at the same time raising the broken chain and whirling it round, preparatory to letting it descend, with the whole force of his powerful arm, upon the head of his victim; the act being so sudden, that Philip could not, under any circumstances, have escaped.

The assailant's arm was suddenly arrested by the old man, who, springing up from his straw, rushed to the rescue of his kind patron, uttering a yell which seemed to reverberate throughout their prison, as if it had awakened all the voices that death had silenced within its stony arms. With a leap and a bound he attained the bed, throwing himself with such force upon the neck of the assassin, that both rolled backwards upon the floor, upsetting the table in their descent, and extinguishing the lamp: half choked as he was, and still gasping for breath, Philip gained his feet in an instant, and groping his way along by the wall, made for the window, having gained which he commenced calling loudly for assistance.

Still he shouted, and still the maniacs fought. After this deadly strife had endured some minutes, he heard the iron chain fall heavily and deadened, as if it had descended upon soft earth; and a voice, scarcely articulate, but earnest, deep, and easily recognizable, exclaimed:

"Another long straw! Alexander has killed Clytus the conspirator! Another long straw! We will have feasting, and music,

"The assailants arm was suddenly arrested by the old man

and dancing. Long straws for high-days and festivals! Ah, ah, ah! Wine is good; Clytus is dead; Alexander the son of the Thunderer is King of Macedonia!"

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE MOB WOUND UP THE NIGHT.

Upon leaving Madelaine, though now past one in the morning, Mirabeau did not return to his dwelling, but setting off at a rapid rate, proceeded to thread the labyrinth of tortuous streets which abut upon the *Carrefour* of the *Halle au Blé*, their common centre; as if seeking in locomotion and change, a distraction from the conflicting emotions that darkened his mind, at once careless and unconscious of the direction he was pursuing.

If his pace, now faster, now slower, but abrupt always, irregular and impetuous, afforded any indication of the nature of his thoughts, one would have conjectured him oppressed by one predominating sentiment from the influence of which he wrestled to escape, as if angry with himself for entertaining it, whatever its character, yet wholly unable to shut it out or to battle against its encroachments.

Nevertheless, the image that his ardent soul cherished, was bright and radiant, filling it with warm visions of felicity, realized in his imagination, remote from the vortex of political strife; his thoughts dwelt upon one fair creature, whose beauty and meek virtues had newly aroused his burning sensibilities, and for whose love he felt he could sacrifice the fame he had already acquired, the ambition that devoured his daily peace, the glorious mission left for him to accomplish; all, all, even to his own self-esteem.

Did she love already? No! Or if she did, gratitude would urge her to succumb to his will in preference to her inclination. But could he accept the sacrifice? Wherefore not? Generosity, like charity, began at home, and if Madelaine de Beauvallais accepted Gabriel de Mirabeau as lover, why should he interrogate her motives, or doubt her sympathy towards him!

It was thus that Mirabeau mused as he walked: strange musings, supremely selfish and specious, but all-engrossing, for unconsciously he had continued his onward progress down the *Rue St. Honoré* until he reached the Barrier-gate of the same name; almost without remarking that this thoroughfare, usually, at so late an hour, plunged in absolute quietude, was busy and agitated as at noon-tide. The *cabarets* were open, and filled with talkative groups of men and women, many of them in the last stage of inebriety, others fast verging into the same condition, but all alike excited, and bearing

on their inflamed, meagre visages, the strongly-developed traces of evil passions in active exercise.

Through the gate poured a dense, continuous stream of human beings, chanting sedition and treason in the very ears of the night-guard at the barrier, and of the numerous bodies of police and patrol that paraded the streets dismally; the mere ghost of an established authority unrecognized; or acknowledged, but contemned and defied. Mirabeau knew the rabble of Versailles again, and drew up close to the guard house to observe the mob pass.

With painful interest Mirabeau gazed upon the hideous tide of squalid misery that poured in as it were through the flood-gates of the city. Men of the lowest class reeling along, overcome as much by exhaustion as by liquor, yet inarticulately shouting treason to their fellows; women, the most abandoned of their sex, some enfeebled by famine, others masculine in manner and appearance as in voice, screaming the same burden, whilst dragging, many amongst them, helpless children onwards in the track of their own rank abominations; yet these were the beings whose violence threatened to overwhelm the nation; these—a mass of starvelings, who, taken at such a moment, might have been annihilated by a determined band of soldiers judiciously organized. The demagogue shuddered at the bare thought of the desperate remedy recently proposed in a minister's council, admiring the benevolent wisdom of the king in refusing to grant the measure his sanction.

Mirabeau's blood flowed chill, as these thoughts crossed his mind; and, from a contemplation of the lowering future, he turned shuddering.

The course of his sombre meditations was likewise interrupted, at this moment, by an occurrence worthy of mention, his attention being first excited by a succession of triumphant shouts, looking in the direction of which he beheld a group of men and women in the act of passing through the gate, but bearing upon their shoulders an individual who had evidently one good reason for thanking his companions for the distinction conferred upon him; being too intoxicated to exercise his own means of locomotion, though sufficiently sober yet, to vociferate lustily:

"Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, or Death," yelled he, with a hiccough between each word; "down with the aristocrats and up with the people! The *Sans Culottes* for ever!"

The cry was instantaneously taken up by the tribe of tatterdemalions which surrounded the speaker, accompanied by the waving of hands and caps and hats, as the whole passed pell-mell through the barrier. Mirabeau's lip curled scornfully, as if despising himself for cherishing an ambition whose object pointed at the amelioration of a class apparently so worthless and so debased.

Scarcely had this gabbling throng disappeared, than another riotous multitude advanced, still forming a part of the great mob, but composed almost entirely of women, in the midst of, and most conspicuous among whom, figured a sturdy virago, the upper half of

whose face was bound about with a dingy cotton kerchief, covering her right eye; she walked between two of her compeers, not because she required their support, but because, thus associated, she was better able to breast her way against the throng in front, and to withstand the press in her rear; both were singing, at the very top of their voices, the last new revolutionary air, the humor of which song itself, consisting in ribald witticisms upon the aristocratic classes, provoked coarse mockeries and jibes and screams of indecent laughter, contrasting horribly with the unnatural distortion of the livid, famine-stricken countenances that echoed such ill-timed and blasphemous merriment.

But there existed likewise another party equally vigilant, namely, the *faubourgiens of St. Antoine*, headed by one Santerre, a brewer resident in this quarter, and comprising all the artizans of this densely-populated neighborhood, forming the physical strength of the mob. This party had at first accepted Desmoulins as their chief, still under the guidance of the brewer—a large ruffian of formidable muscular power and indomitable resolution—until Santerre, beginning to be regarded in the light of Desmoulins' rival in popularity, assembled about him some five hundred *faubourgiens*, who, at a later period, assumed the title of the Section of the *Quinze-Vingts*, or Fifteen-twenties, and who no sooner felt their importance than they cast off their allegiance to Desmoulins, and hazarded irruptions upon their own account. As yet, however, all made common cause, the interest at stake being common; but disappointed in the object of their journey to Versailles, and growing suspicious of Desmoulin's motives, the *faubourgiens* readily seconded mother Cabillaud in her opposition to this factionary, and as readily, the next moment, yelled with him, "death to Foulon," upon the strange voice pointing the latter out as one of the corn monopolists, against whom their fury was naturally excited already, regarding their avarice as the origin of the exorbitant price of grain in general, if their prejudice did not go so far as to consider them as the actual cause of the dearth itself. Their resolution taken, then, the *faubourgiens*, always in the person of Santerre, firmly adhered to it, turning their faces once more towards Paris for the express purpose of wreaking summary vengeance on Foulon; Santerre himself keeping close to Desmoulins, Legendre, and Henriot, rendering their defection impracticable.

Thus hemmed in, still perfectly aware that it was done designedly, and compelled to lead a mob which he felt he could no longer control, Desmoulins resigned himself to circumstances, lying in wait, nevertheless, for some loop-hole to escape, trembling lest the storm he had raised should burst upon his own head, yet keeping up his fierce agitation to the last; and under this constraint he now re-entered Paris.

The Cabillaud party had no sooner cleared the *Porte St. Honoré* than it drew up to await the *faubourgiens* and Desmoulins, who presently made his appearance, mounted, as at Versailles, upon the

shoulders of his companions; his arrival became the signal for a general yell of exultation, to which he responded by waving his red cap, and pointing onward:

"Death to Foulon!" shouted the *faubourgiens*.

"Death to Foulon!" screamed the fish-wives.

"Forward, comrades!" exclaimed Desmoulins, waving his hand.

"*Vive* Desmoulins and Liberty!" vociferated the multitude.

Mirabeau's sympathies little inclined towards Foulon, but his humanity shuddered at the commission of a cold-blooded murder, in the dead of night, when the victim's chances of escaping from so dire a fate were even fewer than at broad noon; he hesitated not an instant, but obeying one of those generous impulses for which he was so remarkable, darted amongst the mob, and clearing his way through it by the exercise of his herculean strength, soon gained a by-street, down which he ran swiftly, directing his steps towards the *Rue Ste. Nicaise*, where Foulon then resided, the *hôtel* Foulon being under extensive repair.

Distant from the advancing mob only a few hundred yards, stragglers from which crowded the streets at every turning, and aware of the value of every instant of time, Mirabeau rushed onwards with the rapidity of lightning, and in the course of a few minutes attained the house he sought, scarcely able to restrain his impatience whilst the porter answered his appeal to the huge knocker; at length this worthy appeared, terrified at being disturbed at so unusual an hour, and trembling from head to foot:

"Monsieur Foulon!" ejaculated Mirabeau, stepping inside the gate.

"Does 'nt live here, monsieur," retorted the man.

Mirabeau smote his forehead in despair, cursing the darkness and the fatal mischance that had led him to the wrong house, and deigning no answer to the stupified porter, darted off again, purposing to employ the little time remaining before the mob could come up, by rousing every household; but he suddenly stopped, and bursting into a bitter chuckle, muttered:

"No! Wherefore should I warn him? Let him die the death he merits, and his blood be upon his own head."

But even had the count proceeded to fulfil his first generous intention, he must have failed, after this unsuccessful attempt, for the mob had already turned the *Rue St. Honoré*, and blocked one end of the street in which he stood. The porter whom he had recently rebuffed, hearing the crepitation of footsteps and the roar of voices, stood at his gate, listening; Mirabeau darted in unceremoniously, and slammed the door to, exclaiming:

"Open not, on your life. I remain only until these ruffians are gone."

Objection on the part of the guardian of the house was cut short by a fearful shout, immediately followed by the hurried tramp of a countless multitude, by a succession of heavy blows, and shortly after by a crash, proceeding, apparently, from the opposite side of

the street, which was filled instantaneously with the rioters, so sudden had been their approach and so unanimous. Shout now succeeded shout, and blow succeeded blow rapidly. Mirabeau heard casements fly open, and glass crash and rattle down upon the pavement, mingling with shrieks of terror and prayer, answered by fiercer yells again, and screams of savage exultation:

"Where is he? Hang him at the lamp-post! Death to Foulon! Down with the corn-monopolists! Bread! bread! Foulon! Foulon!"

"Set fire to the nest, and burn the hornets out!"

Mirabeau readily recognized Desmoulins; for scarcely had the words passed his lips before the cry was repeated exultingly, and half a dozen torches flamed in as many different parts of the doomed dwelling, filled as it was with their fellow-rioters intent upon plunder and reckless devastation.

During the whole of this time, Mirabeau and the shivering porter had stood side by side without exchanging another word, the latter paralyzed by fright, the former mute from a variety of conflicting sentiments and emotions; but upon the alarm of fire being raised, the count could no longer restrain his curiosity, and rushed out into the street, in the very densest part of the throng, careless of being recognized or not, leaving the porter dumb-founded and aghast, standing, like a statue, in the doorway.

Altogether ignorant of the fate of the wretched inmates, the majority of whom, if not the whole, were surmised to have escaped by the great court-yards and inner balconies common to similar mansions, during the brief interval occupied by the rioters in breaking in the gates, Mirabeau, unrecognized and unheeded, and still pushing his way through the mob, gazed in almost admiration at the sublime sight before him.

The fire was rapidly gaining ground, burning ardently in the sharp air, and illuminating the murky sky as far as the eye could reach; here raging in ribbons of living flame, which wreathed and writhed like fiery serpents amidst dense clouds of black smoke bursting impetuously in rolling volumes from window, door and crevice; now leaping madly, and dancing high in the air, then suddenly subsiding into a crimson glow, as if gathering strength for a fiercer and loftier bound; there the hungry element twisted its forked tongues round and about, and licked massive timbers and oaken floors, curling these up like scrolls of parchment, sucking their ardent embers into its hot womb, thence to discharge them, anon, as from the crater of an angry volcano.

"A woman! a woman!" shouted a hundred throats at once, whilst hands innumerable from their owners in the streets, and from the terrified citizens assembled at their windows gazing, were raised and pointed to the fifth story of the burning house.

A deep murmur of anguish broke from the crowd, as from one capacious bosom; men gazed on one another, panic-stricken at their

own mischief, and unsexed women beat their breasts in self-reproach; but no one stirred to save, for death was in the attempt.

Another wailing cry from that imploring figure above, beautiful as an angel, and clad in white like a spirit, standing yet unharmed, on the brink of a devouring furnace, with flames dancing in every direction around her:

"Oh, save me! save me!" she shrieked, clasping her hands together, frantically.

"Jump! jump!" loudly shouted the mob; "jump, we will save you."

She mounted the parapet, crossed her arms over her bosom, and for a moment balanced herself there; but at that next instant, even as she was in the act of precipitating her fragile form into the abyss beneath, a stentorian voice shouted:

"Stop! stop! Crouch girl, crouch; you shall be saved, or two shall perish."

The girl wavered on that uncertain height; her fears overcame her resolution; even then, with a prospect of an attempt being made to rescue her from one hideous death, she would have risked another; but her courage failed, and she crouched down again in the corner of the balcony, and there prayed deep and earnestly.

And who was he for whose bulky form the crowd made way, regarding him with the awe that the sight of a martyr doomed to death for a noble cause might inspire? Desmoulins, nor Legendre, nor Henriot, nor Santèrre were there; each had provided for his own safety at the very first opportunity, Santerre and his *faubourgiens* last, when there was nothing more to plunder, nor prospect of life to take. But many amongst that crowd knew again the energetic countenance which had appeared at the window of the palace of Versailles, frowning on them that same night, and a murmur, soon swollen into a shout of wonder and admiration, gave up the name of Mirabeau.

Scarcely had he spoken than he plunged forward, hewing his way through the opposing masses; in a second, as it were, he gained the court-yard, and diving headlong into the smoke and flame, disappeared in the midst, his passage marked by whirling eddies of the thick white vapor closing around him.

The next moment a loud shout proclaimed the presence of Mirabeau in the balcony, where he was seen shaking off the fire that had caught to his clothes, but self-possessed and calm as brave men only can be.

"Saved! saved!" screamed the multitude, clapping their hands.

A thick iron pipe, serving as a conduit for the waters from the roof, was fixed into the wall under the eaves, just within reach from the balcony; this Mirabeau firmly grasped, raising himself into the gutter by its means, and once established on the burning roof, laid himself flat down, and extending his hands to the terrified maiden, dragged her up after him. This exploit was greeted with shouts of encouragement from below, every eye being intently fixed upon

the issue of their perilous adventure, though no one had yet divined how it could terminate happily.

With some difficulty he prevailed upon the poor girl to disrobe herself of her night-wrapper, and binding it firmly around his body by passing it under one arm and over the opposite shoulder, formed a sufficiently strong support for her person, lifting her into her seat with as much apparent ease as he would have done an infant, only constraining her to clasp him securely round the neck, their mutual safety depending now equally as much upon her firmness as his. Groping then with his right hand, he found that he could clasp the pipe round, there being a distance of some inches between it and the wall; and assured of this fact, he no longer hesitated to commence the hazardous journey.

It was time, for the flames having now obtained the complete mastery, burst out in all parts of the roof with ungovernable fury, rendering the iron so hot that it seared his hands; a deep groan of intense anguish burst from the multitude, many, even the strongest nerved, hiding their eyes not to witness a catastrophe so horrible as the one they anticipated.

Slowly, but cautiously and surely, did Mirabeau descend, inch by inch, through the flame, through the smoke, through the heat and sulphureous vapor; amid the exulting shouts and encouraging cries of the mob; surrounded by the prayers of many a hardened heart and stony bosom; slowly, cautiously, and surely he reached each successive floor, his giant strength never once yielding, his resolute spirit never once quailing; he had determined to accomplish his noble task or to perish in the attempt; heaven crowned his effort with success.

CHAPTER XIV.

IMPORTANT PERSONAGES CLEARLY DEFINED, AND A MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE EXPLAINED.

It will be remembered that upon alighting from the coach, Marat hastened away in the direction of the Palais Royal. Closely enveloped in his cloak, he shuffled along, looking neither to the right nor the left, but making straight for a lateral door, situated a little way down on the southern side of the palace, he rang a small bell, the knob of which was imbedded in the door-post, and waited.

Hesitatingly he inquired of the lacquey who at length answered a second summons, "whether his highness monseigneur could be disturbed? Monsieur le Docteur Marat desired to impart some important intelligence to him." "The man thought, he was not sure, that his highness had retired; but if Monsieur Marat would

wait in the hall, his message should be transmitted to the chamberlain, and he would probably receive a reply in the course of five minutes."

The five minutes had grown into a great half hour before the messenger returned, during which time Marat sat fidgeting in his chair, turning recent events over in his mind, exulting in the approaching consummation of his revenge upon Foulon—though half doubtful whether he had not been too precipitate in his denouncement of him, and whether the issue would prove consonant with the ulterior designs and present projects of the Duke of Orleans—moreover endeavoring to descry through the haze that obscured the political horizon, a track which he might securely follow, and the goal to which it would lead him.

The menial returned, and with shuffling, shambling, stealthy gait he followed him through a labyrinth of stone passages, up two flights of oaken stairs as polished as glass, and through a suite of gorgeously decorated ante-chambers, in one of which his conductor—to whom, in his humility, he bowed lowly and thanked for his civility—abandoned him to the guidance of a page, who ushered him into the presence of the duke.

It did not escape Marat's notice as he performed this short journey, that an extraordinary bustle prevailed in the palace, considering the lateness of the hour—for it was now verging fast towards midnight—that the apartments were lighted up, the attendants active in their several departments, and, above all, that the atmosphere of the lowermost chambers which he had traversed, was impregnated strongly with the fragrance of rich viands in a forward state of culinary preparation; inferring from which facts that the duke expected company, he experienced no surprise at being received in his bed-chamber, where he found him in the act of completing his toilet, assisted by his valet.

"Monsieur le Docteur Marat," said the page introducing him, and immediately withdrawing.

"Your highness's servant," observed Marat, bowing profoundly to the valet's back, interposed between himself and the duke, thus completely eclipsing his face.

"Ah, ah, Monsieur le Docteur," answered D'Orleans, with extreme affability; "I did not expect the—the—the honor of this visit!"

"Your highness flatters," muttered Marat, nearly overbalancing himself in an attempt to perpetrate another very low bow.

"Not at all," resumed the duke; "but, its purpose, if you will have the kindness; my time with you must be short; more so than I could desire, friend Marat."

As he finished speaking he made a sign to the valet, who discreetly retired; but not without casting upon the stranger a look of dubious import, evidently wondering at his princely master's condescension in receiving at so undue an hour, an individual of such mean appearance and so ill-dressed, yet whom he styled "friend,"

and likewise deeply involved in conjecturing what might be the object of his visit.

"Your highness," stammered Marat, fidgeting as he stood, "I, I —I am intruding; but what I have to communicate——"

"No apology, pray, Monsieur Marat," interrupted the other, with a graceful wave of his hand; "proceed."

Marat coughed, stammered, and looked irresolutely at the prince, and from him, at the crown of his hat; presently he said:

"Monseigneur is aware that the bread-mob has been to Versailles."

"I anticipated as much," answered the duke; "I was met by it, on my way back to Paris this afternoon, after the levee, and cheered vociferously. I recognized Desmoulins and his comrades, and had some difficulty to prevent them from unharnessing my carriage and dragging me in triumph back to the Palais Royal. Under present circumstances, you can understand how invidious and compromising such an ovation would have been! Well, and what passed at Versailles?"

"It was to acquaint your highness with the circumstances that I came," responded Marat; "the issue concerns your highness nearly. Your highness has been denounced."

"Denounced! Denounced, Monseigneur Marat!" ejaculated the duke; "by whom, and to whom, and for what?"

"As being connected with the corn monopolists, first," answered the other; "as being able to supply the populace with bread, secondly; denounced to the populace, publicly and in presence of the king and his family, thirdly; and lastly, by Mirabeau."

"Confusion!" muttered the prince, frowning; "but this looks serious! What can this signify, eh, Monsieur Marat! Hast thou been playing me the tartuffe? How else should Mirabeau know?"

"He knows nothing from me, highness, for I have neither opportunity to correspond with him, nor inclination. This man Jacques, your highness will recollect, is as deep in the secret as ourselves, and mentioned the name of Mirabeau to your high——"

"Thou art right," gasped D'Orleans; "but of him presently. Go on; I am impatient to know the rest."

Marat related the progress of the riot as minutely as his knowledge of the particulars went, up to the moment when Mirabeau suddenly appeared at the casement and addressed the people, when the duke exclaimed:

"But how came Mirabeau at the palace, in the king's apartments, at that hour too?"

"Mirabeau was a guest to-day at Louis' table, monseigneur," answered Marat, with a malicious smile.

If Louis has secured the count, the consequence to the popular party will be fatal. I did not give Louis credit for such good generalship. Either he or Marie-Antoinette has out-manœuvred me there."

"I cannot acquaint your highness with what passed between

them; I can vouch only for the simple fact;" added the demagogue.

"All my endeavors to gain him over, foiled!" muttered the prince, in a tone of bitter disappointment, interrupting Marat, to give vent to his pent up spleen; "I thought that shutting him out from the notables would have disgusted him with the court party irreclaimably; but it seems not. I hate him more than ever!"

Marat had of course heard of this flagrant insult put upon Mirabeau, the circumstance having formed the subject of public gossip for an entire week, but he knew neither that it had been a *coup* premeditated, nor that the duke was the originator of the same; the truth now flashed upon him, affording him a sudden and deep insight into the duke's designing character, leading him to infer the importance of the stake for which he was playing, since he could employ such tortuous means to encompass his ends.

"Friend Marat, thou wilt remain and sup with us," ejaculated the duke; "our friends are all of the same mind; they are all devoted to the great cause of liberty; De Flesselles and Foulon will both be of the party."

At this unexpected mention of Foulon's name, Marat's blood curdled; the victim would not, then, be at home, and his vengeance must be deferred; he stammered an awkward acceptance of the honor conferred upon him, but sought to excuse himself; "for," thought he, "there will yet be time to set the bloodhounds upon the right scent;" but the duke would take no denial, and Marat ungracefully bowed compliance.

"Our friends below," added D'Orleans, "must know nothing of this, or be made to believe me calumniated; fortunately the names of the corn monopolists remain untold; otherwise, the fact of their being guests at the Palais Royal would compromise me deeply. I must devise some mode of ridding myself of this rabble with *éclat;* should it come, and of repaying Mirabeau with interest. You think it certain, friend Marat, that he acquired his information from Jacques?"

"I could take an oath of the fact, so positive do I feel," answered Marat, earnestly; "but," added he, "if I might hazard a word of advice to your highness, there is a summary mode of removing this man Jacques before he is able to work further mischief."

"You hint at a *lettre-de-cachet*, the Bastile, friend Marat. Yes, summary enough, and he would be secure there. I almost regret I did not have him arrested when he and I met last, for I should at least have rid myself and party of one enemy the more. Now, however, it is too late. Where to find him?"

"If your highness will provide me with the requisite instrument, I will undertake the remainder," answered Marat. "After leaving the palace that morning, I reflected upon the events that had occurred. This man Jacques, said I, must dwell somewhere; after all he is only a man like us. And so highness, I set a watch, and have

ascertained that he resides not very far from the Rue Hautefeuille, Quartier St. Jacques."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, joyfully; "this is good news indeed! To-morrow I will procure the *lettre-de-cachet*. Thank God it is a thing easily obtained, and the Bastile is particularly convenient in such cases."

"And I will take care, highness, not to lose the first opportunity of giving this 'Sieur Jacques the benefit of it," replied Marat, with a chuckle.

"Good! I confide this important capture to thy management," replied the prince; "and as for Mirabeau, well, I must await my day for *him*."

If the Duke of Orleans entertained a mortal dislike to Mirabeau, it was not that the count had ever insulted or injured him; capable though the latter was of perpetrating either, if he had had cause to do so, but because, being both candidates for popularity under the same political colors, though for a different end, D'Orleans soon experienced the immense superiority of his opponent; though, on his part, the count had never once considered rivalry between the duke and himself even possible; and hence arose D'Orleans' secret envy of the public ovations Mirabeau forced, as it were, from that portion of the nation at large which had espoused liberal opinions, every one of which triumphs appeared to the duke in the light of a robbery committed upon himself, oblivious that the talent of his rival extorted what no rank could command, nor envy deprive him of.

With an ignoble jealousy rankling in his heart, and compelled to admit, in his secret musings, the humiliating fact of his own mental inferiority, and consequently that he could never hope to contest the palm against the overwhelming energy of his opponent, the duke dissimulated, devising every machination to draw Mirabeau over to his party, notwithstanding that he was perfectly aware their principles were, in one essential particular, diametrically opposed, namely; Mirabeau advocating monarchy, though decrying its abuses and agitating for their abolishment, whilst the duke, in anathematizing the same abuses, decried monarchy likewise, although not yet daring to declare openly for those who already dreamt of a republic.

In this nefarious design he was frustrated, simply because having formed a false estimate of Mirabeau's character, he addressed himself to his principles which he sought to subvert, instead of his prejudices which he ought to have flattered.

It was no difficult task for the duke to get up, in the Assembly of the notables, a cabal willing to assist him in excluding from their society one who always opposed their measures, and vented his vituperations and sarcasms indiscriminately upon all; Mirabeau repudiated the notables and the court-party, and turned away in disgust and fury.

D'Orleans was prudent enough to conceal his exultation at the

success of this astute manœuvre, and had devised a series of profound and well combined intrigues to estrange him now from the monarchists, as he had already detached him from the court-party, when lo, the democratic count dines *en famille* with the monarch himself, saves him from the insults of a furious rabble, restores him to momentary popularity, and turns against *him*, D'Orleans, the full tide of popular ire! No wonder he now hated him more bitterly than ever, and, in his secret heart, resolved to lie in wait for an opportunity of retaliation.

Marat was fully aware of the importance which D'Orleans attached to gaining over the count, hence his anxiety to reach Paris the same night, and his intrusion upon his patron at so late an hour, to impart what, to some, might appear a trivial circumstance, conscious that every minute's delay, at such a crisis, was fraught with danger, or, at least, with incalculable mischief. As a sycophant he gained the reward of his vile services, in being tolerated as the banqueting companion of men who loathed his presence and despised his character; but of whom, nor of whose motives, mean and vile as he was, he was in truth neither the dupe nor the tool.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SUPPER.

The individuals into whose company Marat was ushered, now assembled in one of the small saloons below, were too well-bred to exhibit any ill feeling towards one whose aspect alone was sufficient to inspire disgust; nevertheless, a general shudder pervaded all when he entered, and, as opportunity offered, many a whisper was interchanged, unnoticed, by the object of them, or by the host under whose auspices he made his appearance amongst the distinguished guests.

The personages who figured as the duke's guests upon this occasion, were either men who had already joined his party, whom he desired to gain over to it, who were neutral, or who were wavering amongst them: prominent amongst those present, figured Claude-Victor, Prince de Broglie; the Baron de Breteuil; the Marquis de la Vanguyon; the Marquis de Puy-Ségur, whose father was actually lieutenant-general of the king's armies and minister of war; the Count de Clermont Tonnerre, Count Lally de Tolendal, the Duke de la Rochefoucault, the Duke de Lioncourt, two brothers named Lameth, the Abbés de Talleyrand, Sieyes, and Maury; the youthful and brave Marquis de la Fayette, Brissot, Chabot, and Chanderlos de Laclos, besides some half dozen others, all men of note or

rising into notoriety; some thirty in all; active, enterprising, and ambitious; and forming a nucleus of revolutionary strength against which the court might array a feeble army of some twenty devoted adherents, vacillating in purpose and disunited in council, though firm in principle, whilst the people could oppose to both combined against them, only the one name of Mirabeau.

But if any man at all foresaw the coming storm, it must have been such a one as Marat, upon the same principle as the tiger, from an instinctive appetite for carnage, snuffs blood from afar; but even he could never have pictured it in all its horrors; or, contemplating it coolly, as it approached, with his own image brooding over it as its genius, he must have fled, covering his eyes to shut it out, and plunged headlong into eternity, in a fit of remorseful frenzy.

On the present occasion, from some all-prevalent cause, a cloud seemed to have settled upon the company generally; the duke himself, absorbed in disagreeable meditations arising from the nature of Marat's intelligence, and from the perplexity of the position in which he expected to be placed should the bread-mob, acting upon Mirabeau's suggestion, demand of him what he had not to give, after several vain attempts to shake off his moodiness by an assumption of cheerfulness at variance with his inmost feelings, became reserved and sullen; Foulon and De Flesselles, displeased at being in such close companionship with a man they had such excellent reasons for detesting, and the placing of whom between them could be justified only by the fact of his being a stranger to all the rest except Brissot, conversed stealthily in whispers behind Marat's back, or confined themselves to exchanging glances full of meaning; and Marat, though eating and drinking, rather gormandizing prodigiously, observing everybody the while, and eagerly listening for the shouts of the mob, wriggled uncomfortably in his seat as though it were stuck full of thorns. The Abbés de Talleyrand and de Maury, the wits of these Lucullusian feasts, and the coruscations of whose genius were wont "to set the table in a roar," sat, the former with his eyes half shut, and his ears wide open, the latter entirely abstracted, gazing at a fresco of Cupid and Pschye in the ceiling; but both with their lips hermetically sealed, their brilliant spirits extinguished beneath some damping influence which they could not, or sought not to shake off: in a word, the conversation, usually varied and animated, turned only upon the gloomy prospects of the country, the distracted state of public affairs, the frightful dearth, the popular assemblages, in fact upon all sorts of dismal subjects, never once becoming general, oftentimes subsiding into a solitary whisper or a stifled laugh, and more than once wholly suspended, the silence being undisturbed save by the ringing of the crystal goblets as two or more of the guests exchanged courtesies in wine.

Marat suddenly and quickly raised his head, at the same time catching the eye of the duke: both had heard the distant shouting of the rabble, simultaneously, for their ears were sharpened in expectation of what was coming; Marat's eyes kindled and his cheek

flushed, but the duke turned deadly pale, and sat shivering with anxiety, as he listened to the increasing murmur.

The sounds soon caught the attention of the other guests, who now began to interchange ominous glances, Foulon and De Flesselles whispering together in secret and well-founded alarm:

"It is the bread-mob, returned from Versailles," said the duke, with affected calmness, the shouts drawing every moment nearer: "Monsieur Marat informs me it dispersed of its own accord, after making a fierce demonstration under the windows of the palace."

Marat immediately became an object of especial interest, and was assailed by a multitude of questions relatively to the occurrence alluded to; but before he could reply to them, the loud voice of the mob was heard rising high in the midnight air, shaking in its earnestness the casements of the gorgeous apartments, ringing tumultuously through the long galleries, and vaulted passages.

"Bread! Bread! Bread!"

What a frightful reproach, this wailing cry bursting from the mouth of that starving mass of humanity, upon the wasteful ostentation and display of rich viands spread out beneath that princely roof, and the bare cost of which would have sufficed to feed a thousand famished mortals.

"Bread! Bread! Bread! *Vive* Monsieur D'Orleans!"

The shout was distinct, and caused all eyes to be directed towards the subject of it; he was standing close to the window, peering anxiously into the spacious court-yard, beyond the outer-walls of which the mob was passing; his hand grasped convulsively the rich velvet hangings, his face was pale, and large drops of moisture stood upon his forehead and temples; and still he gazed, but spoke not:

"*Vive* Monsieur D'Orleans, the people's friend!" resounded again.

The duke started, drinking in those sounds greedily; in turn he looked hastily round, to behold every eye riveted upon him.

"Bread! Bread! Death to Foulon! Down with the corn-monopolists. Death to Foulon!"

"*The rabble! They want bread! Let them eat hay!*" muttered Marat, fastening his ferret-eye upon his victim; "they have found him, then!"

"What do I hear? Your name, Monsieur Foulon!" faltered the duke.

The shouts were renewed more vociferously still, striking terror into the culprit's inmost heart, and impressing all with indefinable horror.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired half a dozen of the guests; "you are in danger, Monsieur Foulon."

"Not whilst there is a soldier left to defend the gates, or one of us here with a sword at his side," responded D'Orleans; "come, Foulon; this is some new caprice of the mob, that is all. It will be nothing."

"They are going away!" croaked Marat, from beneath the cur-

tain, whither he had crept unseen, or at least unnoticed; "they are going down the *Rue St. Honoré*."

"Death to Foulon! Bread! Bread! Down with the corn-monopolists! Death to Foulon!"

Foulon, meanwhile, stood aghast, trembling and pale, clutching De Flesselles tightly by the arm, and looking first into one anxious countenance, then into another, with an expression of terror.

"It is some damnable conspiracy," gasped Foulon, clenching his fist in a paroxysm of concentrated rage, at the same time darting a look of suspicion upon Marat, as the latter wriggled himself out from beneath the drapery; "some evil friend——"

"Jacques, for instance," hissed Marat, his mouth distorted by a smile of rankling hate so deadly, they who noted it recognized the lie, and drew back shuddering from him as he passed.

Foulon, De Flesselles, and D'Orleans exchanged glances at the mention of this name, a perfect enigma to the remainder of the company, whose attention was, however, distracted by the passing of another portion of the mob, shouting a well-known popular and revolutionary air, occasionally, between the verses, demanding "liberty and equality, fraternity or death."

"You ask too much at once, good people," observed the Abbé Maury, with a smile.

"Yes," remarked De Talleyrand, raising his heavy eye-lids; "one would think death all-sufficient."

A painful titter honored this sarcasm, which having subsided, the duke, whose equanimity seemed now restored, proposed that his guests should resume their seats and their wine.

In this hilarity, the tocsin suddenly chimed in, with brazen shout, once more arresting the laugh, and startling the jesters as they sat gibing. In an instant every voice was hushed, every eye fixed, every ear intent, and one by one, each guest slowly arose.

Their suspense proved not of long duration, for one of them looking out, beheld the sky all red, and communicated to his companions the cause of this new alarm:

"It is not far off, messieurs," said he; "in one of the adjoining streets, beyond a doubt."

The duke pulled the bell, which was instantly responded to by a page.

"Learn where the fire is," said the duke.

"It is in the *Rue Ste. Nicaise*, monseigneur," responded the page, "the people have broken into an hotel and set fire to it; they say it is Monsieur Foulon's!"

"Oh, Eulalie, Eulalie!" gasped Foulon, but in too low a tone to be heard, and at the same time clasping his hands in an agony of terror; "Monseigneur," added he, addressing the duke, "I will risk the act—I will go——"

"Is he mad!" ejaculated D'Orleans; "and the rabble so furious against him!"

"I care not," cried he, with an earnestness and an energy attri-

butable to the circumstance, and in some degree palliating the abruptness of the reply; "monseigneur, I go—" and he rushed out, followed by half a dozen of the company, who, as he precipitated himself recklessly forward, heard him still ejaculate; "Oh, Eulalie! If I can only save thee!"

"Your pardon, monseigneur," resumed the page, who had not withdrawn after satisfying the duke's question; "there is a man below, desires a word with your highness."

"A man! What man?" enquired D'Orleans.

"He gives the name of Desmoulins, monseigneur; and says his errand is urgent."

"Messieurs, you will excuse my presence for a few moments," resumed D'Orleans, changing countenance; "but in times like these, no man is to be neglected who brings intelligence."

Saying which he bowed gracefully, and went out.

The sequel to this incident will appear in due place; it is necessary, however, that we should follow Foulon, who, snatching up his cloak and beaver as he rushed through the ante-chamber, wrapped himself closely up, and, distancing such of his companions as followed him, soon reached the *Rue Ste. Nicaise*, where he plunged boldly into the midst of the throng, risking discovery, but nevertheless adopting every precaution to avert it; moreover, relying upon the rabble's ignorance of his person, to escape notice with impunity.

He arrived just as Mirabeau had commenced his perilous descent, and joined in the shouts of the mob, encouraging him in the daring adventure; panting he stood, gazing upon the fearful sight, with straining eye and blanched cheek, every limb trembling, and his heart precipitating its fountains in a gushing tide high up into his burning temples.

At length, and whilst the fire raged furiously above and beneath, Mirabeau reached the ground, a shout of admiration rending the air, whilst a score of brawny arms advanced to assist him in disencumbering himself of his lovely burden. Foulon had drawn near also. He beheld the condition of the poor girl, and from the bottom of his soul thanked the delicacy of the count, that would suffer no hand to touch that disrobed form, now lying apparently lifeless in his arms.

Ere long, all danger was past, nothing remaining of the devoted building save a mass of smoking ruins, encumbered in which, some days after, were found the blackened remains of several of the rioters, who, overcome by the flames ere they could effect their escape, had perished as it were by their own act.

Foulon looked calmly on; he had ascertained the fact of his servants having escaped at the commencement of the conflagration, and his mind was easy respecting Eulalie. He doubted not but Mirabeau would presently quit the house whither he had conveyed her, after assuring himself of her security, and proposed then to present himself in person and demand to see the object of his anxiety; but in this calculation he was thrown out. Whilst he stood

musing, a man left the house, presently returning in a glass-coach; Foulon crossed stealthily over, and anon beheld Mirabeau supporting the tottering girl to it; gently and tenderly he assisted her in, and taking his seat by her side, gave the driver his instructions, who instantly drove away.

Overwhelmed with mortification, jealousy, and resentment, and bestowing a deep curse upon the preserver of her whose life he himself had come to preserve, even at the risk of being massacred by the rabble, he watched for his opportunity as the vehicle rolled by, and bounding after it, gained a secure footing behind, crouching upon the foot-board, and fully resolved to follow up the adventure to its close.

CHAPTER XVI.

EULALIE AND HER PRESERVER.

"STOP! Stop! *Nom de dieu!* Canst thou not hear?"

Thus bawled Mirabeau, leaning half out of the coach-window, and addressing the driver, as the latter continued his way beyond the house at which he had been directed to set down his fare.

"*Dam!* It's so dark, all the houses are alike," growled the man, backing his cattle a few paces, previously to pulling up; "besides, there's no house here, that I can see."

"I told thee the cottage that stood alone, clown," retorted the count, snarling at the coachman as the unlucky wight was alighting from the box.

"Woo, woo, woo, clown yourself," answered the Jehu, in the same strain, imitating the bark of a dog and the tone of the count; "an aristocrat, I'll swear, by your manner to a poor devil like me; but never mind:

"Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrats à la lanterne;
Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrats on les pendra."

The house at which they had stopped, was a small isolated cottage, completely hidden from view, even at broad noon, by a tall wall encircling it and the rather extensive gardens appertaining thereto; the only indication of a residence existing there at all, being a gate of dingy exterior, when seen in the daylight, but, in the prevailing obscurity, scarcely distinguishable from the massive stone wall it stood embedded in; hence, the oversight of the coachman was perfectly excusable.

Foulon, who had maintained his seat behind the vehicle, un-

noticed, recognized the locality, and as soon as the man drew up, cautiously descended from his inconvenient perch, and slung round so as to interpose the bulk of the carriage between himself and Mirabeau, yet reserving room to see what passed; for although the night was dark, the snow, that lay thick upon the ground, reflected a gray light sufficiently strong to render proximate objects discernible, his own position screening him from the chance of a discovery.

For some considerable space Mirabeau awaited an answer to the summons of the knocker, during which interval he stood conversing in low tones with the maiden in the coach, but growing presently impatient, he turned sharply about and applied his hand to the same purpose with such good effect—uttering a deep oath or two as he smote—that it was no marvel the porter should appear at the gate in his nocturnal costume, shivering as much with cold as with fear, as he asked tremulously, "who was there?"

"*Allons donc*, Mathieu, thou sleepy hound," cried the count; "a light; quick; and rouse thy wife; I bring a guest."

"What! Hulloa! Is it you, Monsieur le Comte?" muttered the porter; "and we not prepared."

He said this as he hurried back into his lodge, leaving the gate open, and his master in the act of assisting his charge to alight; the coachman no sooner hearing his fare addressed by so sounding a title, than he exclaimed, in an under tone:

"Count! count! I thought so."

The compassion of Foulon's neighbor had provided Mirabeau's protegée with a large cloak, in which she was now closely enveloped; as she stept out of the coach, and whilst she was crossing the narrow causeway, still leaning upon her preserver's arm, Foulon, no longer able to control his passion, darted out from his hiding-place, and interposed himself across their path, standing between Mirabeau and the gate, so as completely to bar his entrance:

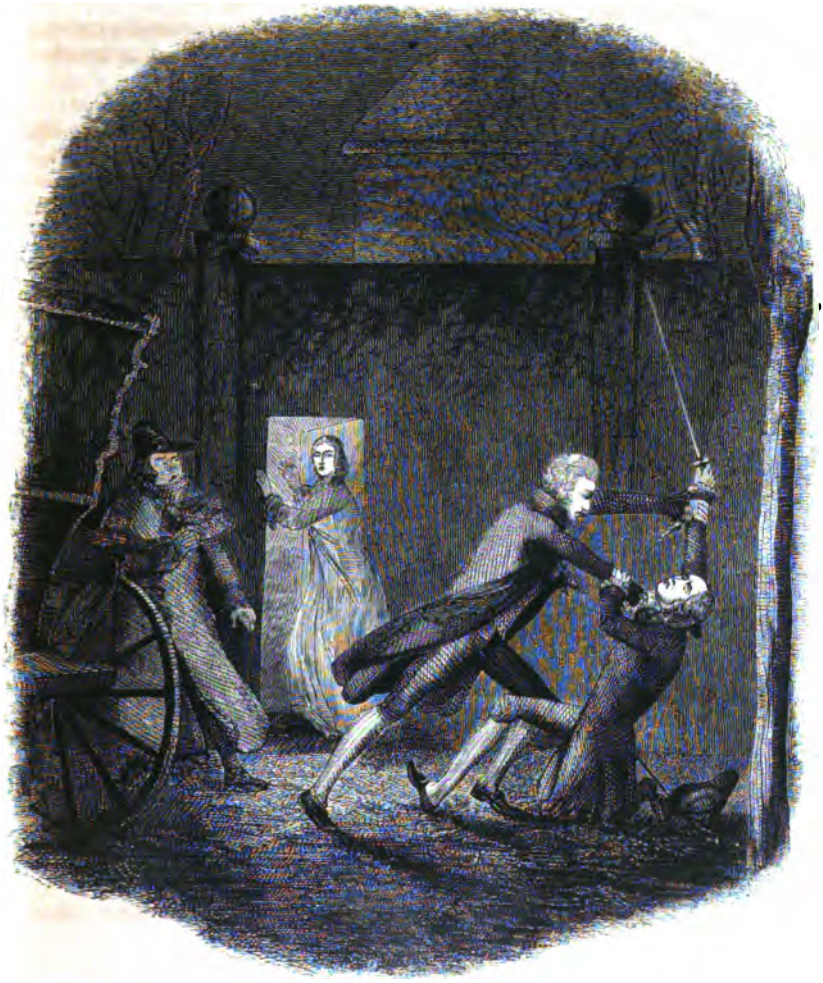
"Stop, Monsieur de Mirabeau," exclaimed he, in a voice half-stifled by rage, but which he strove to suppress; at the same time he drew his sword, and planting himself in the gateway appeared resolved to defend the passage: "stop, I say."

Eulalie heard the voice, and recognizing it, uttered a faint shriek of terror, clinging more tightly still to the arm of her preserver, who starting at the sudden apparition, stood, for a moment, paralyzed with astonishment.

"Who art thou?" ejaculated he, soon recovering his presence of mind, and responding to the maiden's appeal by drawing her closely to him.

"Foulon!" responded the other; "and now you know wherefore I am here. I beheld your noble attempt, Monsieur de Mirabeau, and owe you an eternal debt of gratitude for saving my—my——"

Foulon hesitated, perceiving which, Mirabeau was about to ask him a question, elucidatory of the hiatus, when the monopolist added the word "daughter;" concluding by an iteration of his resolve, that she should not enter the house.



And he wrenched the sword from his grasp.

For a moment this announcement staggered Mirabeau, but his shrewd common sense soon enabled him to see through the deception attempted to be practised upon him, judging rightly that had the girl been in truth Foulon's daughter, he would have claimed her at his hands earlier, or at least not with a weapon in his hand; in this conviction he was almost instantly confirmed by the evidence of the girl herself, who, sobbing with agony, her whole frame trembling the while, gasped:

"Oh, no, no, monsieur! I am not his daughter. Do not let him take me away."

"Stand back, Monsieur Foulon," cried Mirabeau, his anger rising fast; "this poor child is no daughter of thine; I can understand the rest. Stand back, and let me pass."

"You pass not," replied Foulon, keeping Mirabeau at bay with his sword; "Eulalie is my daughter, but she knows it not."

"Come then in with me," retorted the count; "you will both be safer in this house of mine than anywhere in Paris."

"No, pray, monsieur," sobbed Eulalie, with agonizing earnestness; "pray do not let him take me back. Oh, monsieur, if you knew all."

"Never fear then, my child," resumed Mirabeau; "no harm shall come to thee whilst I am by."

Thus speaking, and reckless of his opponent's menacing attitude, he caught the maiden around the waist, pressing her closely to him, and attempted to push past Foulon; but the latter immediately made a feint at his breast, at the same moment attempting to seize Eulalie, and compelling the count to retreat several paces. By this time, the noise of the altercation had brought the porter again to the gate; he was provided with a lamp, which—on perceiving a stranger—he held up for the purpose of recognizing him, just as Mirabeau, loosing his hold of Eulalie, sprang like a lion upon Foulon, and closing with him, wrenched the sword from his grasp, with the hilt of it, smiting him on the cheek, then dashing the weapon upon the ground. Nevertheless, Foulon, a powerful man, did not release his grip of Mirabeau, who finding himself clutched by the throat, again struck the former with such force, that he staggered back, his redoubtable adversary—now excited to a perfect phrenzy of passion—following up his advantage by seizing him around the body and throwing him to the earth, where he lay momentarily stunned, his head having, in his descent, struck against the wall.

CHAPTER XVII.

MONSIEUR DE LAUNAY'S AUTHORITY AS GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILE.

We must return now to the Bastile, where, at a late hour of the same night as that on which the events recently recorded occurred, in Number One of the Tower of the Corner, we find the Marquis de Launay busied in superintending certain military preparations for the defence of the fortress he commanded.

The position and the great strength of this citadel, commanding, as it did, a considerable portion of the city, the whole of the *faubourg* or suburb of St. Antoine, inclusive, of course, of the barrier and the gate of the same name, and thus interrupting the communication between various parts of Paris, necessarily rendered it a post of extreme importance, not only as a legitimate safeguard to the metropolis, but as an engine of terror, permanently over-awing the turbulent populace, and keeping it in wholesome subjection.

The proximity of the arsenal to the Bastile, enabled De Launay to procure a large supply of ammunition, without the fact becoming generally known; this store, amounting to fifteen thousand cartridges and thirty-two thousand pounds of gunpowder, besides a proportionate quantity of grape and canister shot, cannon balls, and bullets, he stowed away in a new magazine of great strength, constructed upon the platform on the roof of the towers, to which there existed only one access, namely, from the Tower of the Treasure; not satisfied, however, with this large reserve, he took advantage of the presence of some stone masons, employed upon a few necessary repairs, to have conveyed into the Court of the Elm, (the first outer Court), several cart loads of paving stones, pigs of iron, iron bars, and such like, which he transported at the dead of night to the top of the towers, purposing—in the remote event of there being any necessity for their use—to hurl them down upon the assailants, should these approach so near as for the cannon on the ramparts to over-shoot them: the former were fifteen in number, besides twelve wall pieces, each carrying a ball of a pound and a half, the garrison consisting of thirty-two Swiss guards and eighty-two veterans, called Invalids.

On the first night of Philip's incarceration, De Launay effected the secret transportation of the paving stones and other missiles up to the platform on the towers; an arrangement he judged inexpedient to carry out in broad daylight, for the reasons already given; this was the noise our hero heard, and for which he shrewdly accounted; nor is it unlikely, that from the circumstance of their attention being engaged upon these unusual proceedings, the senti-

nels on duty upon the roundaway, remained in ignorance of his cries, and thus became parties to the catastrophe which subsequently ensued, since, had they raised an alarm, the interference of Fouine, or any of the authorities, would have probably resulted in saving the life of the man called Clytus.

But leaving De Launay to visit his prisoners, we will return to Philip, who, it will be remembered, had crept back to his pallet, where he lay awaiting dawn, and the arrival of his jailer, with the most painful anxiety.

Recalling to mind the position of his own bed with reference to that of Clytus, Philip arose, and groping his way along, guided by the wall, soon reached the heap of straw he sought, and was beginning to feel about in it, in search of the packet, when he felt a cold, slimy hand grasp his own, and at the same time the hoarse voice of the old man exclaimed:

"A long straw for the place where Clytus hid his conspiracy. Clytus won't steal my bread and water any more. He killed my friend, and wanted to kill you, but I have killed him, and that's another long straw in my bundle."

Philip extended his hand in the direction of his companion, who easily distinguishing it—his eyes being so long accustomed to the obscurity—placed in it the packet of papers, adding:

"You are my friend. Don't let Fouine beat me or chain me up. I want to be near you. I am a poor old man now, and I have killed. I know I am mad, too; but not always."

"No, no!" responded our hero; "but go back to your bed, try to sleep. To-morrow I will intercede for you with the governor."

"Ah, yes, you are very good to a poor old man," iterated the maniac; "and when you are grown old, and mad with being shut up, somebody will be kind to you. Ah, alas me! Lutetia! 'Tis a long while ago! But I remember it. Lutetia's a brave place."

"Lutetia! Lutetia!" ejaculated Philip, his curiosity and his deepest emotions suddenly aroused by the mention of a name so nearly allied to his own; "what do you mean? What of Lutetia? Where is it? Tell me! Oh, you do not know how it concerns me to learn about it."

"Sh!" whispered the old man: "Lutetia's a brave place: but I dare not tell you where it is."

Satisfied that the old man was in possession of some fact that related to his (our hero's) parentage, although unable to draw any inference of a positive kind, from the apparent incoherency of his companion's remarks, Philip was resolved to interrogate him more closely, with a view to elucidate the mystery, if possible.

"You say that Lutetia is a brave place," remarked he; "I am of Lutetia, for I am called Philip, after it: my name is Philip of Lutetia."

"Ah, yes, Lutetia!" sobbed the old man, but without removing from the position he had taken up; "true: you call yourself Philip of Lutetia. But your face is young; I saw it when the lamp was

burning. Philip of Lutetia was young too; but that is thirty-five big bundles ago, when they wanted me to betray the Emperor Julian. Let me alone now, I want to dream."

"Nay, old man," resumed Philip, his pulse throbbing every minute more vehemently; "the man you speak of, the Philip of Lutetia who was young, thirty-five years ago, was perhaps my—my father. Tell me all you know of him; tell me how you best can, but tell me, and there is no friend shall be truer to you than I."

"Let me alone, I say," replied the lunatic; "I want to dream. I will lie down by the side of Clytus, and when I wake, we will talk."

The cell was still enveloped in darkness, when the noise of heavy footsteps upon the stairs, warned the young man of the approach of his jailer; presently, the ponderous key grated in the lock, the weighty, iron-barred door swung back, and to his astonishment, the governor himself entered, accompanied by Fouine; who, here be it observed, had the charge of the two towers forming the northern limits of the second inner court, namely, the Tower of the Well and that of the corner.

"Eh, *morbleu!*" cried he; "Fouine what is this?"

Fouine elevated his torch so as to cast a broader light upon the hideous scene, and, with a chuckle, replied:

"It looks like another butchery, Monsieur le Marquis."

De Launay referred to a small book which he held in his hand, and having acquired the information he sought, turned about, and raising his voice, shouted down the short passage communicating with the outer door:

"Two fusileers, here." Addressing himself now to Philip, he added: "You are the new prisoner. You have passed a pleasant night, eh?"

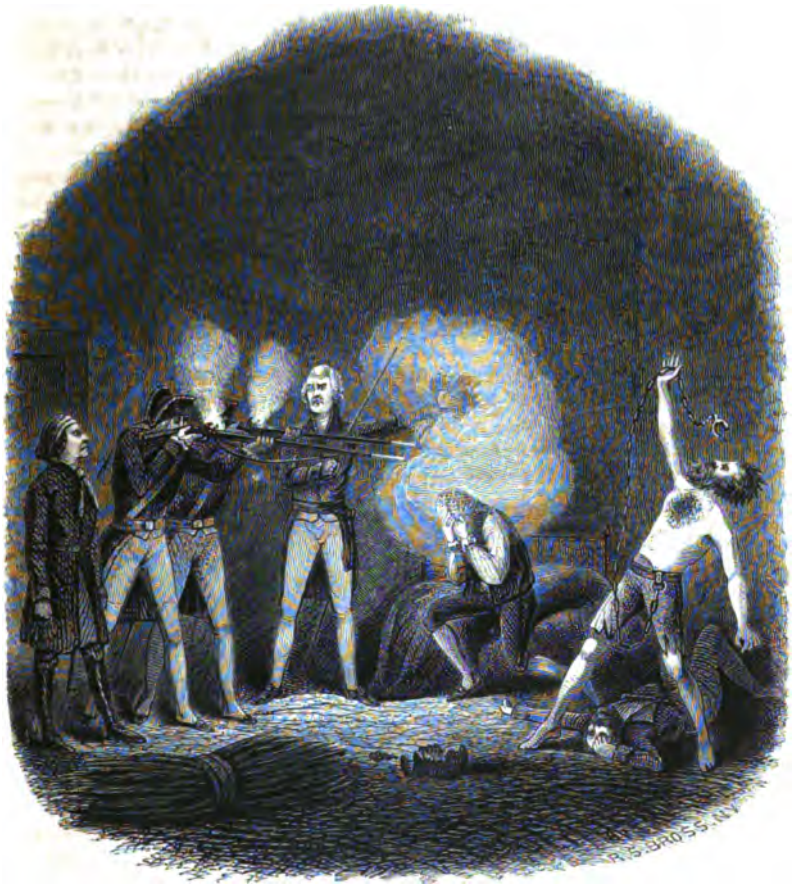
"Had you been in my place, Monsieur le Marquis?" responded our hero, "you might have been of a different opinion by this time."

"Perhaps, perhaps!" retorted the governor; "not pleasant, certainly. Accidents of this kind will chance, sometimes."

"I trust, sir governor," remarked Philip, "that you will at least provide against such a contingency in future. But for——"

Philip's observations were abruptly brought to a close by the entrance of the fusileers, who drew up close to the door, awaiting further orders; Fouine and De Launay exchanged a sinister glance, the latter again referring to his book; during which brief interval the lunatic sat gazing fixedly at them, without attempting to stir, keeping fast hold of the chain with one hand, whilst with the other, he played with the locks of his victim, whose face exhibited not the smallest lineament whereby he might be identified, so completely were the features battered in; Philip awaited the result in a state of mind not easily described.

"Make ready," exclaimed De Launay, pointing to the lunatic, as he sat, and at the same time falling back a little, whilst Fouine stept aside, and raised his torch.



May God have mercy on thy soul.

The men obeyed the word of command, advancing two paces.

"Present," added De Launay.

As the men brought their muskets to their shoulders, Philip, now perceiving the governor's design, rushed forward, placing himself between the lunatic and the soldiers; as he did so he exclaimed:

"Monsieur, Monsieur le Marquis; stay; do not murder the poor wretch. But for him I should have lost my life. He killed the other in self-defence."

"Clytus is dead. Alexander killed Clytus. That's a long straw;" mumbled the old man.

"Stand back, sir," shouted De Launay, making an imperative sign to the young man; "soldiers, are you ready? Fire!"

A flash of light and a loud report followed, almost accompanied by a sudden scream of agony, and all was over. Philip, perceiving that he could not avert the catastrophe, and that he must fall a sacrifice to a generosity which would avail nothing to his unfortunate companion, retreated at De Launay's command, but only in time to behold the poor forlorn being leap up high in the air as he received the fatal charge, and fall again to the earth, side by side with his victim, a mass of lifeless humanity; Philip covered his face with his hands, to shut out the bloody spectacle, and in an agony of deep feeling, exclaimed:

"May God have mercy upon thy soul, and forgive thy murderer!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW LOUIS XVI RECEIVED WHOLESOME ADVICE.

It appears incomprehensible, surrounded as Louis XVI was by men of experience in council, and of foresight in times of national difficulty, that although all seemed aware of the coming storm, whose warning rumblings could indeed hardly be mistaken, yet no one suspected the particular direction it would take, nor feared any danger to the constituted authorities of the realm. The various democratic factions which were convulsing the public mind with doctrines as new and startling as bold, having as yet avowed no decided purpose, their agitation was regarded as a mere temporary ebullition, that a redress of particular grievances would calm, leaving the executive intact, the nobles in the possession of nearly the same privileges, and the people at large still subject to the same arbitrary domination of the higher estates; hence, on the part of the monarch and his council, an inertness and apathy to the ap-

proaching danger, only to be accounted for or reconciled to reason by attributing them to the infatuation engendered by the enjoyment of years of despotic rule, and to the traditionary respect and veneration which the nation entertained for royalty, whose sacredness was deemed inviolate. Nevertheless, a vague apprehension of some imminent calamity to the State, at times oppressed even the boldest and most sanguine. The dire effects of the desolating famine could be remedied only by a plentiful supply of corn at moderate prices, and corn was not to be had; first, because of its real scarcity, and secondly, because there was not money to purchase it. The enormous deficit, again, in the treasury, could be covered only by two courses, namely, augmenting the imposts, which already grievously burdened the masses, or equalizing them, making the nobles pay their share into the government coffers. Of these two courses, the former was impossible, for the people, overtaxed as they were, could pay no more; and the latter, impracticable without a special act of the nobles, which, as it militated against their interests, they of course refused to pass, being of sufficient strength in the council to carry any measure against the vacillating monarch and his friend Necker.

In his embarrassment, Louis XVI then used frequently to send for his favorite minister, and enter fully into the position of the country, exchanging opinions with the financialist, and imparting his own views and schemes for ameliorating the condition of the people. But these interviews, devoid of any official character, resulted in nothing save in strengthening the ties of friendship between the amiable monarch and his minister, neither of whom possessed sufficient energy to take a decided step, though each admitting the necessity for doing so.

The period fixed upon for the meeting of the States-General, convoked for the fifth of May, was fast approaching, and as the crisis drew nearer to hand, the fermentation in the public mind increased, whilst Necker and the king more frequently held secret conference together, their intimacy growing stronger as the necessity for stricter alliance seemed to become more exigent. One of these conferences, about a week previous to the day in question, was disturbed by the presence of a third personage, whose appearance was as unexpected as startling.

Louis and Necker were in close conversation. The latter was a grave man, precise in speech, and perfectly phlegmatic. He sat by the king's side, having before him a small ledger, containing private official memoranda.

"How much saidst thou, Necker?" enquired Louis, in accents of astonishment.

"Two hundred millions of francs, sire," replied the financialist, readily, as though he had the figures by heart; presently adding, in a very business-like tone, "annual deficit, for years."

"It is enormous!" ejaculated the monarch, clasping his hands together.

"It is overwhelming," resumed the minister.

"What is to be done, Necker?" exclaimed the king, despairingly; "no measure of the estates can cover these enormous arrears. What is to be done?"

Necker shook his head, and bit the feather-end of his quill, but said nothing.

"Civil list, debtor to Pensions, etcætera, etcætera, etcætera," continued the latter, "twenty millions. I give you only the gross amount, sire."

"Ah me!" sighed Louis; "and the assets, Necker?"

"Presently, sire; all in order," answered the other, ticking off the last item.

"My poor pensioners!" resumed the king; "in these hard times, how *do* they live?"

"Better than thousands of their fellow-citizens, sire, who eat not the bread of idleness. The majority of these placemen are sinecurists. Great reforms are requisite in this department. Shall I make a note of it, sire?"

Louis nodded assent, observing that he feared "interfering in this matter would create a revolution amongst the nobles;" but Necker made his note, took a pinch of snuff, dipped his pen in the ink, and continued:

"Public treasury debtor to civil list, ten millions. As usual, sire?"

"One million more this year than the last," answered Louis, abstractedly; "oh yes, Necker; as usual, as usual."

Necker bowed and ran his pen through the item, adding, as he wrote:

"Sixth year. Public treasury debtor to civil list, ten millions. Total, forty-five millions. Cancelled by his majesty."

"To be sure," ejaculated the monarch, "how can the poor people pay me."

"Item the third. Public treasury debtor to army and navy, fifty-five millions;" continued Necker.

"*Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse,*" muttered Louis.*

"That is as clear as two and two make four," remarked the minister, "but at present there is no remedy. We must fight for honor. Item the fourth. Public treasury debtor to her majesty; Private Account; fourteen hundred thousand francs. Ditto, debtor to the Messieurs Bœhmer and Bossange, jewellers to the court, fifty thousand francs."

"Eh, what, what Necker? Fifty thousand francs? For what?"

"Jewels for her majesty, sire, as per account tendered and verified. If her majesty does not receive her annual allowance, she cannot pay her tradesmen; that is clear."

"True, true, Necker: but—it seems to me that—Marie-Antoinette might do without the jewels. Well, go on.

* "No money, no Swiss;" a proverbial saying current even in the present day, and originating in the Swiss Guards' refusal to serve without their pay.

"Ditto," resumed the financialist, "debtor to purveyor's to her majesty's household, eight hundred thousand francs. Shall I specify them, sire?"

"And my people starving!" mused the monarch.

"Good for trade," murmured Necker.

"The totals, the totals, Necker," interrupted the king.

"Public treasury debtor to his majesty. By sale of household plate sent to the mint, five million francs. Ditto by sale of stud and carriages, one million and twelve francs. Ditto, by sale of personal jewels, seventeen hundred thousand francs. Ditto——"

"Enough of detail, Necker," interrupted the king; "the total."

"Twelve millions, twelve francs, three deniers, and a fraction, sire."

"And I am still twenty millions in debt to the civil list?" inquired Louis.

"Exactly, sire. The particulars are all here;" replied Necker.

"I leave all to thee," continued the monarch, "but what is the condition of our exchequer at this moment?"

"Balance in hand against the deficit, your majesty means?" asked Necker, adjusting his spectacles over his eyes.

Louis nodded; the minister sank back in his chair, and counting mentally a number of figures off upon his fingers, presently made answer:

"When the next imposts fall in, we shall have exactly sixty-two thousand francs, ten deniers. A poor prospect, sire."

The king fully assented to this remark, adding that he really did not see what could be done.

"Much might be done, sire," resumed Necker, "were it not that your majesty fears the nobles and the clergy. I have reduced it all to a mathematical certainty. The nation would recover itself if my plan could be accepted. But I fear it never would pass, unless a great political change were to take place; and that is not likely."

"What is thy plan, Necker? Who knows? It may be worth a trial;" observed Louis.

"Well then, sire," resumed the financialist, without changing his posture, "first, there are one hundred and fifty thousand privileged persons who pay neither taxes nor imposts of any kind, and these are in possession of two-thirds of the lands of France. Now only one-third of the land belongs to the third estate, upon whom the greater proportion of the burden of the State falls unjustly. Is it not clear then, if this one-third now pays of itself the enormous amount of taxes and imposts at present levied, that the other two-thirds, if rated equally, would not only relieve the poorer class, but greatly augment the revenue?"

"Indisputably, my dear Necker. I had never thought of this expedient," replied Louis.

"Again," continued the minister; "the Church derives from tithes alone, a gross annual revenue of one hundred and thirty millions, of which the working clergy receive but forty-two millions;

the remainder is eaten up by messieurs the archbishops, bishops, and other dronish dignitaries."

"One may perceive thou art a Calvinist, my dear Necker," interposed the king, smiling.

"But first of all and before everything I am your majesty's faithful subject, and unflattering adviser," retorted Necker, coloring slightly. "Now if government would only gather the Church under its own wing, and farm its revenues, defraying out of them all the expenses incidental to the public worship, I have calculated that the country would be quite as well off in prayers and masses, indeed some sixty millions of francs per annum the better for it: the Church could live extremely well upon something less than half its present income."

"We shall see what the states-general will decide," said Louis, vacillating and procrastinating as usual; "I know something ought to be done and quickly, but I could never carry such measures in the teeth of the nobles and the clergy. Whence dost thou hold this scheme, Necker? It savors so of the democratic spirit, I can hardly give thee the credit of originating it."

"Well, sire, it is not all my own;" answered Necker, "for though the subject had long occupied my attention, I durst not bring these views under your majesty's notice, fearing your displeasure. Some time since I received an anonymous communication, signed by one Jacques Morin, of Lutetia—a fictitious name and residence of course—but nevertheless a name perfectly well known to me, for I have had many such suggestions before: indeed, sire, those which have been judged as my best measures, originated from this source."

"You surprise me," ejaculated the monarch.

"It is nevertheless quite true, sire; and my correspondent appears not only perfectly conversant with the resources of the country and its position, but is always right in his appreciation of measures, and in his application of remedies. I have often sought to ascertain where to find him, but——"

The minister was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who came to acquaint his majesty that there was "a stranger in the ante-room who requested immediate audience."

"Who is he, Defour? What is his name?" asked Louis.

"He says he is unknown to your majesty, but that Monsieur le Ministre is acquainted with him. He gives the name of the 'Sieur Jacques Morin of Lutetia."

The king and Necker remained for a few seconds speechless, looking at each other with wonderment; at length the former bade the attendant to admit the stranger, who was almost instantly introduced, and before the two had even recovered from their surprise.

Jacques entered with the same unembarrassed, even commanding air, that has been alluded to on a former occasion, saluting the king with a respectful obeisance, and Necker by a slight inclination of the body. Louis broke silence in rather a tremulous voice:

"We have admitted you to our privacy, 'Sieur Jacques. Necker

holds a communication from you, which we were but this moment discussing."

"I knew Monsieur Necker was closeted with your majesty," responded Jacques, "and chose my opportunity; though I could not foresee that my appearance would be so well-timed. I should have presented myself earlier, indeed, only for the obstructions I encountered in the ante-rooms."

"Pray be seated, 'Sieur Jacques," observed the kind-hearted monarch, respecting the age and the venerable appearance of the stranger, "and let us know your business."

"It is that of your majesty and of the state," responded the other, complying with Louis' invitation; "your majesty needs advice and co-operation; I come to offer mine."

"Unasked!" ejaculated Louis, with a smile.

"These are not times to stand upon the formalities of etiquette, sire," answered Jacques; "when the wolf has eaten the sheep, it is too late to shut up the fold. Besides, your majesty is ordinarily easy of access, and this emboldened me."

"Proceed, 'Sieur Jacques. You come as councillor, you say?" observed the king.

"We are upon the eve of a mighty revolution, sire, which has been prepared by long years of oppression. I tremble lest the sins of your forefathers should be visited upon your majesty's head; for to their evil deeds the calamities which overwhelm the country at present may be traced."

"It is too true," murmured Louis; "proceed; I listen."

"The whole system of government is rotten to the core, sire," pursued the other, "and needs entire renovation. The people must not, cannot longer be trampled upon; their interests must now be consulted, their wrongs redressed. No half measures will suffice; your majesty must be bold and decisive, or I venture not to predict the consequences."

"Bold and decisive," iterated the monarch; "yes, that is what I have always felt and said; have I not Necker? You come to advocate principles, 'Sieur Jacques," observed Louis, "which I fear cannot be carried out. The nobles and the clergy would never consent to them."

"Abandoned by the nobles and the clergy, your majesty has the people," exclaimed Jacques, enthusiastically; "what can a hundred and fifty thousand against twenty millions? Is your majesty king of the nobles and the clergy, or of the nation? Do the nobles and clergy pay imposts, or do the people? Your majesty argues wrongly."

"It seems that I am ever in the wrong," ejaculated the king mournfully.

"The states-general are about to bring the question of legislation to an issue, sire," pursued Jacques; "whether it shall be legislation for the rich and the privileged orders alone, or whether the same laws shall be for the poor and the *roturier* class also."

"No serfs; no seignorial jurisdictions;" chimed in the minister,

counting each item off upon his fingers; "power to the government of redeeming seignoral rights; abolition of the game-laws, etcætera, etcætera; the commutation of tithes; equality of taxation; eligibility of all citizens equally to employments, civil and military; the abolition of simony in the state as well as the church, and which is now converted into a source of revenue; the rescinding of the exclusive privileges of towns, boroughs, and provinces, by which they legislate for themselves as in the feudal times; the remodeling of all corporations; and lastly, the suppression of sinecures and the abolition of the iniquitous law of primogeniture."

"Only this!" ejaculated Louis, not concealing his surprise; "sweeping indeed. Nothing less than a miracle can effect it, 'Sieur Jacques."

"Your majesty may do all this without a miracle," retorted Jacques.

"Ah! How?" enquired Louis.

"These abuses are acknowledged, sire," resumed the other; "instead of waiting until the patriots of the third estate demand their redress, your majesty should declare his purpose of at once abolishing them. There will be an outcry, I grant. The nobles and clergy will perhaps form a coalition against your majesty; but be only firm, sire, and place reliance in the third estate, who represent the nation, and your majesty may confound the others, and laugh at their impotent rage."

"The experiment would be a dangerous one I doubt," remonstrated the king.

"Less dangerous far than permitting the people to legislate for themselves," answered Jacques; "believe me, sire, nothing less than a complete reform of this nature will satisfy the people now. If you gracefully forestall their desires, they will prove everlastingly grateful; if you wait to comply until they demand, and are in a position to enforce, they will not thank you. I am in a position to know the spirit that prevails throughout this long oppressed class."

"But these revolutionary clubs, 'Sieur Jacques; and my cousin D'Orleans' faction; these are inimical to me already," replied Louis; "how could I silence them?"

"And what are these clubs, sire?" observed Jacques; "meetings where existing abuses are freely discussed, and their abolishment insisted upon as a principle. To-day bread is the rallying cry; to-morrow liberty, equality, fraternity, or death; yesterday it was something else; in a day or two it will change again. Your majesty has nothing to fear from factions or clubs, believe me, but everything to apprehend from long established prejudices. In a word, sire, the people expect much at your hands! The people are the state."

"And the constitution, 'Sieur Jacques! The king's prerogative! The administration!" observed Louis, pensively.

"The first will have to be remodeled, sire; the second restricted; the third renovated. I have a prime minister ready to your majesty's hand;" answered Jacques.

"Indeed! And who is the man sufficiently bold to face a storm

such as the enforcement of the measures which you advise would raise?"

"Mirabeau, sire; a disciple of my own. Were I not too old, I should name myself."

"Any other friend of yours, 'Sieur Jacques, whom you desire to recommend?"

"None more strongly to the finance department than Monsieur Necker," replied Jacques; "no servant of the crown's, nor subject of your majesty's, deserves higher consideration from you, sire, nor greater confidence of the people. I could name others, but it is unnecessary; let it suffice you, sire, to know they are ready to act as the exigency of circumstances may need!"

"I have done much for my people," sighed Louis; "I have set them an example of self-denial, by reducing my household expenditure to the lowest scale, by giving up the royal plate to the public service, and on every occasion meeting their just demands. I am now advised to yield to their importunities, at a time when concessions on my part may establish a precedent for further demands. There is no saying where their exactions will stop."

"I advocate the interest of the people, sire," responded Jacques, "and am the organ of no party, but the true friend of my king and of my country. I am old, as your majesty may see, and have passed the ordeal of bitter oppression. It may perhaps appear nomalous that advocating liberty and the public rights, I should confess myself a friend to monarchic rule; but my experience teaches me that it is the only permanent mode of government. Men are not sufficiently virtuous and simple to be true republicans, and despotism has proved itself an enemy to natural right, whilst the progress of opinion renders its duration impossible. To me, sire, Louis XIV was indebted largely on more than one occasion. I rendered the regent important service also. In the reign of Louis XV I fell under persecution, though I still rendered the state good service, and escaped the snares laid to entrap me. But I lost those whom I cherished. In fine, sire, placed by the force of circumstances at the head of a body of men acknowledging no law but my will, bound to me by no tie save one of mutual interest, I have instilled my principles into thousands of hearts which are all now panting for that liberty I predicted would surely come one day. The dawn already shows, but it lowers, red and gloomy. I can no longer maintain my authority, and come to lay it at the feet of my sovereign at the moment when he can best assume it, and best employ its powers to the advantage of the nation. For my freedom of speech, I solicit your majesty's gracious forgiveness."

Saying this, Jacques stooped forward, and taking Louis's hand, carried it to his lips, pressing it heartily, as he bent his aged knee; but the king raised him ere he touched the ground.

"No subject of mine has occasion to ask forgiveness for using freedom of speech in my presence," said he; "still less you, 'Sieur Jacques. I now remember the events to which you allude, and the

occasions on which you rendered the state service. The facts are consigned in a book that belonged to my grand-father, but until now I never had occasion to remember them. Claim what boon you choose, nor at any time, for you or your's, shall it pass unrecognised."

"My sand has nearly run out, sire," replied Jacques, huskily, the tears standing in his eyes; "I have no boon to ask, save that your majesty will assume the authority I seek to resign."

"I do not comprehend you, 'Sieur Jacques," answered Louis, astonished; "how can I become the head of a club, consistently with the regal dignity?"

"Promise, sire, only promise to come forward at the meeting of the three estates, as the spontaneous advocate of the people's rights and privileges, and my authority will become yours, for I have spoken in the voice of Lutetia, whose children will at once congregate about your person and throne, and maintain them inviolate. If your majesty refuse, I dare not open my eyes to the future."

"But who are you, 'Sieur Jacques? Who are your Lutetians? What and where is Lutetia?" demanded the king.

"Sire, I am an old man, plain-spoken, without rank or position, save as the head of a family named Lutetians, and advocating popular rights and privileges. Lutetia was once a locality, but is now anywhere. This is all the mystery."

"Yet you rule these men by the simple influence of your will, 'Sieur Jacques? Why you are then more despotic than even Louis XIV."

"Within twenty-four hours, sire, I can let loose upon Paris, twenty thousand men, all determined spirits, though my own rule extends not over more than some five hundred individuals."

"It is a combination, a conspiracy against public order," ejaculated the king.

"It is a combination for the maintenance of the rights of man, sire, for the rights of citizens; for equal justice, equal laws, equal privileges; but it is loyal, and attached to your person and family."

"At least, 'Sieur Jacques," remarked the irresolute monarch, rising as his mysterious visitor laid his hand upon the handle of the door, "I shall, under any circumstances, hold myself your debtor for this warning advice, however crudely tendered. I shall think upon your communication, and decide between this and the day for the opening of the States."

"It is well, sire. Contemn not my advice," added Jacques; "there will be eyes upon your actions, and voices ready to condemn or to applaud. Upon you rest the last hopes of a groaning, wretched people; do not disappoint them." And with a low bow to Louis, and a less deferential but equally marked sign of respect to Necker, Jacques slowly withdrew, leaving the king and his minister in great perplexity and perturbation of spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLEARS UP MUCH OF WHAT WAS DARK.

Relieved from that restraint which etiquette imposed upon her in public, Marie-Antoinette, alone in the intimacy of her companions, was an entirely different person from Marie-Antoinette, queen of France. In the latter capacity, although oftentimes losing sight of established precedents, she appeared even austere, her natural haughtiness of disposition alone showing itself, and smothering those amiable qualities which, in private life, drew about her so many attached friends, and rendered her, as a woman, so captivating and loveable; but once released from the cold formalities and the rigid affectations custom attaches to the high condition of royalty, as part and parcel of its panoply, she became free and unreserved, yielding herself wholly up to the pleasures and the indulgences her position commanded, and perhaps forgetting, for the time being, its heavy responsibilities. How far the poor queen deserved the censure with which her detractors and her numerous enemies visited her conduct, it is not our province to determine, whilst her misfortunes must impose silence even upon the bitterest foe to her memory; but this is foreign to our narrative.

The anxiety she had experienced upon Madelaine's account being dispelled by the maiden's explanations, she hurried the latter away into the orangery, accompanied by Mademoiselle Necker, and there, removed from prying eyes, gave unrestrained course to the joyousness of her elastic spirits, caring for nothing but to be, for a few short moments, happy.

The building was of recent construction, attained by passing through the grand conservatory, from which it stood detached, the two being separated by a small shrubbery, and the whole forming a portion of the spacious pleasure-gardens attached to the palace; consequently it was not free of access to any person save those whose rank or whose duties privileged them to enter the private grounds: several wickets opened from the principal shrubberies into the park, the royal family and the household gaining admittance to the gardens by means of a postern gate and a passage adjacent to the western wing of the palace itself, where there was a trusty sentinel always on duty, and a porter's lodge, occupied by an old servant of Louis XVth's, whose office was to open and close the gate, and to receive such tokens of regal favor as might chance to fall in his way; and who, we may here mention, was generally reported to have been deeper in the secrets of the celebrated *Parc aux Cerfs* than any other domestic in the late king's service.

Marie-Antoinette no sooner entered the orangery, than she set off, at the top of her speed, away from her companions, who first

hesitated, then looked at each other laughing, and finally bounded forwards in pursuit of their royal mistress, the merry trio chasing one another round and round the large tubs and boxes in which the orange-trees were imbedded, and up and down long ranks of luxuriant exotic vegetation, whose gaudy blossoms surcharged the atmosphere with tropical fragrance. Loudly did the transparent walls of the fragile building echo back the ringing mirth that burst unconstrained within them, and eloquently—had they possessed the power of utterance—might they have vindicated the poor queen, whose few hours of privacy were supposed to be passed in plotting and intriguing against the welfare of the state and the happiness of her people.

But although Madelaine joined in the hilarity of the moment, her heart was not at ease, and betrayed its inward sorrows even by the forced smile that sat on her lips. Mademoiselle Necker bantered her upon her dulness, and the queen chided her playfully, but uselessly; the stricken heart would not rally; the laugh came, and so did the tears.

"I see what it is," remarked Marie-Antoinette, fanning her face with her pocket-handkerchief; "Mademoiselle de Beauvallais' thoughts are elsewhere. We must be staid and sober to-day, not boisterous like unruly children."

"Pardon me, madam," tremblingly responded Madelaine; "I would not willingly be any restraint upon the few free moments your majesty enjoys, and so kindly shares with us; but my mind is a little distressed this morning, and this I urge in excuse of myself."

"Poor child!" resumed the queen; "we ought to have thought of that. A little affair of the heart, my dear Necker. At her age it is excusable."

Mademoiselle Necker blushed as deeply as Madelaine, but, smiling, hinted a word about "the cousin."

"Oh, no! Not at all," continued Marie-Antoinette; "we are in the secret, and I assure you there is no cousin in the case."

"Ah, really!" exclaimed Necker.

"Madam! Your majesty!" faltered Madelaine, trembling like an aspen, and concealing her confusion beneath her handkerchief.

"Nonsense," retorted the queen, laughingly; "are not we three friends? We must have no secrets from one another. Besides, my dear Madelaine, will it not out sooner or later? Come, tell Necker all about it. No! Then I will."

But Mademoiselle Necker, tenderly alive to the delicate susceptibilities of her sex, cast a half reproachful, half imploring glance at the queen, and drawing Madelaine's hand gently away from before her crimsoned cheek and moist eyes, whispered:

"Thou wilt tell me when we are alone, wilt thou not?" Turning then towards Marie-Antoinette, she added: "I pray your majesty not to distress her. For my sake, madam, urge not the disclosure."

"For thy sake, Necker!" exclaimed the queen, purposely mis-

construing the appeal, and mischievously bent upon making the revelation; "surely thou art not enamored of Philip?"

Madelaine felt Mademoiselle Necker's hand turn icy cold as the latter, after a momentary hesitation, replied, somewhat tremulously:

"Philip! What, his name is Philip! Well, that's a pretty name. I like it. And is he—is he—handsome?"

"I thought it notorious that Philip de Lutèçe had no match at court for manly beauty," answered Marie-Antoinette, keenly observant of the sudden interest Necker seemed to take in the continuance of the conversation.

"Philip de Lutèçe!" ejaculated Necker; and her hand, colder than ever, relinquished its grasp of Madelaine's, scarcely less cold than her own.

"But what is there so astonishing in this?" resumed the queen, watching her young friend's changeful countenance, and the strange expression that darkened Madelaine's: "between ourselves be it said, if I chose, I could mention at least four dowagers who are dying for him. Your melancholy cavaliers are always general favorites. Besides, there hangs some mystery over his history, which gives a tinge of romance to any passion of which he is the object."

"Your majesty's mention of his name," said Mademoiselle Necker, making an effort to disguise the uneasiness she experienced beneath the queen's scrutinizing gaze, and Madelaine's, so inquiring and earnest, "brings to my recollection that he has not appeared at court since the day on which the notables met."

"And really thou hast not, before now, perceived his absence!" exclaimed Marie-Antoinette, doubtingly; a significant smile betraying her suspicion of the true nature of Necker's interest in the fate of the absentee: "poor fellow! Madelaine possesses a clue to his present abode."

"Indeed!" observed Mademoiselle Necker, feigning indifference.

"Yes! And we may at least believe his absence is forced," added the queen; "if our suspicions should be confirmed, we shall find him an inmate of the Bastile. But what ails thee, Necker? Thou art pale as a ghost."

The young girl hesitated, striving to disguise her trepidation, and presently faltered, in excuse of her sudden pallor, that "she thought the closeness of the atmosphere had overcome her: she should feel better if her majesty would allow her to go out a little into the opener air."

The queen unhesitatingly acquiesced, smiling as she expressed her intention of accompanying them, when their attention was directed to the other end of the orangery, the door of which, opening, disclosed the advancing figure of the Duke of Orleans. His approach proved a great relief to both the young women, who, returning the duke's salute as he passed them, withdrew somewhat, to allow him to address their royal mistress.

"Your majesty's most humble servant," observed he, removing his hat, and making a low obeisance: "am I intruding?"

Assuming the deceptive smile of a court, Marie-Antoinette answered:

"Not at all; but she felt surprise to see him at Versailles, believing him at Paris. He was indeed an early visitor."

"I slept at Versailles last night, madam," replied he; "passing by, as I was taking the air, and perceiving you, I thought I would pay your majesty my respects."

Marie-Antoinette smiled graciously, and made a suitable acknowledgment of her cousin's intention; at the same time turning her head, she became aware that Mademoiselle Necker and Madelaine had left the orangery, but attributing their disappearance to its true cause, she took no further heed of the circumstance.

We must, however, follow the young women.

Observing a silence painful and embarrassing to both, they walked on through the shrubbery until they came to one of the secluded arbors, which Mademoiselle Necker entered, and sinking upon the rustic bench, burst into tears. Madelaine sat down beside her, and in silence cast her arms about her companion's neck.

"Oh, Madelaine, forgive me," sobbed Necker; "forgive me, I pray thee."

Madelaine could not reply, her heart was so full, but she pressed her weeping friend close and earnestly to her heaving bosom, and held her there, her tears raining upon Necker's upturned, imploring face.

"I know thou wilt," added the latter; "thou hast my secret. I have betrayed myself. Thou wilt forgive me, wilt not thou?"

"Thou lovest him, then!" ejaculated Madelaine.

"Yes, yes! I confess it," answered Necker, impassionedly; "it is a humiliating disclosure to make to thee. But I should be false to our new-born friendship if I shrank from this avowal."

"And he—he" sobbed Madelaine.

No! The question would not come! Yet jealousy was already busy with that young heart, which could suffer no second worshipper to approach that high votive altar where, in virgin purity, it had set up its one idol, and upon which it offered sacrifice of its rich treasures of affection undivided. Proud and confident too in its strong love, it hesitated to doubt the truthfulness it had sought in return; to believe it possible its fondest hopes were to be thus suddenly cast down and shattered!

But Madelaine had to do with one whose nature, pure as her own, had remained uncontaminate amidst the temptations and licences of a gay court, and who, participating in her keen feelings, forestalled the doubt that lingered on her lips.

"No! no!" replied Necker, quickly and earnestly; "I know what thou wouldst say. But it was not so. He never was aware of my foolish passion, nor for a universe would I, now, that he knew it. It grew upon me unconsciously, I may truly aver. He was so different from the foplings who compose the youth of the court, no wonder I should single him out from amongst the herd of

common gallants, who importune us with their fulsome adulation to make a mockery of the true and earnest love of a young and giddy nature. I saw him almost daily, and as frequently held passing conversations with him. Of late I had found him grown more melancholy than usual, and once ventured to rally him. I brought the blush into his cheek, but no reply from his lips; he made some trifling excuse and quitted my side, nor have we, since then, had an opportunity of exchanging a word, for he has not since appeared at court. Thou also hadst observed them, and now knowest the cause. To no bosom save thine would I have confided my secret; but thou hast a right to know it, and I have told thee all. Pity, my dear Madelaine, and forgive me."

"Dear Necker," sobbed Madelaine, pressing her friend's hot cheek close to her own, "I love thee more than ever."

"And thou lovest *him?* Philip?" tremulously whispered the other.

Madelaine answered not, but embraced her companion yet closer, and kissed her yet more tenderly.

"How ridiculous, how foolish of me to ask," continued Necker; "I should know thou dost. Fear nothing from me, dear Madelaine. In me thou shalt find, not a rival in thy lover's affections, but a friend to assist thine to a happy issue. He loves thee, eh, Madelaine."

"He has often told me so," faltered she.

"Oh believe him, believe him, Madelaine," added the other; "I am sure he is a stranger to deceit. But, Madelaine, we must release him from the Bastile. I will use my interest with my father if thou desire it."

"Her majesty has promised me a private letter to the governor," answered Madelaine; "we are not certain, thou knowest, that Philip is in the Bastile, though we fear there exists but small doubt of the fact."

Mademoiselle Necker blushed, at once appreciating the delicacy of Madelaine's refusal; but their conversation was brought to an abrupt close by the passage of Marie-Antoinette, who hurried by without perceiving them; her cheek was flushed and her eye bright with anger.

"The queen. Her majesty!" exclaimed Necker: "let us follow her. Something has vexed her."

Upon this they both arose, and exchanging another tender embrace, followed their royal mistress towards the palace.

To explain the cause of the queen's ruffled demeanor, it will be necessary to return to the orangery, where we left her in the company of her cousin.

"Your majesty is looking for the young ladies," observed he, perceiving her cast her eyes around: "I saw them but this instant leave the orangery. Yonder they go, through the shrubbery."

"It is of no consequence," replied Marie, coldly; "we can follow them; at least I can."

The queen advanced a pace or two for the purpose mentioned, when D'Orleans, whose countenance assumed a strange expression of anxiety, strode after her, and called her by name familiarly:

"Cousin Marie," said he, "are we then to remain forever enemies?"

The queen stopped short, and glancing at him severely, replied:

"I have already forbidden your highness to assume the familiarity of relationship with me. It offends me. I do not choose it. Friends we can never again be, though I disclaim to rank myself amongst your highness' enemies."

His lips maintained their wonted smile as he retorted:

"At least, beautiful cousin, you cannot prevent me from desiring to be numbered amongst those who call themselves your friends."

"For one who claims such a distinction," replied the queen, haughtily, and still advancing towards the door, "I must confess you have a strange mode of showing friendship. I could give enmity of the bitterest no milder title."

"Marie," resumed D'Orleans, placing himself so that she was compelled to turn back; "you have it in your power to convert me into one of your staunchest friends."

"You insult me, monseigneur," retorted Marie-Antoinette.

"Such is not my purpose, madam," resumed he, closely following her; "you have long been aware of my sentiments towards you, though of late I have refrained from renewing my suit—"

"Your dishonesty, sir, is only equalled by your presumption," answered she; "I have already told you that I could never but despise the man who can believe me capable of demeaning my womanly dignity. The sentiments you profess, I blush to hear mentioned."

"The world gives you credit for less punctiliousness, haughty cousin," replied he, maliciously; "all are not like your husband."

The queen turned pale, and overcome with shame, and anger, and mortification, supported her tottering steps by clinging fast to to the stem of one of the large orange trees; nevertheless she instantly retorted, the tears startling into her eyes as she spoke:

"I would that all were like him; society would then not be disgraced by such as you, who deem it no sin to propagate calumnies against defenceless women. But I humiliate myself by condescending to a justification. My best reply to my detractors shall be the rectitude of my conduct. Oh, that Louis were not a king, or that I could be not a queen!" and she sobbed bitterly.

"Listen to me, Marie," continued D'Orleans, after a brief pause, and speaking in a softer voice; "from the day your dazzling beauty first astonished the court, I became its worshipper; its slave. In vain I struggled against the overpowering passion; it hourly gathered strength, until, deceived by your familiarity to others, by your tolerance of my advances, I ventured to disclose the state of my heart. You indignantly repulsed me. I am bound in honor to acknowledge as much. But I am not of a temperament to be

easily deterred from the accomplishment of an object, nor to be scorned with impunity. I devoured my mortification, and attempted to renew my suit. A second time you repulsed me, and, as I have reason to believe, acquainted your husband with the circumstance. His coldness to me, at least, commenced from that time. In my anger I took a deep oath that you should yield to my importunity, or I would pursue you and your's with an undying hatred. Well, I avow the intrigues which have clothed your name with obloquy; but why did you not prevent them? True, you had your revenge. My exile to Villers Cotterets was accomplished through your instrumentality. In a war, every expedient is pardonable that rids us of an enemy, as I was your's. Promise me but this, Marie ——" and he attempted to grasp her hand.

Marie-Antoinette with difficulty restrained her indignation during this disgraceful confession. The pride of the insulted woman, the chaste dignity of the wife, degraded in the presence of the unblushing libertine, the resentment of the betrayed queen, brought the tide of crimson rushing into her neck and face, which it overspread like a scarlet veil, hiding the deep shame that seared and blistered the purity of her matronly honor, whilst they lighted her brilliant eye with a fire, beneath whose scorch the traitor duke blenched and trembled, and shrank back, momently appalled.

"Enough," cried she, casting him from her, as she released her hand from the pollution of his touch; "too much, indeed! I can have no reply to make to such an infamy. You are a villain, sir!"

She turned proudly away, as though she would depart, but he pursued her closely, keeping in advance of her, and speaking as they strode along.

"My love for you, fair cousin," said he, with unblushing effrontery, "has made me what I am. A villain, if you like; a traitor I know. But give me only to hope, and I will cease to be either."

A rustling, as of some one intent upon concealment, and his suspicions received almost immediate confirmation, for Marie-Antoinette, darting across the narrow foot-way to the opposite side, suddenly cried out;

"Who is that? Monseigneur, your treason has had a witness."

D'Orleans turned pale, standing for an instant irresolute, then bounded to the spot, drawing his sword as he advanced, to search behind the orange tubs; but his examination proved fruitless, for the individual, if any one had been concealed there, was gone. The queen remained only until satisfied that the person had escaped, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, hurried out, bestowing upon her cousin one last look of scorn, not unmingled with secret gratification at their colloquy having been possibly overheard. Scarcely, however, had she crossed the shrubbery, before she perceived a man running cautiously down a by-path, and as he ran, concealing himself as well as he could, behind the bushes and dwarf trees. It so chanced that the path, taking a sudden turn, a little further on, led into the principal alley, finding he was discovered,

and that he could not escape by doubling upon his own steps, stopped and made a low obeisance to the queen as she came up.

Marie-Antoinette shuddered, and, uttering a faint scream of disgust, shrank back a pace or two, the countenance whose gaze met hers was so sinister and ill-favored; she presently, however, recovered her self-possession, and aware that none but a privileged person could have gained access to that part of the grounds, demanded, in a firm tone, "whom he was?"

"Jean Marat; surgeon to Monseigneur le Comte D'Artois' regiment of guards, madam," answered he, in a voice as ill-favored as that of the raven.

"You were in the orangery just now!" continued the queen, hurriedly.

"I overheard all, madam," responded he.

"How came you there?" resumed she.

"I was there when your majesty entered," replied he; "I was passing through it on my way into the park from the palace. Unable to leave without being seen, I concealed myself behind one of the tubs. The rest your majesty knows."

"I forgive your impertinence for the sake of what you have witnessed. Let me pass;" observed the queen, signing imperatively to him.

Marat cringed low, and as it were shriveling himself up into his clothes to render himself smaller, stepped back close to the bushes that skirted the alley. Marie-Antoinette gathered up her dress about her person, seemingly dreading the slightest contact with the ill-visaged stranger, and glided past him, shuddering as she crossed the spot where he stood, as though her blood ran chill and curdled in his presence.

Marat looked after her, but was almost immediately disturbed by the approaching heavy foot-fall of the duke. He darted amongst the tall shrubs, and there crouched down untill the former had gone by and was out of sight, when he stalked off in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XX.

A WELCOME SURPRISE.

During the progress of these events, Philip, still entombed within the gloomy prison that remained a standing terror and an object of execration to the exasperated people, was visited by no glimmering of that light, which alone renders captivity and misery supportable; he was comforted by no voice from the living world without,

bringing unto him a token of his recognized existence among men.

His communications with the exterior had passed unheeded; in the case of Madelaine, leaving him in painful uncertainty. She was gone! Whither? How? With whom? Under what circumstances? His surmises only plunged him deeper into doubt and comfortless unhappiness.

In the turnkey, Fouine, whom he had disappointed of his promised reward, in consequence of his letter to Le Loyal remaining unanswered, he found a man, naturally hard-hearted, indurated yet more so by the nature of his ungrateful office, and by the arbitrariness of the regulations which he was obliged to observe; a man in whose breast every spark of pity had long been extinguished, only to be re-kindled through his cupidity; dispossessed of the means of ministering to which, Philip experienced, for a time, all the petty hardships his jailor had it in his power to inflict, the latter considering the prisoner in the light of his debtor, upon whom he was at perfect liberty to palm off his general stock of ill-will, simply on the plea of the unfortunate's inability to purchase the little kindliness he had to dispose of.

There existed one individual, however, who, in the bitterness of soul attendant upon his own misfortunes, sympathizing with those whom fate had brought to a similar pass and placed under his government, sought to minister consolation where it was needed; and although his duties did not admit of his being a frequent visitor, yet Philip ever regarded his coming as a benefaction, for where it could not alleviate suffering it lightened by not adding to it; in a word, major chevalier was to Philip a ministering angel of comfort, and between them there soon sprang up such an intimacy as only brotherhood in affliction can engender.

Nor, although our hero was cut off from every kind of communication with the exterior, did he remain altogether ignorant of what was passing there, notwithstanding the vagueness of his knowledge. Sometimes, for instance, at dead of night, a loud and stormy murmur would float over the massive battlements, and penetrating through the stone walls that enshrouded the captives, speak to these of liberty, and whisper them to hope in the future; or at other times, at broad noon, the passing, angry multitude would shout for that boon, even beneath the very towers of the building, whose echoes seemed but to laugh back the cry in derision, though it met with a deep and earnest response from hearts blank with despair, shut up in darkness within them, and whose waking and sleeping prayer it never ceased to be.

Upon the removal of the bodies of his late unfortunate companions, some attempt to cleanse Philip's cell was made; the straw was removed, the old pallet likewise, the stones of the flooring scraped, and, through the medium of the major, additional comforts allowed to the captive, whose period of recreation in the open air was doubled, one hour being permitted to him in the morning, and a

second in the afternoon; but although these indulgences tended to soften the extreme rigor of his imprisonment, they added nought to his hopes, and Philip's life continued miserable, dreary, and monotonous enough.

His thoughts, it may be naturally supposed, frequently reverted to the two unhappy beings whose fate had been so appalling, whilst he felt a strange degree of interest in him who had spoken of Lutetia, and whose earlier history might have cast such light upon his own. He had taken especial care to conceal about his person, the papers obtained from the other maniac, though unable to comprehend their full purport, they being written partly in the Provençal idiom, of which he was ignorant, and partly in a species of bastard mixture trenching both upon it and the ordinary French. Of this, however, he remained satisfied, namely; that the documents contained some information intimately allied with the concerns of the family De Beauvallais, whose names, including that of Madelaine and of her cousin, frequently occurred; wherefore he resolved to await patiently for a favorable opportunity of procuring further information concerning him.

Some days of his solitary reclusion had already passed, when he bethought him whether perhaps the previous occupants of that gloomy residence had left any memento of their tenancy; and this idea no sooner occurred, than, acting upon the feeling of curiosity it had suddenly excited, he commenced an examination of the walls of his cell.

His examination proved not unsuccessful, for, although the register was defaced by Time, and by the more careful obliteration of man's hand, there remained yet fearful testimony of the numbers who had come and passed away; he thought of his late companions and shuddered.

Continuing his scrutiny as minutely as the imperfect light would admit—to which, it may be here observed, his sight was now growing accustomed, so that he no longer wondered at the readiness with which the maniacs had distinguished him—his eye wandered up and down the narrow aperture serving as a window, and where, as far as hand could reach to scratch, several more names were inscribed. Suddenly his heart leaped, and his pulse throbbed vehemently, whilst a profuse perspiration began to stream down his flushed face.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed he, his eyes still fixed upon the inscription; "can this be any other? My own name! Philip of Lutetia. Born, fourteenth July, seventeen hundred and sixty eight! What can this mean?"

The name and date appeared to have been cut into the stone with extreme care, and stood somewhat apart from the rest, as though the writer—whomsoever he might have been—in recording the fact, had been prompted by a special motive for so doing. In vain our hero pondered upon the singularity of this registry. Whose handwriting upon the wall could it be, that thus so plainly had commem-

orated an event fraught with so much mystery? It was he himself whose name remained stamped upon that gloomy book of stone; but who was the being that had held so deep an interest in his fate, as to register his birth here? And what had brought him to become a tenant of that cell? Here indeed was food for speculation, and Philip nor rested from thinking that day, nor slept for it that night.

That it was the date of his birth he could not doubt, for he held the same fact from Le Loyal the notary, and, previously to his incarceration, had been looking forward to his twenty-first anniversary, to learn the great secret of his parentage. His earliest youth brought with the remembrance of it, no image of home, of father or of mother, of brother or of sister. He recollected a farm-house, from which he was one night taken when asleep; a grave-looking old man, wearing a white beard, who embraced him tenderly upon leaving him in charge of Monsieur Le Loyal; also the tutors who were provided to educate him; and, last of all, his being presented and received at Versailles, under the auspices of the Duke of Orleans, Monsieur Le Loyal having always kept him provided with the means of maintaining an adequate establishment, although rigorously silent respecting the mystery he ardently desired to have unveiled.

"Alas, alas! There is no help but to await the event," murmured he, as he brought his long and mournful cogitations to a close; "and heaven knows whether I shall ever regain my liberty!"

Notwithstanding these troubles, Philip felt that his position would be more supportable could he only procure intelligence of her he loved so dearly. To know her dead, he thought, would be better than living in suspense concerning her fate. He was aware of her cousin's unprincipled gallantry, of their earlier and childish intimacy, of the great stroke of policy he would accomplish for the reconciliation of family interests could he by any means bring about his union with her, and all these considerations led him to infer it as not unlikely that the profligate duke, having discovered her abode, had resorted to the extreme measure of carrying her off; whilst he accounted for the porteress' silence by supposing it had been handsomely paid for. These reflections filled his mind with the gloomiest forebodings, at times causing them to feel that death would be more welcome than liberty with such a trial to encounter; the bitterness of his heart augmenting, when he remembered that he owed his incarceration to the vindictiveness of the self-same individual whom he had so many good reasons to dislike.

Of Madame de Beauvallais' fate he also remained utterly unconscious; twice he had attempted to procure intelligence of it through Fouine, but this functionary affected profound ignorance:

"He didn't know any prisoner by his name. Prisoners lost their names when they came to the Bastile. Besides, he had not got any woman under his lock and key; so much the better: they were a deal more trouble than men. No! He didn't know anything at all about the woman."

The days rolled on, and rumors spread throughout the garrison, that the people were growing daily more turbulent, and that several times they had been heard to shout, "Down with the Bastile!" Philip gathered the news from overhearing the conversations of the sentries, as he passed to and fro through the guard-houses and the Courts, on his way to the platform or to the Inner Court, each of which he frequented daily, the former in the morning, the latter in the afternoon. He likewise remarked that the fortress was being silently but gradually placed in a condition to repel an attack, should the populace attempt so rash an act; all of which circumstances only tended to remove his hopes of liberation to a more distant term, when tranquility should be restored.

The idea of effecting his escape occurred to him more than once, but always as a hopeless experiment; there were, truly, instances on record, of prisoners succeeding, but their plans had been the result of long years of deliberation and preparation, and where one had accomplished this desirable end, ten had fallen victims to the vigilance of the sentinels; wherefore, he renounced the thought.

But notwithstanding the passing interest which Major Chevalier manifested in Philip's fate, it appeared to our hero as if this Good Samaritan labored under some restraint when in the presence of Fouine; nor was he mistaken, for the latter was not less than a spy upon the major's actions, due notice of which he used to take, and to report thereupon to the governor: all this the major explained to the governor: all this the major explained to Philip one evening, when, long after the retirement of the turnkey, he paid the young man an unexpected nocturnal visit, commencing thus an intimacy which their mutual misfortunes strengthened.

"I *do* take an interest in you, my young friend," remarked Chevalier, in reply to an observation of Philip's, expressive of his thanks for the commiseration shown him by a stranger; "and I shall frequently pass an hour with you after Fouine has withdrawn for the night. I have access to the governor's duplicate keys, and can therefore visit you without suspicion."

The major was as good as his word, and the two became soon established upon a footing of reciprocal friendship and confidence.

In the course of one of these stolen interviews, Philip acquired the melancholy certainty of the Duchess de Beauvallais' decease, a piece of intelligence that grievously shocked him, whilst it led him to express his feelings very warmly upon the system of which she had fallen a victim.

"It is, indeed, an iniquitous one," sighed the major, in unison; "but let us hope it will have an end."

"Amen, for both our sakes," responded Philip.

"And for the sake of those who are confined with us," added Chevalier.

"With all my heart," resumed our hero; "but, tell me, major, how it was that you fell under the displeasure of government."

"I am as ignorant of the cause as you are," said the other; "I was

major of the king's second regiment of dragoons, having, with unprecedented success, fought my way upwards, in spite of existing prejudices, which render it indispensable for a man to number a century of noble ancestry before he can procure a commission. I can only conceive that I created myself a secret enemy. The Prince de Lambesc was our colonel: he is, as you know, her majesty's relative. Regarding me with disfavor—probably as an interloper, though I had many years of hard service to recommend me—he took every opportunity of annoying and humiliating me in the presence of my brother officers; and, to add to his mortification, I was instrumental in rescuing a young woman from his brutal violence, and of restoring her to her friends. What shall I surmise? About a month afterwards, without the slightest reason being assigned, I was arrested at dead of night, just as I dismounted from special guard at the palace, and was conveyed hither, where I have ever since remained; a victim to the blackest injustice. My prospects are blighted, and the hopes of happiness I had entertained: in a word, I am to all intents and purposes as strictly a prisoner as you are, only that my precincts are the walls of the fortress."

"And this is the accursed system of the lettres-de-cachet," murmured our hero: "it is time, indeed, it were abolished. I am a victim to it, so was the poor duchess: so have many others been, and so may be thousands more. I ever hated despotism, but now I hate it more bitterly than ever."

On another occasion, Philip, having determined, if possible, to elicit further information of his late companions, from one so intimately associated with the government of the prison, asked the major whether he could afford him any clue to their identity; keeping from his knowledge, however, what he already knew, or suspected. The major promised to see him on the following evening, and to communicate what he knew. Accordingly, at the usual hour, he returned, bringing with him a book, which proved to be a copy of the official Register of the Bastile.*

"So many prisoners come and go," remarked the major, as he opened his book to refer to the name of the tower, "that, unless I fall back upon these pages, I am frequently at a loss. Oh," added he, as his finger stopped at the column he sought, "here is one of them! *Pierre-Louis Amadée Baudoin; a Provencal; confidential domestic to the late Duke de Beauvallais. Incarcerated at the instance of the young duke. Suspected of abstracting important papers.*"

Philip maintained his self-composure, satisfied that he held possession of documents, perhaps essential to Madelaine's success in her suit against her cousin, and asked Chevalier his opinions of the motives alleged for his incarceration.

"There is slight dependence to be placed upon the truth of the

* The Major's documents form the only authentic corroboration of those portions of the Register which were saved from the mob, at the destruction of the Bastile and throw great light upon the blanks that are found in it."—Ed.

accusations brought against prisoners," responded he, shaking his head; "the young duke is generally supposed to have shuffled into his uncle's property by unfair, that is, by means not strictly legal. He may have been unable to gain over this man, and have accused him unjustly; or the man may have been guilty, and deserving of his fate. However, his secret is dead now. After he had been here a few months he went raving mad, in consequence of a cerebral fever. In one of his lunatic excesses, he murdered his fellow-prisoner, so we were obliged to chain him up."

"And the other?" inquired our hero, scarcely able to contain himself, so intense was his anxiety.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Chevalier; "his history is a mournful one, indeed. I gathered it from one and the other; for I have been a prisoner only eleven years, whilst he passed, in this accursed place, the better portion of a long life. It appears that at the period of his arrest—the motive alleged for which seems to have been founded—there existed great disaffection towards the government, and it was rumored that a secret society of free-masons, which used to assemble somewhere in the Rue St. Jacques, had entered into a compact to overthrow the government and establish a republic. Upon this, the police, under Monsieur Sartines, set a watch, and, after a long and a baffling search, secured a young man aged not more than twenty, who called himself Joseph-Marie Chapelle, a a name presumed to have been fictitious, as likewise a second which he gave himself, namely, Brother Jacob Job. In his possession was found a slip of paper, inscribed with characters no one could decipher, but bearing the names of Julian and Lutetia. Interrogated as to the signification of these, and as to that of the signs, he refused to reply, and was consequently consigned to solitary confinement. You are acquainted with his unhappy end."

"Horrible!" ejaculated our hero: "but, major, I do not see in this unfortunate's history anything more terrible than what has happened to ourselves, only in the duration of his term of imprisonment."

"I have not told you all," resumed the major, turning over a few pages of his private register, as if in search of another name. "The prisoner had been here above a week, when it was found that a young girl, scarcely fifteen, came every day to the gate, and earnestly demanded to see the governor. The sentinels, accustomed to such entreaties, laughed at her, and sought to drive her away, but every day she returned, until one man, more humane than the rest, communicated the circumstance to his officer, who acquainted the governor with it. The next day the young creature was admitted. It proved to be the prisoner's wife. She besought to be allowed to comfort her husband in his confinement; to see him only once a day; but the favor was refused, unless she divulged the secret of his name, and of the locality he inhabited. To this she resolutely objected to accede, wherefore, having no order for her detention, the governor allowed her to depart, setting a watch

upon her, to learn whither she went. Possibly he imagined he should thus more readily procure a clue to their identity; but in this he was mistaken: for, although the spy discovered that she always repaired to a certain house in the Rue St. Jacques, there all trace of her disappeared. The landlord of the house, a cooper, in whose family the property had been for a long course of years, was arrested, and his premises searched and examined, but fruitlessly. He denied all knowledge of the female calling herself Clemence Chapelle, and of the man Joseph-Marie, her husband, and so the authorities set him at liberty."

Chevalier here remarking the anxiety depicted upon Philip's countenance, stopped at this point of his narrative, to express his astonishment, but the young man, whose tongue and throat were parched as with a burning fever, besought him to continue; the major resumed:

"For some few weeks after these occurrences, the young wife did not return, probably fearing her pertinacity might involve her husband's destruction, but when she did come back she was provided with the minister's permission to visit her husband once a day, for an hour each time. You may conceive that they were closely watched, but they conversed in a jargon no one comprehended, and thus espionage was baffled. It appeared as if the minister, changing the ordinary arbitrary course, hoped to arrive at their secret by an opposite treatment, for, though the prisoner was not allowed any indulgence whatsoever, his wife was permitted to come and go, freely, as she thought; notwithstanding which, a closer watch was set upon her movements, so that if perseverance could have effected the object it would have certainly been attained. To abridge my narrative, I should tell you that this exemplary young wife continued, for fifteen years, to visit her husband in the manner I have related. The old invalid, from whom I got the tale, and who died shortly after I came here, said that their affection would have melted any heart, let alone the beauty, gentleness, and unrepining fortitude of the young wife, to whom that one hour appeared her whole existence. I cannot say whether for that long period she was watched as at the first; it seems to me more likely that the authorities, tired out by this unprecedented pertinacity, either gave up their task in despair—finding themselves baffled, moreover, in every attempt they made to surprise her—or that they became lukewarm, or even winked, or actually connived at her escape. At different times during this lapse of years, strong interest was made for the release of the prisoner, but all efforts terminated fruitlessly, for the society was known to exist, being in continual collision with the authorities, whensoever they exercised their arbitrary power over the oppressed citizens. Thus, you see, the motive for the prisoner's detention remained valid, and the betrayal of the secret, as the price of his liberation, was insisted upon as strenuously as ever. If the pair ever nourished any project of escape, they must soon have renounced it, seeing the impractica-

bility of carrying it out successfully; and thus matters continued, until an event happened which deprived the poor prisoner of his companion."

"She died!" murmured Philip.

"On the fourteenth of July, seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, now nearly twenty-one years ago, she died here, in this cell, in giving birth to a child—a male——" *

"Great God!" ejaculated Philip, clasping his hands in agony; "can these have been my parents!"

The major regarded the young man in astonishment, which was not diminished when the latter, grasping him by the hand, led him to the window and showed him the singular registry of the birth:

"My own name," gasped he; "my age. Oh, my unhappy parents! My father, too! shot before my very eyes—shot down like a dog. And oh, under what circumstances! It is horrible, horrible. This disclosure will drive me mad."

Giving himself up to the violence of his emotions, he paced his cell frantically, wringing his hands in sheer bitterness of despair, and breathing vengeance even whilst the scalding tears of grief rolled down his cheeks. The major permitted this access to subside, when he resumed:

"This is indeed frightful! Yet it cannot be! The child was removed to the infirmary, and placed under the charge of the matron, in whose arms it died when a fortnight old. These, at least, are the facts consigned in the register."

"It may be, it may be," sobbed Philip; "I am bewildered. I can understand nothing."

"The young woman and her child were buried in the church of St. Paul," added Chevalier; "but from that day the prisoner's reason wandered, until he became what you saw him. He even lost all memory of his former existence, for never did a word concerning it transpire in his ravings, nor any clue to the secret which had been so rigorously kept. He would speak of Lutetia, of the emperor Julian, and designate himself as one of the pagan deities; for men were placed in his cell to listen, and to report what they heard; but nothing was elicited. Their secret died with them."

"But my name, major! My age! The mystery that involves my parentage, and which was to have been disclosed upon my completing my twenty-first year! The very date of my birth! How can all this be reconciled?" asked our hero.

The major shrugged his shoulders, replying that "he acknowledged the difficulty, but saw no alternative, except in patiently awaiting the progress of events. The only person that might have thrown any light upon the mystery was the matron; but she was dead; unless Fouine, who was deep in all the wickedness of the place, knew anything." Nevertheless, he did not quit his friend without an assurance that he would make inquiries, and keep him informed of the result.

* For the incident upon which this is founded, *Vide* "*La Police Dévoilée.*"

But a surprise of a different nature awaited Philip.

Whilst taking his accustomed airing, one day, in the inner court, the sentinel at the wicket warned him to retreat into the cabinet, thus apprizing him of the passage of a stranger. The cabinet was a niche in the wall, into which prisoners were, under similar circumstances, compelled to withdraw, and to stand in it, with their face turned to the inner side, until the stranger had gone past; a precautionary measure to prevent signs of intelligence between any of the garrison and the prisoner, and to enforce which, the sentinel had orders to shoot such as should not obey on the instant. Accustomed, by this time, to comply with the regulations of the interior, Philip was about to step into the retreat, when he heard himself called by the name of "prisoner;" recognizing the governor's voice, he turned about, and beheld De Launay pointing to the spot where he stood, whilst a female was descending the few steps leading from the wicket-gate into the court. Ere he had recovered from his astonishment, the young woman, uttering a faint shrick, bounded forwards, and Philip found himself closely embracing Madelaine.

"Oh, Philip!" exclaimed she, recovering first, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "how pale thou art; how ill thou art looking."

"Dear Madelaine," responded he, "distress of mind has worn me out. Now I again behold thee, I shall be happier. How camest thou here?"

Madelaine related briefly the history of the last few weeks, including the circumstance of Madame Giboulette's refusal of his letter, and how she had discovered a clue to his dreary abode; that, the fact ascertained, the queen had written a letter to the governor, soliciting of him, as a favor, "to violate for once the strict letter of the regulations, and permit her friend to visit his prisoner."

"I could not come before, Philip," added she, "for I am now at my godfather's house, and have taken the first opportunity of slipping away. I have not yet summoned courage to inform him of our attachment."

"And thou hast come alone, Madelaine?" asked he: "through quarters of Paris thronged by ruffians capable of any crime."

"Oh, Philip, dear Philip," replied she, earnestly, "what danger would not I affront to see thee. Indeed, I am not afraid."

"Bless thee, my own true-hearted Madelaine," sobbed he, pressing her to his bosom; "and here, whilst I think of it—quick—De Launay's back is turned—hide these papers; they concern thee and thy cousin. Hush! No questions. Another time. Thou wilt come again."

"As often as I can, Philip," responded she, burying the packet beneath her mantle; "courage, dear Philip. Her majesty is interested in thy fate, and will accomplish thy liberation soon. Before I left Versailles, she gave me this purse, and bade me transfer it to thee, adding that she durst say thou stood'st in need of such slight aid as its contents might afford."

Philip's acknowledgment of this kindness was interrupted by the advance of Fouine, rattling his keys, and by a sign from De Launay.

"Come, your hour is up," said the turnkey, abruptly.

Madelaine shuddered and clung close to her lover, who whispered,

"We must say farewell, Madelaine; our joy is indeed brief: but the man does only his duty. Adieu! Heaven bless thee!"

Her heart bursting with grief, Madelaine embraced her betrothed, and lowering her veil to conceal her tears, accompanied De Launay out, sobbing bitterly as she went; whilst Philip was re-conducted to his cell, now illumined by the gleam of hope he had so long looked for despairingly.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONNECTING LINK.

Between youthful hearts, pregnant with the freshness of innocence, there exists a free-masonry of sympathy, a holy communion of feeling, which, over-leaping the icy barrier society gravely sets up against free intercourse, and unrestricted interchange of thought and sentiment between individuals of riper years, knit them at once into a close and affectionate intimacy, possessing all the vigor of health, and, even as it grows, bearing the rich fruit which is supposed to belong to such friendships only as have more soberly attained to maturity.

Was it, then, surprising that Madelaine and Eulalie no sooner came together than their hearts were one? Each yielded to the gentle impulse of their feminine nature, and, ere they had exchanged a word, a long, an earnest, a fond embrace sealed an irrevocable compact of amity between them.

On the part of Madelaine, there existed nought of restraint in the burst of affection with which she greeted her new friend, nor in the tears she shed, aught of bitterness; they were the uncontrollable overflowings of an earnest, impassioned soul, whose warmth was suddenly kindled; whose fountains could not be pent up; but on the part of Eulalie, although her responsive embrace seemed as ardent and sincere as heart could desire, her manner was marked by a degree of timidity that no effort of hers appeared able to conquer; her joy was shadowed by a tinge of melancholy, and her tears were accompanied by sobs that spake of some secret grief, whose well lay deep imbedded in the young bosom so closely pressed, so gratefully throbbing in the raptures of new delight, in the teeming throes of a new friendship.

In his heart, Mirabeau had resolved upon disclosing the secret of his passion to the object of it, at the very first opportunity that

should present itself, but his ordinary boldness had wholly forsaken him, and with the cowardice of evil design, he deferred the accomplishment of his project from day to day, rejoicing in the many difficulties his imagination placed in his way, though not renouncing his ultimate purpose. He lived at constant variance with his conscience on this score, and hence his irresolution.

On the other hand, Madelaine also had a secret to reveal, which she would gladly have created the occasion for doing. She desired her god-father's permission to visit her lover, but this she could not hope to procure without imparting to him the cause of her compassion; the opportunity came not unbidden, and her timidity shrank from a confession made at the instigation of her own feelings; thus, day after day passed, until her anxiety became so overpowering, and her heart smote her so sorely on the score of her indifference to Philip's fate, that she determined upon leaving the revelation of her love for him to the natural course of events, and, risking Mirabeau's displeasure—should he discover the fact—as also the consequences of the step itself, to take courage and repair clandestinely to the Bastile.

She hesitated now as to the means of accomplishing her errand, when, one morning, Mademoiselle Necker called to see her, having come to reside awhile at Paris with her father, whose permanent presence at Versailles was become no longer necessary, the decrees of the cabinet being powerless against the all-supreme mandates of the national assembly. In fact, though still minister, though still intimate with his sovereign, though still, in the public mind, associated with the acts of the government, and though still maintaining his popularity, Necker had virtually returned to private life, and, during the contest that was going on between the court-faction and the democrats, sought to repose his wearied energies, and thus to gather strength for fresh exertion in the cause he had espoused, when he should again be called upon to aid it.

Mademoiselle Necker's ingenuity soon furnished Madelaine with the plausible excuse she needed:

"Thou shalt accompany me home to see my father," said she, "and we will confer further together there."

And so Madelaine departed upon her affectionate errand, from Necker's residence, returning to Eulalie, from the Bastile direct, and without suspicion being excited relatively to the true motive of her absence. But that same night, whilst Madelaine's heart was yet full of new joy, Eulalie learnt the secret of her young friend's frequent reveries, and locked in the chaste embrace of sisterly love, they both wept themselves to sleep upon the same pillow.

It was Madelaine's earliest task to attempt to read the papers she had received from Philip. Some of them were absolutely illegible, exhibiting nothing save a multitude of confused scrawls; whilst others, written in a tolerable hand, and in the Provençal idiom, touched upon events having apparently no connection with each other, and offering no particular interest to her at first, though re-

ferring to various periods of the writer's life. All that she gleamed from a perusal of them was the name of the individual, and the fact of his having been in the service of the Duke de Beauvallais her father. She remembered him well, and also the circumstance of his disappearance, shortly after the duke's demise; he was thought to have died somewhere in Paris; the last place he had been seen at; and her mother had deeply deplored the event, for, upon the law-suit being instituted, for the late duke's succession, the evidence of this man would have proved of material advantage in establishing the legitimacy of the duchess's claims, which were attempted to be set aside upon the strength of the law of primogeniture.

Madelaine had never learnt the exact nature of the opposition set up against her inheritance of her father's testamentary benefactions; she knew that he had married her mother under the circumstances already related, and that both herself and her mother would become dependent upon the provisions of his will for a subsistence after his decease.

Upon her father's decease, however, no will was found, and her cousin, as next of kin, laid claim to the title, to the estates, and to the whole of the personal property and effects. A few memoranda in the late duke's handwriting, confirmatory of his intention to bequeath all to his wife and his daughter, were not admissible in court as evidence of the existence of a will, though purporting to be drafts of one to this effect; besides the law of primogeniture was peremptory; the next heir male absorbed all, and the duchess and her daughter were consigned to beggary. These, in brief, were the details of the case, but with these, as we before stated, Madelaine was not familiar.

A third scroll of papers excited the girl's curiosity immeasurably. It was headed: "*The confession of Pierre-Amadée Boudoin*," and like the others, written in the Provençal dialect. With great difficulty she deciphered the contents, which proved of a character all-absorbing. She perused the documents a second time, and a third, and then sate awhile and pondered, ending by carefully depositing the packet in a drawer, which she locked, placing the key in her bosom.

Anxious as she had been before for an interview with Philip, she now became doubly so for a second, so many questions suggested themselves to her mind after her perusal of these mysterious papers. Mademoiselle Necker, who was become a daily visitor, readily undertook to screen her absences from home, on the plea of taking her out for an airing, a luxury constantly refused by Eulalie, who could not, by any persuasion, be prevailed upon to accompany them. Nevertheless, Madelaine soon perceived the danger of repairing to the Bastile so frequently, unprotected as she was; the streets were more than ever thronged by groups of lawless ruffians, whose looks terrified her, and whose gestures, on several occasions, led her to suspect that her visits were marked; nor was she mistaken. Of the impropriety she never dreamt, so guileless was her purpose; she

sought but to comfort him she loved, to whom her heart was betrothed, and whose bride she was in the sight of heaven, though unratified their contract by the act of man. But of her resolution, in consequence, more anon.

Several times since her removal from Versailles, she had received missives from Marie-Antoinette, breathing the warmest affection, and rejoicing rather that her protegée was just then absent from the court, which offered only scenes of confusion painful to witness. Once she visited the queen to condole with her in her maternal sorrow, at the death of the Dauphin, and to commiserate her sufferings under the contumely with which a factious aristocracy and an upstart democracy, loaded her. There remained indeed of royalty, nought save the shadow, of the queen nothing save the woman.

In the midst of her grief, however, Marie-Antoinette remembered the 'deep secret of her young friend's heart,' and learnt with pleasure that she had at least been a ministering angel to her lover's wants, in his dismal, desolate habitation.

"Poor child," she said, pressing Madelaine's humid cheek to her lips; "thou must exhort him to patience, yet awhile. All will I trust be well."

"I would gladly brave any danger, so that I might still do service near your majesty," answered Madelaine; "I beseech you, madam, confer this one additional favor on me."

"Again, my dear child, I tell thee it cannot be," rejoined the queen, moved to tears by Madelaine's affectionate offer; "soon we shall be able to send for thee; but at present, our suite is limited. Never fear but I shall think of thee. When loyal hearts are so scarce, we can ill afford to lose one."

And with this faint attempt at liveliness, Marie-Antoinette dismissed her protegée, who returned home, her heart bursting with grief.

Mademoiselle Necker was awaiting her, and entered into her disappointment sincerely.

"I have, nevertheless, good news to impart, my dear Madelaine," observed Necker; "this state of things will not be allowed to endure much longer. It is a great secret, at present, but his majesty has at length resolved upon forcing the National Assembly to terms; that is, upon resuming the power which belongs of right to him. A large body of troops is in full march upon Paris, which is to be surrounded by a certain day, when they will pour in from the various quarters, and falling upon the factions, will annihilate them at once."

"What will become of Philip, poor Philip, if there should be fighting?" exclaimed Madelaine; "they are sure to fight at the Bastile."

"But what of that? Monsieur de Lutèçe will be safer where he is than he would be with us."

"Heaven grant all may end as you anticipate," was Madelaine's quiet reply, and they parted for the day.

On the morrow, Madelaine paid another visit to the Bastile, but to her surprise, was informed by Monsieur de Launay, "that it was become an imperative duty upon him to forbid further communication between his prisoner and herself; all commerce between the garrison and the citizens had been suspended, and would remain so until the tumults in the city had subsided."

From the Bastile to the street where Mirabeau resided, the distance was not great; but on her way she had to traverse a portion of the quarter of St. Antoine; a neighborhood rife with sedition and tumult, and inhabited by the poorest of the people, and the fiercest of the democratic mob. Gathering courage as she passed unheeded through the excited groups, she hurried on, and had attained to within a few hundred yards of her dwelling, when she first became aware that two ruffians were dogging her steps; their countenances seemed familiar, and she presently recollected having noticed them on one or more occasions already both on her way to the Bastile and from it, homewards, and entertaining a suspicion of being watched. Of this she now felt assured, therefore doubled her pace in advance of them, occasionally looking behind, only to find that her pursuers kept close in her track. As much annoyed as alarmed at this circumstance, she determined, should they attempt to molest her, to claim the protection of the first passer-by, and to resist to the last any violence that might be offered to her; but her fears proved groundless; for the men only followed her to her door, where one made bold to scan her features by lifting the corner of her veil as he shuffled past her, and then rejoined his companion. Madelaine, too glad to have escaped further importunity, ran up stairs and locked herself in her chamber with Eulalie.

The two men were Henriot and Legendre.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONFIDENCE.

Madelaine found Eulalie in tears, an occurrence not unusual, for she had long since discovered that the latter was a prey to a deep and secret sorrow, the character of which she held too sacred to seek to fathom its cause. Seeing Madelaine enter pale and flurried, however, Eulalie wiped her eyes, and eagerly ran to perform the kindly offices they were wont to interchange, nor failed to inquire into the nature of her alarm; this, Madelaine readily explained, and as they received no interruption from the ill-favored strangers, a

more equable demeanor soon usurped the place of that trepidation which the circumstance had excited.

"But thou wert weeping, Eulalie, when I entered," remarked Madelaine; "even now thine eyes are swollen and red. Thou often weepest. Why dost thou weep?"

Eulalie answered not, but releasing herself from her friend's embrace, covered her face with her hands, and sinking back into a chair, sobbed aloud. Madelaine immediately arose, and crossing to where Eulalie sate, resumed her former position by her side.

"Eulalie! Dear Eulalie," said she, casting her arms about her neck; "what is this? Why weepest thou so bitterly?"

And as he spoke, the tears coursed one another fast down her cheeks, flowing unbidden in pure sympathy with a grief so profound.

"It is," sobbed Eulalie, presently, "it is because I am very unhappy. I am wretched. I wish to die."

"Thou art often thus, Eulalie," responded Madelaine; "I have known thee weep at dead of night, when thou thoughtest I slept. Often had I resolved to press thee on the cause of this constant sorrow, but I hesitated, lest thou shouldst think the fact unworthy of our friendship; since thou thyself didst not make any advances towards a confidence. But grief, dear Eulalie, weighs the lighter when shared by a friend. Wilt not thou make me thy friend?"

"I am not worthy of thy friendship, Madelaine," answered Eulalie, sobbing bitterly.

"Not worthy, Eulalie!" ejaculated Madelaine, in reply; "I do not comprehend thee. Not worthy! And wherefore?"

"Oh, ask me not, Madelaine! Press me not to reply. Thou art too pure for friendship such as mine. Thou canst never know my sufferings; thou canst never enter fully into my sorrows. If I made thy bosom not the sanctuary of my woes, it was because I shrank from a confession that must render me odious in thine eyes. I am a wretched, lost girl, with no desire save that of death."

Madelaine sate awhile gazing with strange feelings at the weeping figure that, in the agony of its sorrow, had sunk at her feet. Eulalie! Could this indeed be Eulalie, so altered as she now seemed from her usual self! In her long, loose white dress, the luxuriant dark hair, beautiful even in its sudden disorder, as, loosened from its fastenings, it hung in wavy folds over her neck and back, almost covering her entire person; with her white, attenuated hands, veiling her eyes, she looked a breathing Magdalen, imploring the charitable mercy of a sister sitting in judgment over her. Still, Madelaine understood not the import of the mysterious words she heard, breathed in such bitterness of spirit, but she now, for the first time, beheld the change that had come over her friend; a change, whose approach daily intercourse had served to disguise, but which now suddenly revealed itself, like the waking realization of a dream. She noted the slender form, wasted away to a shadow, the hollow glassy eye, the hectic cheek, the burning parched lip, the damp sweat that gave an earthly humidity to her embrace; all this she

beheld at a glance, and shuddering as the truth flashed across her mind, wondered she had not observed it before. Clasping Eulalie to her bosom, she hurriedly exclaimed, as she essayed to raise her:

"Eulalie! Dear Eulalie! Speak not thus. Thou art ill! Rise, I beseech thee. Let me tend to thee, Eulalie. Thou must not die. Thou must live for friendship, and for the future."

"For the future, above," murmured Eulalie, in the fervent accents of one in earnest prayer; "forgive us our trespasses, father of heaven, even as we forgive those that trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation."

A long, a deep pause ensued, broken by the sobs of Madelaine, who, unable to raise her companion, wept upon her neck, until the latter, calmed by prayer, arose of her own accord, and they both sate.

"Thou hast filled my heart with sadness, Eulalie," said Madelaine, in a low voice; "I pray thee let me be the partner of thy sorrows."

"Not now, Madelaine, dear, dear Madelaine," responded Eulalie; "but when it is dark. I could not bear thee to look in my face. To-night, after we have prayed together, I will tell thee all."

"Does my god-father know of thy troubles, Eulalie," enquired Madelaine.

"Nought save what he may suspect," replied the other; "did he never speak to thee of me?"

"Oh, yes, often! How else should I——"

"Thou dost not understand me, Madelaine. I mean, did he ever tell thee how I became an inhabitant beneath his roof?"

"He told me that he had saved thee from a fearful death; that a house was on fire; that thou wert in danger, and that he rescued thee; nothing more."

"Did he mention no name? Did he not say whose house?"

"Stay! Yes, I think he said Monsieur Foulon's."

Eulalie shuddered at the name, but presently resumed—

"He knows no more. I was too much exhausted to impart all to him on that fearful night, and since that time he has passed but little time in my company. But the period is near at hand when he must know everything. When I am gone, thou wilt give him a paper I have written; it lies in yonder drawer. The key is about my neck."

"Again, dear Eulalie, I implore thee not to speak thus sadly," rejoined Madelaine. "Thou art heavy at heart now and seest everything in sombre colors. Thou must have care. I will be thy nurse, and when thou art recovered quite, we will be happy again, as we were yesterday. This attack has been so sudden, I feel quite alarmed."

"Yes, thou camest upon me unawares. I was thinking upon thee, Madelaine, at that moment, and thy sudden entry overpowered me. But I feel better now. Do not be alarmed on my account; this is nothing, I assure thee."

And thus the remainder of the day passed, Madelaine looking forward to the hour of rest with a feeling of anxiety mingled with dread, that she could not account for. A vague sensation of evil seemed to impend over her, and though she strove to shake it off, it established upon her spirits a permanent chill, which no reasoning or mental effort could remove.

Mirabeau came not that day; the hour of repose struck, and the two friends retired.

They had been in their apartment more than an hour, a great portion of which they spent looking up at the moon, imbedded in silver clouds, and in fantastic reveries as to its being perhaps a habitation for mortals departed in the sins of the flesh. All was still in the house, though from afar, now and then drawing nearer, or sounding so, as they came borne on the night wind, they could hear the angry murmurs of the seditious multitude, or the drunken brawlings of the bands of rioters just emerged from the cabaret to wage indiscriminate assault and battery upon more sober citizens; when Eulalie, being in the act of disrobing herself, suddenly uttered an exclamation of disappointment and surprise, and upon being interrogated as to the cause of her emotion, expressed her fear at having mislaid or lost a locket which she usually wore around her neck.

"Yet I have not left these rooms," added she. "I must have let it fall unconsciously whilst speaking with thee this evening. Wilt thou accompany me, Madelaine, and we will endeavor to recover it?"

Madelaine immediately assented, and each investing herself in a loose wrapper, they proceeded to the apartment that served them for ordinary purposes, where, to their utter amazement, they beheld Mirabeau, seated at the table, his head resting on both his hands, and his attention deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the trinket they were seeking.

It was easy to perceive he was a prey to some violent emotion, for his eyes were humid, and his countenance bore the traces of bitter anguish; so intent was he, indeed upon the locket, that he remained unaware of their presence until their lamp, shining full upon him, startled him from his reverie and exhibited their advancing figures. Upon catching sight of them, he leaped to hisfeet, but immediately recovering his presence of mind, held out the trinket, though unable yet to articulate a syllable.

"That is mine!" exclaimed Eulalie, in her deep, silvery voice, extending her hand to claim the bauble.

"Yes!" stammered Mirabeau, making a sign to her to approach. "Thine! But how? Whence hadst thou it?"

"From my mother, I believe," replied Eulalie.

"Ah, yes! thy mother," continued he, pensively, but trembling violently; "thou rememberest her?"

"Alas! no, monsieur; she died whilst I was yet an infant at the breast," rejoined Eulalie. "I can remember only the negro woman

that brought me up, and who told me all she knew about my poor mother. That locket and ring are the sole tokens I possess of her as a remembrance. She placed them around my neck when she was dying, and they have never since left it. I cannot account for losing them this evening."

"That is easily done, child," observed the count; "the ribbon is worn to a thread at the clasp. Sit by me and tell me thy history, *petite*. Come Madelaine, love, there is room for thee upon this side."

As he addressed them, Mirabeau took them by the hand, and drew them gently towards him, constraining them to sit; he then embraced them upon the cheek, and placing an arm around each of their slender forms, added:

"So long as thou hast been under my roof, my poor Eulalie, and I never to have questioned thee before upon this head! Thou wilt scarcely forgive me such indifference. Thou hast thought me unkind!"

"Oh, no, monsieur!" rejoined Eulalie, the tears starting to her eyes, "I never thought you unkind. Did you not save my life? But you were engaged in matters worthier of your attention. I knew you would one day question me, so I waited patiently. But lest I had died first, I had consigned my brief history to paper."

"My dear god-father," observed Madelaine, "Eulalie is ill. See how pale she looks. Had you not better defer this disclosure until she is better able to support the fatigue of it? Besides the paper she speaks of will explain all. Give me the key of the drawer, and I will fetch the letter."

Eulalie complied, after a momentary hesitation, and Mirabeau received the document with a trembling hand, gazing earnestly and thoughtfully at the altered features of the young girl at his side. For the first time he now beheld the fearful change which her agitation rendered so visible, and which to him appeared to have come suddenly over her. He embraced her tenderly, with a far stronger degree of interest than customary, consigning her to the care of Madelaine, whom he also caressed as he bade her "good night," and the young women withdrew to their chamber, leaving him gazing fixedly at their vanishing figures.

When they were gone, he took up the locket—he had deposited it upon the table—and after pressing it to his lips, touched a tiny spring cunningly concealed, which caused the back of it to fly open, disclosing an inscription:

"I knew the hair again," muttered he; "it is the same;" and he read, "*Gabriel to Constance.* 1773. *Twelfth of April.* In the following August we parted," continued he, musing; "but I thought she had perished in that ill-fated vessel. Oh, God! If it be as I suspect, I am justly punished for the wrong I did thee, poor Constance!"

In the agony of his sudden remorse, Mirabeau laid his head on the table and sobbed convulsively; presently he arose, and pursued

by the thoughts this circumstance suggested, paced the apartment, clenching his hand as he addressed some person, whom he fancied stood in his presence, and invoking upon the imaginary being's head, the direst imprecations. At length, making an effort, as it seemed, to overcome his deep emotion, he re-seated himself at the table, and broke the seal of the small packet of papers, settling himself to read their contents.

But return we to Eulalie and Madelaine.

Upon reaching their bed-chamber, Eulalie prostrated herself before a small silver figure of the Virgin, which occupied a niche in the wall, and, with her face buried in her hands, remained thus, long absorbed in silent prayer; so long indeed, that Madelaine felt alarmed, and more than once disposed to disturb her protracted orisons. Respecting her grief, however, and the sacredness of the consolation she invoked, she waited until her companion arose, when she proceeded to assist her in undressing:

"Thou hast prayed longer than usual to-night, Eulalie," said she; "thou hast fatigued thyself. Thou tremblest like a leaf."

Eulalie smote her heart twice or thrice, and presently replied, "that prayer did her good. She felt calmer. She had been praying for those who had injured her, and for those who loved her," adding:

"For thee, Madelaine, who has borne with me in my waywardness, and respected my sorrow."

"Do not speak thus, dear Eulalie," rejoined Madelaine, clasping her sobbing friend to her heart; "I have not done more than friendship required. I ought indeed to have provoked thy confidence earlier; I might then have soothed thee in the hours of silent anguish thou hast passed."

Poor Eulalie! Grateful indeed to thy stricken heart was the consolation such tenderest friendship could administer; and when thou didst pillow thine aching head upon the gentle bosom whose warm current of sympathy flowed in unison with thy sorrow, the bitterness of thine hour of agony passed away, and slumber, such as angels sleep, showed thee bright visions of felicity to come, in realms where trouble hath no abiding place.

Eulalie, pressed still by Madelaine, at length began her mournful tale.

"It is not long, Madelaine," said she, "though I yet dread to tell thee. My mother I never knew, nor my father, nor aught of their origin or birth-place. I was born on the island of St. Domingo, upon which coast the ship that had brought my mother from France, was cast during a tempest, and all on board perished, save herself. She was picked up by the negroes, and giving signs of life, was conveyed into the interior, where under their treatment, she recovered; but only to give birth, shortly after, to me, and, at the end of a fortnight, to die, leaving me to the care of the rude beings to whom she owed so much. Our heavenly Father's will be done! but I have often thought it had been better if the waves had

swallowed us both up, ere yet I knew existence. When I was about a month old, the proprietor of the estate to which the negroes belonged, paid this portion of it a visit, accompanied by his wife, and his daughters, children of tender years, the eldest not exceeding ten. They saw me, and naturally enquired into the circumstance by which a white child came amongst their black slaves. The good woman who had undertaken the care of me, related the particulars of my birth, and of my mother's decease, and her narrative so interested Madame—De la Tour was the proprietor's name, whilst the children were so taken up with me, that it was determined to adopt me as a child of the house, and I was accordingly removed to their villa, with Françoise, the negress; from whom, it seems, I would not be separated. From this kind soul I learnt these particulars of my early history, as also that, before my mother's demise, she took from her own neck and placed around mine, the locket, at the sight of which Monsieur de Mirabeau was so agitated, having previously fastened to it her wedding-ring. Can it be, my dear Madelaine, that he knew my mother? I had not courage to ask him for an explanation, but my heart throbbed with strange misgivings."

"At least, Eulalie," answered Madelaine, folding her agitated friend yet closer to her heart, "we shall learn something more to-morrow. It is better thus. But continue, I pray thee. Poor Eulalie!"

"Madame de la Tour brought me up, and gave me the same advantages as her own children enjoyed; and when she died, an event that happened when I was twelve years old; Monsieur de la Tour continued the same kindness towards me, treating me, indeed, as though I were his daughter. He it was who caused me to be christened Eulalie, after the vessel that had been wrecked. My life was truly a happy one, and I believed paradise itself could not equal the beauty of our island. Every month I performed a pilgrimage to my mother's grave, which I kept green and covered with flowers, and kneeling over which I used to pray to her spirit among the saints in heaven. Alas, my waking dream of felicity was doomed to a fearful change. Last year, a raging fever broke out on the island, and carried off hundreds of the inhabitants, sparing neither age, nor sex, nor color. Poor Monsieur de la Tour was one of the first victims, then followed mademoiselle, his oldest daughter, and then his two sons, who died on the same day as old Francoise; last of all, his other daughters sickened, catching the contagion one of the other, and both sank under it, ere ten days. Within the brief space of a month, I was left alone in the world, without resources, and in a country where I had not a friend, though I regarded it in the light of my native land. I prayed fervently for death, and even sought it where the contagion raged most fearfully; but I escaped unharmed, to return to a hearth that was desolate, to a home that was mine no longer."

"Poor Eulalie," sobbed Madelaine, her heart riven by this sad recital; "God sent thee a friend?"

"I know not," resumed Eulalie, checking the throes of her heaving bosom, rent anew by the remembrance of these scenes; "whether Monsieur de la Tour purposed to provide so liberally for me, or whether he really did make any bequest in my favor, in the will that was found amongst his papers; but the authorities first placed the seals upon everything, and one morning I received a summons from the Procurator Fiscal, who informed me that I should become entitled to the sum of fifty thousand livres upon the estate of the late Monsieur de la Tour, as soon as I attained my majority; to which, according to the law there, I yet wanted two years. At the same time, he asked me what I purposed doing? What could I reply? I knew no one at Hayti who would have received me into their intimacy, besides that I felt no disposition to remain there. I thought of France, my mother's country, and after a little consideration, resolved to follow up my fortune thither. Upon learning my determination, I was constituted a ward of the Crown, and the usual legal formalities were gone through to secure me my legacy over here, as soon as I should become entitled to receive it. The Procurator, acting as Notary, provided me with a sum of money for my immediate necessities, and, upon my departure, furnished me with the requisite documents for the establishment of my claim, together with a letter of credit upon a house at Hâvre-de-Grâce, the port to which our vessel was bound. And here, after a long and a boisterous passage, I arrived on the fourteenth of January last."

Here Eulalie came to a pause, sobbing vehemently, as though this period of her history were fraught with some painful reminiscence, which she would fain have banished from her mind, nor could divulge without a violent effort; but Madelaine's tenderness soothed her disturbed feelings, and she presently resumed:

"I was received by the sieur Delcroix of Hâvre, with much politness, and introduced to his lady, who pressed me to consider her house as my home, so long as I chose to remain. I accepted their hospitable offer, designing to make an equitable compensation, and to reside with them, at list until I attained my majority; an arrangement that met with their approbation. I did not fail to make enquiry respecting the ill-fated vessel which had borne my mother to St. Domingo, and which was known to have sailed from Hâvre. By a reference to books, aided by other facts, I learnt that the Eulalie had set sail on the thirteenth of August 1773, having several female passengers on bord, and amongst them, one young woman named Constance Deville, a stranger in Hâvre, whose appearance agreed with the description I held of my mother from Françoise. But here all further investigation was at fault, and finding the one fact inconclusive, I retained my adopted name of de la Tour, trusting to chance for further revelation."

As Eulalie proceeded in her narrative, she grew more and more agitated; so much so, that Madelaine, fearing the exertion might be too severe, requested her to defer the conclusion until the morrow; but Eulalie refused:

"No," she said; "thou shalt learn all to-night. But oh, Madelaine, do not spurn me when thou knowest all."

"Spurn thee, Eulalie!" ejaculated Madelaine, unsuspicious of anything in the forthcoming disclosure that should justify such a course; "and wherefore should I spurn thee? God forbid!"

Eulalie pressed her in silence, and after a brief pause, proceeded:

"Amongst the visitors at Monsieur Delcroix's house was Monsieur—Monsieur Foulon;" here Eulalie's agitation increased fearfully; "thou hast probably heard of him. His name is now in every mouth, for I hear the furious populace yell it with execration. He heard my story from my new friends, and seemed to take a deep interest in my fate, promising to make enquiry respecting my mother, amongst his connexions in Paris. At length, he proposed that I should accompany him back. He would introduce me to his family, he said: his daughter, Madame Berthier de Sauvigny, would rejoice to receive me as her guest, and to present me to her circle of acquaintance. Monsieur Delcroix though I could not do better than take advantage of his apparently kind offer—at least for a time — urging that it might lead to some disclosure. Madame Delcroix also held the same opinion, and I left Hâvre-de-Grâce, arriving in Paris towards the end of February."

"Eulalie," interrupted Madelaine; "I beseech thee do not continue to-night. Thou art too agitated."

"It is nothing Madelaine—nothing but—but the memory of—of what followed upon my arrival, that unnerves me thus. Listen, and pity me, dear Madelaine, for indeed, indeed I need thy pity most now."

Some few minutes elapsed ere the poor girl could continue, her agitation communicating itself to Madelaine, who, labouring under a vague suspicion, wide of the truth, that the coming disclosure referred to some deep calamity in connection with Eulalie's discovery of her parent's origin, or to some new misfortune destructive of her independency, lay in anxious expectation, scarcely daring to breathe.

"I was much surprised," resumed Eulalie, "to find that Monsieur Foulon took me to a small detached house, distant from the city some half a league, stating that his daughter was absent just then, but was expected shortly, when he would introduce me to her; but judge of my indignation, when, after awaiting this event, for more than two weeks, and upon my suspicions being alarmed by his strange conduct, I insisted upon leaving the house and returning to Hâvre, he informed me that I must consider myself as under his protection; in a word, that I should not quit without his permission."

"But was he not a kind protector, then, Eulalie? Did not he use thee well?" inquired Madelaine.

"Thou—thou dost not—comprehend, Madelaine," gasped Eulalie; "he was not a protector as thou understandest. But let me come to an end. In vain I besought him not to abuse the confi-

dence of an unprotected girl, he only laughed at my tears, or treated them as the mere effusion of an agitation that would, ere long, pass away."

"No, Eulalie, no," gasped Madelaine, terrified she knew not wherefore; "I do not comprehend—I—I seek not to comprehend. But I do pity thee, Eulalie, though I—I would thou hadst not told me!"

"And thou spurnest me, Madelaine," sobbed the poor girl? "thou loathest me! Oh! I knew thou wouldst!"

"No, no, Eulalie! I love thee dearer than ever. Do not my tears wet thy cheek? Feel my heart how it beats. Rest thy cheek upon mine, dear Eulalie, and we will weep together, even as we love each other."

Eulalie nestled close to the twining form that embraced her so earnestly, and for several minutes, neither being able to utter aught save sobs, they remained locked in each other's arms, mingling their tears in one common tide of sorrow.

"The worst is told," presently added Eulalie; "the monster removed me, shortly after, to the house whence I was rescued by Monsieur de Mirabeau, and where I had been only a few days, when the mob set fire to it. This is my story, Madelaine, and these are the facts consigned in the papers I spoke of."

"My god-father will seek out thine enemy and punish him, Eulalie, never fear," responded Madelaine, "for he is powerful now. But thou shalt never leave us. Thou shalt live with me. I will be thy sister, and tend thee when thou art sick, and thou shalt call me, and let me call thee, sister. Kiss me, sister Eulalie, and let us pray."

The night-angels staid in their watchings to listen to the murmurs, which, shaped in earnest prayer, floated tremblingly upon the deep silence of that midnight hour; and gathering them up as sacred incense, flew up with them to the Throne of Grace, but presently returned thence, to minister to the wounded spirits on earth, that holy peace which passeth all understanding.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE REVOLUTION.

Fearful was the agitation that pervaded the capital, when it became notorious that the court-faction was concentrating troops around it for the purpose of crushing the rising spirit of the people, and dissolving by force, its legitimate representative, namely, the national assembly. The populace, crowding together in masses, in the public squares, on the quays, in the streets, cried out that "they

were going to be massacred by the aristocrats," and raising one unanimous shout of execration, besieged the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, where the new municipal authority held its permanent sittings, demanding that instant measures should be taken to ensure their safety. The same spirit, rising against oppression, pervaded all classes equally. The independent deliberations of the national assembly, inspired the electors of the municipality to emulation in theirs, imparting the same movement to the districts, which in their turn influenced the corporations, namely, the entire body of artizans, who, constituting themselves into separate sections, congregated at the Louvre, on the place Louis XV., in the Champs Elysées, in the Palais Royal, in the churches and convents, anywhere in fact, where they could proceed with their deliberations; and this, in utter defiance of the municipal authority.

The disclosures of the Palais Royal conspirators have already furnished a clue to the difficulties that impeded these labors. To pacify the populace, it was found necessary every day to lower the price of bread, so that the scarcity was increased by an augmented demand, which this very abatement occasioned.

The remonstrances of the populace, on account of the alleged approach of the troops, soon fired the National Assembly, which became fully alive to the danger that menaced its promising existence; and Mirabeau, the soul of all its actions, soon, as we have seen, gave a practical meaning to his denunciations of the court-party, by moving an address to the king, which, being carried undissentially, was forthwith presented by a deputation consisting of twenty-four members of the assembly. It called upon his majesty to withdraw the troops, pointing out the danger of exasperating the people, let alone that of bringing one citizen to fight against another; a fact which involved the contingency of a general defection of the army. But the king, still incapable of releasing himself, by one vigorous effort, from the evil advisers who surrounded him, returned for all answer "that the assembling of the troops was for no other object than the maintenance of public tranquility, and for the protection due to the government; but that if the National Assembly entertained any apprehensions, it could remove to Soissons or to Noyan, and the court would retire to Compiègne."

The Assembly received this reply with extreme dissatisfaction, for the expedient proposed to allay its fears was nothing more than a covert design to withdraw it to a distance from the capital, and to place it between two hostile camps. As usual, Mirabeau gave vent to his indignation in the fiercest terms, broadly asserting the motives of the court, and calling upon the assembly to manifest its resolution not to be cajoled, by insisting upon the performance of its original demand for the withdrawal of the troops. The Count de Crillon, who brought the king's reply, remonstrated, arguing that "implicit faith ought to be placed in the word of a king and an honest man."

"The word of an honest king," vociferated Mirabeau, rising from

his seat, "is a sorry guarantee for the conduct of his ministers. Our blind confidence in our kings has been our ruin."

But this energetic appeal proved unavailing; the court sought to gain time, during which it might press forward the march of the troops; and the king, blind to the real danger, yielded to the representations of his prejudiced councillors, and still procrastinated his decision, putting off the deputation from the National Assembly, with vague promises, and unmeaning assurance of his reliance upon the loyalty of its intentions.

The people, however, were more peremptory and determining not to be quietly massacred, began to collect arms. The clubs too sent forth their apostles of sedition to fan the flame, and strange bands of men, armed with pikes, were suddenly seen to issue as it were from the bowels of the earth, carrying consternation whithersoever they went. The crisis was precipitated by an additional mis-manœuvre originating in the court-faction's opposition to Necker and to his ministry.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE REVOLUTIONARY CLUBS.

MIRABEAU hurried on through the dark streets, intent upon gaining, by the nearest cut, that portion of the city known as the quarter of St. Jacques.

The night was intensely sultry, the atmosphere thick and heavy, with large ponderous drops of rain occasionally falling; the sky, too, was overcast with dense clouds, whence shot forth, now and then, a blinding flash of light, that left surrounding objects plunged in a deeper obscurity. As he pushed along, he met numerous bands of rioters, variously armed, but all apparently bent upon mischief, for, on their way, they wantonly broke the street-lamps that glimmered feebly here and there, at each fresh act of destruction sending up a shout of exultation, and brandishing their staves and other weapons menacingly; those who took no active share in the deed itself, encouraging their companions by their cries, and by singing snatches of the most popular revolutionary songs, "*ca ira*" predominating.

He had crossed the grand boulevard, and attained the corner of the *Rue du Port Mahon*, when he heard a great outcry proceeding from the other end of the street, in the direction of that of the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs;* not caring to come into contact with a mob, he felt disposed to turn aside; but reflecting that he must go

some distance out of his way, he determined to proceed, and doubling his pace soon came up with a crowd of some fifty or sixty ruffians, congregated around a lamp-post, one of them holding a torch, whilst the remainder watched, with considerable evidences of interest, the preparations that another of the band was making for hanging an individual, who was being very roughly handled by several of the party, and in whom Mirabeau recognized the Abbé Maury; one of the Liberal faction, and one of the Duke of Orleans' present adherents; he was also a member of the States-General, and had gone over to the National Assembly with the first minority of the clergy. Resolved to see how far the mob would carry their brutality, and to interfere at a seasonable opportunity, with a view to rescue the abbé, if possible, he kept somewhat aloof, but sufficiently near, nevertheless, to command a view of the whole proceedings, the darkness and the confusion contributing to his security from recognition.

The ruffian who had undertaken the office of hangman, was occupied in making fast a cord to the end of the tranverse beam of the lamp-post, the lamp being dashed into fragments, which lay scattered upon the ground; the apparatus was simple enough, and convenient for the immediate purpose, consisting of a wooden upright and a bar of iron forming a right angle with it. In order to secure the rope to the end of the latter, the man had lain himself along the cross-beam, and in this position coolly continued his operations, indulging, every other minute, in some facetious observation which his companions beneath greeted with uproarious merriment. Mirabeau fancied the ruffian's face was familiar to him, and soon became satisfied of his identity: it was Henriot.

In the midst of the tumult, and although danger menaced him upon every side, the Abbé Maury maintained a perfectly calm demeanor, offering not the smallest resistance to the wretches who held him fast by the robe, one on each side. He had evidently made an effort or two to obtain a hearing, for, as Mirabeau came up, Henriot exclaimed:

"Don't listen to what he says. Give him breath to say a mass for his own soul, and then, *à la lanterne.*"

"*A la lanterne lé Clergé! A la lanterne!* Swing him up!" shouted the mob, exultingly.

"My friends," expostulated the abbé, elevating his voice, but still preserving his impassibility.

"Ah, ah, ah! He calls us his friends! That's a good joke," shouted some half dozen of the rabble.

"Say a *pater*," yelled one; "come; *pater noster*——"

"And be quick about it," added another; "we're in a hurry."

"Make him say a mass for our souls," bawled a third; "we shan't be damned then for hanging him."

"Ay! a mass for the people, a mass for the people," vociferated the mob, gathering still closer around him.

"Pooh, pooh!" observed Henriot, who having secured the rope,

was now busied in manufacturing a noose; "what the devil do the people want with masses. Masses are of no use without faith; and the clergy keep all that to themselves. There's none left for the people. The clergy have robbed the people of that, along with everything else. I haven't got any I know. Let's have no masses. If he won't pray, make him confess; by the time he has done, I shall be ready. Show a light this side, you."

"Ah, yes, yes! Confess him! confess him!" screamed the rabble in reply; whilst the man who held the torch advanced a step or two, in order to light Henriot.

"Confess him and have done with it," yelled the mob again, after greeting Henriot's last hit with a screech of delight.

"Well, then, Monsieur l'Abbé," resumed one of his custodians; "confess! *Mea culpa, mea culpa, peccavi.* Where wert thou coming from when we met thee?"

"How many of the sisterhood has thou absolved to-night?" asked the former."

"*Allons!*" shouted Henriot, trying the noose methodically, by thrusting his hand through it; "if he will neither pray nor confess, he must be hanged without."

"*A la lanterne* with him, then," echoed the mob; "no ceremony."

Having completed his preparations, Henriot swang himself over the beam, and slid down from his elevation, descending to the ground by means of the cord, whose strength and security he thus tested.

"It will do," he cried; "many a worse rope has hanged a better man."

The abbé again elevated his voice, and this time addressed the mob with a certain degree of authority, though his calm demeanor remained unchanged.

"Hear him! hear him!" remarked Henriot; "he's going to preach his own funeral sermon."

"Yes, hear me, my friends," exclaimed the abbé, a smile enlivening his pallid countenance; "I have done you no harm."

The first effect of the abbé's strange address, so different in character from what had been anticipated, was to produce a loud and general laugh; the second, a sentiment of admiration of his courage and coolness; it had a third likewise, namely, that of disturbing the balance of the individuals whose backs were so accommodating, for, the contagion of their companions' mirth infected them no less; as a necessary result, the abbé came to the ground, taking the precaution of leaping to avoid a fall; not so the voluntary executioner, whose centre of gravity unsettled by the human earthquake beneath him, and not observing a similar measure of self-preservation, staggered first, then plumped down backwards into the midst of his comrades; the accident raising their hilarity to an extravagant height, and for the moment diverting them from their sanguinary purpose.

Liberty and the law of the Lamp-post.

Henriot soon regained his feet, but looked round in vain search after the abbé, meeting none but puzzled and bewildered countenances, blank and disappointed, as though their owners were taken very much by surprise in coming to the conclusion that their victim had effected his escape.

"Gone! Gone!" murmured some half dozen individuals.

"Why did you let him go?" murmured several others, addressing their companions on the opposite side, through whom it was evident the abbé must have forced his way.

"Never mind," observed Henriot, "'tis only for once. So much the worse for the next, that's all."

The abbé had, in fact, being perfectly self-possessed, taken immediate advantage of the unlooked-for diversion which the foregoing circumstances had created, and of the confusion that ensued, to glide away; not unseen, but unmolested, and moreover favored by the darkness.

"To the Arsenal! To the Invalids! Let us go at once!" yelled the excited multitude."

"To the Garde-Meuble! To the Garde-Meuble!" echoed the others.

Mirabeau turned his attention to the secondary groups who were agitating various questions bearing reference to the all-absorbing topic of the people's wrongs; accustomed to hear similar discourses, and feeling no disposition to stay longer, he withdrew from his place of concealment, and gained the portal unobserved, leaving Marat and Santerre arranging the order of the attack upon the three points mentioned. As he went out, he saw the throng still flocking in through the principal entrance, for, on this occasion, the doors of the club had been thrown open, and the people came crowding to hear the Jacobins speak and to learn the news. Avoiding colloquy with the various groups of armed men whom he encountered, Mirabeau crossed the *Pont-Neuf* and gained the *Rue des Cordeliers*. It was thronged with people who were hurrying in and out of the church of the same name, the club of the Cordeliers being then assembled. Mirabeau mingled with the crowd and went in.

The appearance of the interior resembled, in its principal characters, that of the club of the Jacobins; only the people seemed to listen with more quiet attention to the speaker who was now addressing them. It was Danton, his friend; close to him stood Robespierre and Desmoulins, both members of the club, the two latter being intimately allied, besides, by old college association and friendship.

Several others who had already begun to figure conspicuously as popular orators, were also grouped around these, amongst others La Fayette, Péthion, Brissot, St. Hurugue, Condorcet, Louvet, Merot, Tournay, &c., some of them present as advocates of the measures under discussion, others as listeners, but all anxious and interested.

"It is no longer a question of policy," cried Danton, his hoarse

bellow resounding to the remotest corner of the church; "it is no longer a question of policy I say; it is one of safety; of safety, I repeat it. The first blood has been shed this day; there will be more to-morrow. Who shall say where it will end? Is it not plain that the court-party has sought to circumvent us; has temporized? There is no safety for the masses but in union; in armed union I say. I propose that we demand of the municipality to enrol the people in a body; to arm them in self-defence; in defence of their lives and of their property. If we are attacked, we shall then be able to defend ourselves. It is too late to-night, but to-morrow it can be done."

"The king must accept the constitution," shouted a voice.

"The king shall accept it," responded Danton; "but first let us place ourselves in a position. At present we are strong in our moral force; but we must be strong likewise in our physical force. We can argue, it is true, but what argument will stand against the bayonet and the sword; against the musket and the cannon? We must enrol ourselves; the people I mean, into a national guard; we must be bold, and speedy, and energetic, but above all, bold! There is nothing like audacity! Audacity, audacity, audacity, and ever audacity."

A loud shout of acclamation greeted the conclusion of this harangue, in the midst of which Desmoulins was heard yelling vociferously to command attention, and waving his cap in the air. As soon as the tumult had subsided, he said:

"You have heard citizen Danton. He has spoken like a true patriot. Yes, we must be bold, and speedy, and energetic. Paris is up. The whole nation is up. It is fermenting like a tub of yeast; the people are exasperated, and will be tampered with no longer. The court would intimidate the people, but the people must not be intimidated. They must strike a blow; a great blow, a decisive blow. Such a blow as this will be just what is required. The National Assembly has now the power in its hands, and in that power it must be maintained. We will have a national guard to defend the National Assembly; to defend the people's rights; to assert the privileges. I propose citizen Lafayette to be elected commander of the guard as soon as it shall be enrolled. He is a true patriot. He comes from the land of liberty, from America, where he has gained honor fighting side by side with Washington the immortal. Who is worthier than he. He has ever advocated the nation's rights; he voted for the States-General and for the junction of the orders. Hold up your hands, you who vote for him——"

"Lafayette! Lafayette! Lafayette! *Vive* Lafayette and public liberty!" cried the multitude, not a hand remaining unelevated.

Lafayette waited until the clamor had subsided, when he addressed the club in turn.

"I accept this mark of your confidence, fellow citizens and breth-

ren," said he; "the step you have resolved upon taking is a wise one. We must learn to discriminate between licence and liberty. The one can save the nation, and the other will ruin it. The populace is mad with anger. It is necessary to guard against its excesses. There are unprincipled ruffians going about to pillage; the citizens must defend their property. As no police can suffice, they must themselves do the duty. The laws too should be respected. We have with us a number of the Gardes Francaises, of the Swiss, and numerous soldiers who have deserted from the king's army. These will form our little centre. We will have our colors. Those of the municipality of Paris are red and blue; to show that we are loyal, and we will add the king's color, white."

"Even as he spoke, Layfayette tore two strips from the flag that hung over his head, and rending his handkerchief for the third twisted the three into a cockade.

"See," he added, holding up the badge; "the tricolor cockade. Its destinies are great! I foresee the dawn of a mighty era for France. Look upon this cognizance of your new liberties; upon this tricolor cockade: look at it, fellow-citizens, and mark my prophecy! It will make the tour of the world!"

The burst of excitement that followed this brief speech was deafening, and the confusion that ensued wholly unprecedent, for every one pressed forward to get a strip of the flag, the whole mass of the clubbists shouting:

"*Vive* the tricolor! The tricolor cockade for ever! It will make the tour of the world! *Vive* the tricolor! *Vive* Lafayette!"

Mirabeau felt all the enthusiasm of the moment, but checked its manifestation, and, in the height of the tumult, forced his way into the street. It rained in torrents, accompanied by fearful thunder and lightning; the whole neighborhood seemed in a blaze; but heeding not the storm, Mirabeau pushed on in the direction of the *Rue St. Jacques*, pondering upon the step just resolved on by the Cordeliers; a step which—if carried out, as it would doubtless be—at once elevated the national assembly to the supremacy of power, executive as well as legislative.

"It is a thing accomplished," mused he, as he hurried on; "from henceforward a reconciliation with the court is impossible. But the horizon is dark: it looks red: it looks bloody. I like it not."

His musings were interrupted at the corner of a by-street, by his coming suddenly upon a group of men crowding into a house of miserably mean appearance, much dilapidated, but the lower part of which served as a store-room for parchment-cuttings, being in the occupancy of an individual who carried on a trade in this article. At the door stood a ruffian, whom Mirabeau recognized as Legendre, and who, bawling at the top of his voice and fiercely gesticulating as he spoke, said:

"Come in, citizens, and hear the Sans-Culottes. The Sans-Culottes are for public liberty. Every man equal; every man a brother. Every one may be a brother: there's no form. We are all free

alike. Any one may speak; all are free to speak. The chair is going to speak upon the constitution. Come in, citizens. Come in out of the storm. There's a worse one brewing for to-morrow. But the thunder will be the thunder of cannon. Cannon against the people. Come in, come in, brothers! The Sans-Culottes and public liberty for ever!"

Mirabeau allowed himself to be pushed in with others, and following the human current, soon found himself in a long, sombre-looking room, lighted by a few torches fastened against the wall and densely crowded by an ill-favored rabble, vociferating lustily in approval of some sentiment just uttered by him who seemed to be the presiding genius of the place.

He stood at the further end of the room, upon a sort of platform constructed for the occasion, of a couple of planks laid across two or three wooden benches: behind him was fixed a staff, on the top of which was stuck a red cap, ornamented with a sprig of poplar. He had no coat on, nor neckcloth, and his skinny arms were bare; his whole appearance indeed, his emaciated frame, and inflamed, vacant stare, betokened a drunken lunatic. In him, Mirabeau recognised Giboulette the porter.

With no little trouble, the count gained the open air. Legendre was still haranguing the passers-by. Gliding past him, our demagogue crossed over into the *Rue de la Harpe*, and making for a certain house there, knocked in a peculiar manner at the door. It was instantly opened; a few words passed between the porter and Mirabeau, whereupon the former led the way through a secret door in the wall, down a flight of stone stairs, and along a subterranean passage that ultimately brought them to a chamber; on entering which, Mirabeau found himself in the presence of Jacques.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COMPACT OF LIBERTY.

Some few moments elapsed before Mirabeau recovered from his surprise at finding himself in so strange a locality, namely; a chamber of oblong form, scanty dimensions, barely furnished, and lastly, buried some twenty feet under ground. A lamp was burning upon a table, at which Jacques was seated, on a stool, reading sundry manuscripts; these he put up when Mirabeau entered, and pointed to another stool, opposite, intimating his wish that his visitor should occupy it; a wish that the latter presently complied with.

"You sent for me," observed Mirabeau, after a pause, and perceiving that Jacques did not attempt to break silence; "the time has come, then?"

"It has;" answered Jacques, gravely.

"And this is Lutetia!" resumed the count.

"My apartment in it, Monsieur de Mirabeau," replied the other.

"'Tis simple enough," pursued Mirabeau: "remarkably like a rat's."

"Such as it is," remarked Jacques, "I have inhabited no other these ninety years. I have preferred it above all other dwellings."

"Much depends upon taste, in these matters," returned Mirabeau; "for my own part I have no desire to be buried; before I am dead at any rate. But your Lutetians."

"All in good time, count," answered Jacques.

"I long to be introduced to the fraternity over which you preside," continued the other; "I shall be glad to make their acquaintance. But, tell me; is not this the site of the thermal palace of Julian the Apostate?"

"It is," replied Jacques; "your reading and memory serve you well. Few out of the fraternity know the fact; but the time has come when to keep the secret is neither necessary nor possible. It has, however, served its turn. Have you considered of my proposition?" added he presently, after a pause.

"I have," answered Mirabeau.

"And are disposed to accept the responsibility?"

"I must first hear and see. My decision will follow. But I should at least acknowledge how greatly I have been indebted to your counsels, 'Sieur Jacques. I must ever regard you as my political father."

"I am the political father of a numerous race," said Jacques, in reply; "but my voice has grown feeble, and my frame weak. My hand can no longer wield the sceptre of Lutetia, though my advice may still direct its measures. I hope to live to behold the great work of liberty accomplished; but I tremble lest physical force obtain the mastery. The people are mad: they have been goaded into open rebellion, and if they once feel their power, all I have labored for will be lost. Even the National Assembly must succumb."

"I have thought of all this, 'Sieur Jacques," responded Mirabeau, gravely; "I have foreseen all this. But how to prevent it? The nation stands upon the brink of a fearful precipice; one blow from the people will push it headlong over."

"You must be reconciled with the court, 'Sieur de Mirabeau," pursued Jacques, regarding the former fixedly; "the king needs an adviser. Allow yourself only to be gained over by Marie-Antoinette, and I fear not for the safety of the nation. You did wrong to refuse the queen's overtures."

"What! You know this?" ejaculated the count, much astonished to find Jacques in possession of a secret he believed to be known only to the queen, to Madelaine, possibly to the king, and to himself.

Jacques smiled as he made answer:

"Few circumstances occur with which I do not soon become ac-

quainted, Monsieur Le Comte. The strength of Lutetia consists in its knowledge of secrets, but more in its means of turning them to account."

"But by what means gain you such knowledge?" asked Mirabeau.

"You are not a Lutetian, count," replied Jacques, smiling yet more meaningly.

"At least," retorted the other, "one need not be a Lutetian to conceive a well-organized system of espionage. I was a fool to ask the question."

"You are correct in your surmise, Monsieur de Mirabeau. We each of us bring information to the common stock, and it serves a common purpose. Thus, if we mark an individual—yourself for example—there are a hundred eyes upon his actions, whose vigilance is not to be set at fault. Lutetia had an interest in you, wherefore it is not surprising her eyes should watch your movements."

"Well, grant your power," observed Mirabeau, somewhat testily, "how could I join the court-party without perjury to our own?"

"You are a monarchist, I know," continued Jacques; "the National Assembly is also monarchic at present; but the latter, being composed of numerous shades of opinion, will ultimately be divided against itself. Fierce oppositions on public questions will arise, and it will then be a struggle between principle and prejudice. Such a state of things will lead to anarchy, and to prevent anarchy, the event must be forestalled. At this moment, certain individuals are urged by private motives, to excite the populace against the monarch, not the monarchy. The efforts of the National Assembly must be directed to the defeat of this faction, which, even should it succeed, would but substitute one monarch for another. You must be the champion not only of the nation but of the monarchy, and to be the latter, you must be the friend of the monarch. When I say you did wrong to refuse the overtures made to you by the queen, I mean that you should have explained yourself with her. You can never identify yourself with the court-faction, but you may succeed in identifying Louis with the nation. If Marie-Antoinette—who is the life of the Court-faction—should remain deaf to your representations, you must compel her to succumb to the National Assembly, by agitating the new Constitution."

"You spoke of this new constitution, on the occasion of your last visit to me, 'Sieur Jacques. It has already become a public question, and one of a most perplexing character. I have consulted with Sieyes, who can make nothing of it. For my own part, I confess my inability to reconcile all the difficulties I foresee."

"I have not engaged you, 'Sieur de Mirabeau," replied Jacques, "in a course beset with such difficulties, without being prepared to afford you the means of extricating yourself from them. This will prove that I have labored for the nation."

As he spoke, Jacques selected a paper from among those that lay

upon the table, and tendered it to Mirabeau, bidding him to cast his eye over it.

"It is a mere outline," added he; "but you will perceive that the greatest difficulty you would have to encounter, is virtually overcome. The project will meet with much serious opposition, I know; especially from the nobles. Let not this deter you, however, from pursuing the one great object. But above all, be prompt, be energetic, be firm."

Mirabeau took the document from the hands of Jacques, and speedily glanced at his contents.

"Declaration of the Rights of Man!" ejaculated he, presently; "but this is a sublime inspiration, 'Sieur Jacques!"

"It stands first, as you see," replied the latter; "this must be maintained inviolate."

"I pledge myself to procure its acceptance by the National Assembly," responded Mirabeau, enthusiastically; "and what is this? Draft of a new Constitution for France! 'Sieur Jacques, you shall, yourself, advocate in the tribune. The glory of it must be yours alone. I will never rob any man of his right."

Jacques shook his head, and gravely replied:

"My day has gone by, 'Sieur de Mirabeau. I seek no such fame as the originating of such measures may bring. You are the man for France; the only man to whom I would confide the accomplishment of this mighty scheme of regeneration for our suffering country. The time was, when, possessed of physical strength, I could have fought for my doctrines of equal liberties for all men, and would not have shrunk from maintaining them in the tribune. But the opportunity did not offer. The period was unpropitious. Men would not only have laughed me to scorn as a visionary, but I should have been consigned to the Bastile as a traitor. Now that the day has come when I might fearlessly proclaim my principles, my tongue would fail in its office. In a word, I am old, 'Sieur de Mirabeau, and unfit to become the Apostle of Public Liberty. Had I not felt this, I could have easily commanded a seat in the Third Estate. Such, however, was not my ambition. I prefer to die unknown, and to leave the glory of the achievement to one better qualified than I to wear the laurel. If you undertake this great measure, you must be regarded as its originator; otherwise, you will lose in the estimation of the masses, what I should gain. I do not seek popularity, though I have commanded, and still command it, by other means. You, however, must gain these masses over. You have a good beginning. Go on!"

"I accept the mission," answered Mirabeau, in a tone of enthusiasm. "Yes, to control the people by the voice of reason; to save the nation by the establishment of the principles of liberty, true liberty, this is a mission I can glory in. I accept it; I accept it."

"Take then these papers also," added Jacques; "they contain a few rules for your guidance. You will find in them, besides,

many facts in connexion with the projects of certain parties, which will prove of immense service in establishing your personal influence over them. Some you may trust, others you must not on any account confide in. The names of the friends of the nation and of the national liberties are marked. To this fact pay especial attention. On no account, I repeat, trust those who are not designated as trust-worthy, however circumstances may induce you to believe I may have been mistaken. I have known them since their birth, and every action of theirs has been noted. It is upon my own experience I recommend to you to be prudent, and to rely upon my word, rather than upon appearances."

"I will follow your instructions in all things connected with this matter," responded Mirabeau, folding up the papers and carefully bestowing them away; "but now of Lutetia. You urged me to be speedily with you, and I have come."

"Yet not so speedily but you could visit the Jacobins, the Cordeliers, and the Sans Culottes," said Jacques, smiling; "our friend the Abbé Maury, too, had a narrow escape."

"What! Have you then dealings with the devil?" exclaimed the Count, much astonished at this disclosure. "I could not have believed it possible that my movements should be so closely watched."

"There is nothing diabolical in the power I possess," replied Jacques; "my messenger watched you out, and followed you. It was a mere measure of precaution. Had you missed your way, or failed of obtaining ready access to me, there was a friend at hand to set you right and free your entry into Lutetia. He quitted me only a few minutes before you entered. But what think you of the state of the public mind?"

"It indicates riot and bloodshed; rebellion and anarchy," responded Mirabeau; "it is the surging of such a tempest as I dare scarcely to affront."

"You must affront it, count, nevertheless," was Jacques' reply; "nay, you must control it. The people know not what they want, or rather, knowing it, are bewildered how to set about the accomplishment of their wish. The National Assembly must set them right, and you must rule the National Assembly. The Lutetians will aid you, if you remain faithful to them; that is, to such of them as have in Lutetia a controling power. Their names are on one of the lists I gave to you. It is time we should join them. But, before we go, I would ask you one or two questions. Yo have a goddaughter, one Madelaine de Beauvallais."

"I have 'Sieur Jacques," responded Mirabeau, somewhat surprised at the question.

"Are you aware that she has frequented the Bastile, of late? That is, until very recently?" inquired Jacques.

"The intelligence is perfectly new to me," answered the count; his brow darkening with displeasure. "The Bastile! What could she want there?"

Jacques paused awhile, then resumed:

"You are acquainted with the name of Philip of Lutetia, count? You may remember the *fracas* that caused so much noise at Versailles, a few months ago, and which took place between the so-called Duke de Beauvallais and another; this same Philip of Lutetia."

"I do, perfectly. I know the young man well. I think his parentage is somewhat obscure, and that he owed his introduction at court to some powerful influence."

"To mine, count," added Jacques; "he was presented by Monsieur D'Orleans, at my particular request. He is now a prisoner in the Bastile, where he has been, ever since the day after the duel; the young Duke de Beauvallais having adopted this measure, as a means of revenge, and of ridding himself of a rival."

"You — you mean to imply, then," faltered Mirabeau, "that Madelaine has formed an attachment without my sanction, without my knowledge? And to this Philip of Lutetia? It is too much! Who and what is he? No unworthy, no plebeian blood shall mix with that of the De Beauvallais!"

Jacques gazed earnestly at the speaker, not caring to suppress the smile of contempt that curled his lip; he suffered Mirabeau's momentary warmth to subside, when he resumed, gravely:

"Monsieur de Mirabeau is still a victim to the prejudices of his birth. You were born noble, as the term goes; so were the De Beauvallais. Because the demoiselle countess is your god-daughter, you fear a mis-alliance, lest some portion of the disgrace of an uncertain parentage on Philip's side, should fall on you, as being connected with her. This is a thought unworthy of him who advocates equality and liberty. Our noblest men are those whose ancestry dates from the original occupants of the soil. I, for one, can trace mine back to the time when the Jacques Morin, my ancestor, led a band of his brother Gauls to oppose the inroads of the Cæsars. His descendants continued to inhabit the same province; nearly the same spot; and there followed their occupation as herdsmen. I am the last of the line direct; but the blood of the Gaul, Morin, flows in the veins of Philip of Lutetia, mixed with that of the D'Orleans. I am prouder of the former than of the latter, count, yet take I small heed of either. Every beggar is my brother, and comes, perhaps, of as good, nay better blood than I, or you. The Norman blood of the English line of kings is mixed with that of the skinner's daughter; yet the British aristocrat vaunts himself of his lineage, and is not ashamed of the bar on his escutcheon which indicates the illegitimacy of his descent. It is the same with our nobles. Is not then this susceptibility on the score of purity of blood a mere farce, a puerility?"

"It is a point I do not feel disposed to discuss with you, 'Sieur Jacques," answered Mirabeau, reddening; for he felt the truth of the rebuke, though he had not the candor to acknowledge his error; "but you spoke of the Duke of Orleans in connexion with the young man's descent; what did you mean?"

"I will disclose the secret in due time, count," replied the other; "at present it concerns not you. It is sufficient that I have made you acquainted with the attachment of your god-daughter to my young relative. You must be his friend."

Mirabeau answered not, but his countenance underwent a rapid change. Was it that his passion for Madelaine was not yet extinguished, and that jealousy raged within his breast, at the thought of a rival? Was it that he felt the success of the latter to have been the hindrance to his own suit, so singularly urged; that he suspected it, unworthily in truth, to have been the cause of Madelaine's coldness to his unequivocal addresses, and that in consequence his anger arose against both? It matters not to the end of this narrative of what complexion his feelings were; he betrayed manifest displeasure, and Jacques was not slow to notice it.

"Monsieur de Mirabeau," repeated he, "you must be Philip's friend; for Madelaine's sake I ask it. You will promise?"

"I am master of my own actions, 'Sieur Jacques," replied Mirabeau, testily; "I am unused to contract friendships in the dark, I must know more of the young man. Why did you enter upon this subject?"

"I believed you aware of their mutual attachment, and was desirous of conferring with you respecting their union."

"He is in the Bastile," answered the count, sharply; "it will be time enough to discuss this point when he has regained his liberty."

"It will, certainly," responded Jacques, with marked emphasis; "defer it until then, if you please. Follow me, Monsieur de Mirabeau, I will introduce you to Lutetia."

They both arose, and Jacques, taking up the lamp, led the way through a long, tortuous passage, from whose roof depended long, damp cobwebs, and heavy drops of moisture fell; as they approached the end of it, they heard the confused murmur of several voices, the noise increasing as they drew nearer the place whence it proceeded, though it seemed stifled, as if walls intervened between the listeners and the voices. At last Jacques came to a small door, imbedded in the solid masonry, and pushing it open, advanced, Mirabeau following.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GATHERING OF THE LUTETIANS.

A MOMENTARY but general hushing of voices, succeeded by a loud shout, greeted the appearance of Jacques and his companion, who was instantly recognized, the acclamations being renewed more

vociferously as he made his way, after Jacques, into the interior of the hall.

It was a strange place to look at; spacious, lofty, and vaulted, with dark recesses, crowded, like the centre, with sinister-looking men, seated at tables covered with drinking vessels, fragments of food, and arms of various kinds, evidently laid aside for temporary convenience; lighted imperfectly by torches and an oil lamp or two, the former struck obliquely into a socket fixed in the wall, the latter, the roof being too lofty to suspend them from it, stood here and there on the tables; the appearance of the individuals presenting features as remarkable as the locality, and perfectly in keeping with it.

A deputation from all classes seemed to have repaired hither, as to a general place of meeting, for the man of aristocratic bearing figured by the side of the burly artizan; and these again by the student, the soldier, the plain-looking citizen, and others who belonged to no distinctive class, but whose determined aspect and quick apprehension of what was passing, manifested the interest they took in the proceedings of the evening, and their readiness to aid that cause which promised most profitable employment to themselves. Mirabeau recognized faces familiar to him in the public tribune, and even identified many, with those he had seen that night, at the Jacobins and the Cordeliers. He passed through the crowded ranks, silently, and without returning the nods of recognition bestowed upon him, took up his station by the side of Jacques, who, advancing into the very centre of the hall, ascended a small platform, until then unoccupied, and seated himself in an old-fashioned oaken-chair, curiously carved, and evidently established in permanence there, for the chief of the Assembly.

Immediately upon Jacques' assuming the presidency, a loud shout burst from all, the vaulted roof echoing with the cries of:

"Julian for ever! The emperor for ever! *Vive* Lutetia! *Vive* the Lutetians! *Vive* Liberty and the rights of the people! *Vive* Mirabeau. Down with oppression and tyranny! Liberty and Lutetia for ever!"

Several times, when these shouts had nearly subsided, they were renewed with even greater earnestness, until, at length, Jacques arose, and by an imperative gesture, commanded silence, which he almost instantly obtained; as the tumult ceased, a new party entered at the lower end of the hall, in whom Mirabeau recognized Lafayette, Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, Marat, and several others; Marat started upon perceiving Jacques, and whispered to Robespierre, who shook his head, and pushed him forward. On the other hand, Jacques appeared not to have noticed the new-comers, but maintained the same calm demeanor which characterized him upon all occasions. Perfect stillness reigned as he prepared to speak, which he did in a firm, deliberate, and distinct voice:

"Brother Lutetians," said he, "I might indeed call you, my children; a great occasion calls us together; one of those which

renders it imperative on all to solemnly consider the question I have assembled you to discuss, and to pause before we commit ourselves to any acts which may involve the integrity of those principles of true liberty, upon which the safety and the welfare of the nation are established. It is not necessary for me to call your attention to the position of the country; to the miserable condition of the people. There is not one family in the empire that is not aware of the real state of public affairs; that we are on the eve of one of those great commotions which rock society to its very foundations. The struggle is between despotism and liberty; between the privileged orders and the people; between might and right. It remains no longer doubtful, that the government, I would say, the king, maladvised by those who claim unnatural and unjust immunities, is about to bring against the people at large, and more particularly against the National Assembly, their worthy representative, a powerful array of armed men, and to place all under martial law. The people are aroused; they are resolved to assert their privileges; privileges of which they have been too long deprived; but the crisis is fraught with danger to them, not less than to those against whom their hostility is directed; in a word, there is danger of the struggle degenerating into one of revenge, rather than of its maintaining the dignified character of a contest of principle. I have sought to check this movement, because I foresee that its results must be evil; by so doing, I have forfeited the confidence of those who think blood must necessarily be shed, before the peoples' rights can be established. It is time we should come to an understanding."

A general murmur interrupted Jacques, who paused until it had subsided, then resumed:

"It is now above ninety years since I first came to Paris; since circumstances brought me into connexion with those who had the direction of affairs. I joined the secret police, not because I liked the service, but because I saw how much harm it did, and was resolved, in furtherance of the great object I had in view, to counteract its evil operations. A few persecuted individuals whom I was instrumental in saving from injustice, formed, with myself at their head, the first Lutetian brotherhood. We called ourselves Lutetians, because we established our meeting place here, in the centre of ancient Paris; in Lutetia, a fortunate accident having revealed to me the existence of this palace. Our numbers soon increased, and it became necessary to institute certain laws that should ensure the common safety, and bring the community into the order of a well regulated, infant state. You all know these rules, since you pledged yourselves to their observance upon joining the fraternity. One of them was, that you should be subjected to the control of him you elected as your emperor, depending upon his greater experience to bring you through difficulty. Up to this day, the secret of our existence has been preserved, for it was found that the safety of all depended upon the fidelity of each, individually; hence that vigilant surveillance each has exercised over the actions of the

other; hence the great results we have achieved for the general good. How many citizens have our timely warnings saved from an unjust fate! How often has guilt that appeared innocent stood confounded in our presence, and innocence that appeared guilty had reason to rejoice in the mysterious interference that saved it from ruin! Yet all our efforts have proved unavailing to arrest the progress of despotism; to procure equality of rights for the people. At any time within these ninety years, I could, by a word, have set loose upon Paris, such an army of discontents as would have created a rebellion throughout the country; but I abstained, preferring to teach my brethren the principles of true liberty, that they might impart them to their children. Three generations have passed over my head, and I have maintained those principles inviolate. But they have traversed the length and the breadth of the land; they have become the creed of the people. Those men who have figured so nobly in the National Assembly, owe their patriotism to my teaching. Bailly is my disciple. Lafayette, Sièyes, Necker, Danton, Barnave, the Lameths, Mounier, and a score of others, are my disciples. I could mention many more names, too," he continued, looking towards the spot where Desmoulins stood; "less worthy, truly, but my disciples still. I can only grieve that they should have lent their aid to the advancement of views having nothing in common with patriotism. Yes, Desmoulins; yes, Jean Marat; yes, all you who have assisted in the late disgraceful tumults; I mean you. But of Jean Marat, who knew me not, as what I am, more presently. Secure him, there, for Lutetia has an account to settle with him."

Paralyzed by the sudden apostrophe, Marat surrendered himself to the custody of the brawny arms which, upon Jacques' command, secured his person, and amidst a great tumult he was pushed forward nearer to the platform, where he remained, livid with rage and fear, but a perfectly helpless spectator.

"It is such as you," resumed Jacques, sternly, and pointedly addressing the individuals whom he had just rebuked, "that bring disgrace upon the name of liberty. Do you think your shameful excesses will advance the people's cause? Will your desecration of holy places gain respect for the principles you profess to advocate? Cannot you understand that the more you encourage the spirit of violence, of sedition, of sacrilege, of licence of every kind, the less you do for true liberty? The war of the people is a war against the principle of despotism, not against their despots as men. But you; you declare war against the nobles because of the abuses that disfigure the system of an aristocracy. You would hang the priests, and you blaspheme religion because some of its ministers are wicked men, and the church establishment is a burden upon the country. You are unworthy Lutetians; but is Lutetia therefore to be reprobated as an institution? It is not by violence that true liberty will be established. The National Assembly is the representative of the people; is the actual government. Let the people

swear to obey only its decrees, and the court-faction must succumb. It is not by the bayonet and the sword that the first estate will overcome the people. Without the people, the nobles, the king, and the royal family must starve. Who supports them? The people. If the people pay no taxes, how can any government which is forced upon them, exist? You fear martial law. An army surrounds Paris. Your lives are menaced. Disperse then! Go quietly to your homes. Conceal or destroy your arms. Endeavor to suppress violence, but be firm notwithstanding. Leave everything to the National Assembly. The court will possibly dissolve it by force. But the National Assembly will retain its integrity everywhere. It is not bound to one particular locality. Let the National Assembly only remain firm to its principles, and the people true to themselves, the government will be too glad to accede to whatever may reasonably be required of it. This is my advice to you."

"'Tis too late to follow it," murmured several voices; "we will not be massacred. It is either the government or the people. Despotism or liberty."

"We will defend the National Assembly," exclaimed others.

"We will have no nobles, no state priest-craft, no privileged orders, no lettres-de-cachet, no Bastile," shouted a third party from the lower end of the hall.

"No! No Bastile! Down with the Bastile!" vociferated all.

Jacques waved his hand, with a view to enforce silence, but uselessly, the excitement continuing to increase, until some one having raised the question, there ensued a general cry:

"Ah, yes! Let him explain! What new doctrine is this! Explain, explain!"

As Jacques again prepared to speak, the tumult gradually subsided; the emperor of the Lutetians resumed:

"I advocate no doctrine," he said, calmly, but warming as he continued; "I advocate only passive resistance; and this, because I feel certain that although some few may suffer at the outset, such a course will eventually prove better than an armed resistance, which must bring bloodshed and excess, and place in the hands of the victors a power that the force of circumstances will not permit them to exercise for the general good. If the court gain the upper hand, what evils, inflicted in retaliation, may not the people anticipate? If the people remain masters, they will immediately form themselves into factions, even as they are now constituting themselves into clubs, and it will be a struggle between Jacobins and Cordeliers, Sans-Culottes and Levelers, and a score of others. Already, even in the National Assembly, there exist divisions; the parties have, indeed, not yet declared themselves; but here, in Lutetia, opinions are proclaimed, and I say that the Girondins, the Montagues and the Terrorists have identified themselves already with pure republicanism, with a new system of monarchy and with anarchy! The interests of the nation are in the hands of a few. Under any form of government this must be; therefore it is impor-

tant to identify that few with the popular cause. You laugh to scorn the idea of passive resistance. Well, let us argue the point. The government dissolves the National Assembly by force, but the National Assembly can repair to Lutetia and issue its decrees from this place as well as from Versailles or from the Hôtel de Ville. Those who know Lutetia, are aware that its recesses may bid defiance to any armed force. The government having got rid of its enemy, proceeds to levy taxes. The people, advised by the National Assembly, whose authority alone they must recognize, refuse to pay——"

"How can they pay? There's no money," exclaimed several voices, interrupting Jacques.

"Granted," resumed the latter; "granted as a general principle. But some can pay, however, either in money or in goods. The government agents distrain, but there would be no buyers because there is no money, and because, if there were money, the purchasers must be of the people, who would be prohibited from purchasing, by the fiat of the National Assembly, issued to counteract the government measure. Besides, such a system could never be carried on by the government. The obstacles it would encounter must prove fatal to it, and as a last resource, it must acknowledge the sovereignty of the people and of the National Assembly. I tell you the government, the court, the privileged orders cannot live without the people, and if the people refuse to pay taxes and to obey any authority save that of the National Assembly, it is not difficult to predict the issue. The government and the upper estates must succumb, and the people's liberties be established upon a permanent basis."

"There's truth in what the emperor says," bawled a Goliath of a man, Tournay by name, a blacksmith by trade, and a well-known demagogue; "but we must have the whole of the people with us, and that's difficult just now. If they see the soldiers, they're sure to go at 'em. I think the emperor's right, but I know the plan won't work."

"We will fight for our rights," chimed in others.

"We will have the Bastile," shouted a third party; "down with the Bastile!"

"The Bastile!" vociferated Jacques; "down with the *system*, rather. Annul the law of lettres-de-cachet, and the Bastile will remain useless, save as one of the city defences. But speaking of the Bastile reminds me of a duty I owe to Lutetia. I declare Jean Marat a traitor to the cause he pretends to serve. Maximilian Robespierre, why didst thou introduce this man to Lutetia?"

"He is one of the fraternity," responded Robespierre; "he desired to become one of the Conclave, and I introduced him, to take the usual oath."

"Thou art his dupe," replied Jacques; "to-morrow, Lafayette, I, Mirabeau, and Bailly were to become inmates of the Bastile. Search him, you will find the lettres-de-cachet in his pocket."

A deafening yell burst from that assembled multitude, as the men who held Marat proceeded to search him, and a general demonstration of mischief was made towards him, when the papers were taken from his person. But Jacques interposed his authority:

"Stay," said he; "I will not screen him, I seek not to stay the law which we hold sacred, from taking its course. We must, however, condemn him according to that law."

"Let the wretch go!" exclaimed Lafayette; "we have nothing to fear from such as he."

"Hang him," vociferated Mirabeau.

"Keep him a prisoner in Lutetia," cried Bailly.

"The rope, the rope! He is a traitor," shouted the multitude; "all hands up!"

Marat, trembling and livid with fear, with lips parched, and paralyzed tongue, sought in vain one friendly face amidst the dense excited mass that surrounded him. With the exception of those against whose liberty he had plotted, not a hand remained down; he saw that his fate was sealed, and in mortal agony clasped his hands together imploringly, making a mute appeal to Jacques, who, after a few abortive attempts, at length obtaining a pause of comparative silence, said:

"Thou art guilty! Thou must die."

"Indeed, indeed!" stammered Marat, "I did not know you as the emperor Julian of Lutetia. Monseigneur D'Orleans entrusted me with the lettre-de-cachet, that is all."

"Liar!" retorted Jacques; "dost thou remember thy secret conference with the duke, on the night of the riot at Versailles? It was fortunate that Lutetia had, at the Palais Royal, friends whose ears were quick, and whose limbs were active. Thinkest thou thy spies have not been marked, daily since then drawing nearer and nearer upon the entries to Lutetia; access to which thou hadst never procured but for thy friend, Robespierre? At whose instigation didst thou proffer thy hateful services to the leaders of the court-faction? Was this for the advancement of the popular cause, or thine own ends? Thou art not to be trusted, and being a traitor to Lutetia, must die."

"The cord, the cord!" exclaimed the mass.

"Pray don't hang me! Don't kill me;" driveled Marat; "I am guilty I know; but I can do the cause of the people service even now."

"We won't hear him! We won't trust him," cried the Lutetians; "he shall be hanged!"

"Monsieur de Mirabeau," continued Marat, in the same whining tone, but growing frightfully earnest as the fierce ruffians who held him, made a demonstration of dragging him away; "don't pray let them hang me. Come nearer and I will tell you something. Oh, do, pray! Indeed you may believe me this time. I wouldn't tell you a lie."

Yielding to the pitiful craving of the miscreant, not from any

feeling of commiseration, but simply from curiosity to learn of what nature this secret might be, Mirabeau advanced towards him:

"Nearer, nearer," muttered Marat; and seizing him by the collar, as the demagogue complied with his request, he raised himself on tip-toe and whispered something in his ear.

"Thou art not lying?" asked Mirabeau.

"No, no! Upon my soul," replied the other; "only don't let them hang me, Monsieur de Mirabeau. Indeed it is every word true."

Mirabeau now spoke earnestly, and in a low voice to Jacques, who had kept his dark eye fixed intently upon Marat, watching his every movement, as though fearing him bent upon some treacherous act, which he sought to create the opportunity of perpetrating. Jacques pondered for a few moments, regardless of the clamor of the Lutetians, but having, apparently, come to a determination, he intimated by a sign, that he desired to speak; whereupon, silence being partially restored, he said:

"Jean Marat has made an important revelation. He declares that the provost of the merchants intends to betray the people."

"Yes! Yes!" cried Marat, in his harsh, discordant voice; "Monsieur de Flesselles is a traitor. He promised the people twelve thousand muskets for to-morrow, and as many more on the following days. The chests are now at the Hotel-de-Ville, but they are full of old rags and rubbish. He is in league, too, with Monsieur de Launay, the governor of the Bastile. He has written to him to-day. The troops in the Champ de Mars are to pour in to-morrow, and take the people by surprise. All this is true. Indeed it is. I have told you all! Pray don't take my life."*

A loud and angry murmur burst from every mouth, intermingled with exclamations of vengeance against the provost, and cries of "Down with the Bastile! Death to De Launay!" Several voices, however, shouted, "Marat is a traitor, too. He is not to be trusted," upon which Jacques again interposed.

"We can detain Jean Marat as our prisoner," said he; "he can do us no further harm. The lettres-de-cachet are useless against us. I claim him at your hands. It is my privilege."

"He ought to be hanged," cried the mass; "he is a traitor to Lutetia."

"Should his information prove correct," resumed Jacques, "he will render the cause of the people a service. Besides he will remain at our disposal. I claim my right of detaining him a prisoner."

There ensued a murmur, and some confusion at the lower end of the hall, and a demonstration of doing violence to the trembling delinquent; but above the murmur—angry though it was—arose a loud and authoritative cry of "it is the emperor's privilege; it is his right." In the midst of this conflict of voices, Jacques bade the

* It is historically correct that De Flesselles did deceive the people in the manner related.—Ed.

custodians of Marat, to "conduct him away," which was forthwith safely accomplished, by a little adroit management on the part of those who were commissioned to perform this duty.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MADELAINE.

In consequence of the extraordinary activity which prevailed throughout the garrison of the Bastile, on account of the rumors afloat that the people were serious in their determination of attacking it, and of the rigorous *consigne* imposed upon the officers and subalterns on duty at the guard-houses of the outer-courts, considerably more than an hour elapsed before Madelaine could get her message delivered to the officer of the night-watch in the court of the government, as it was called, and whose especial duty it was to take cognizance of such missives, and to transmit them to the governor, through the medium of Chevalier, the major; whilst it is but justice to them to add, that the said subordinates affected to, or really did, commiserate her anxiety, and even discontinued their ribaldry during the time they afforded her shelter from the pelting rain.

At length, the serjeant of the rounds made his appearance, and received the message; but he had yet to complete his perambulations, and then to seek the major, a proceeding that took up nearly another hour, at the end of which time he returned to say that "the 'Sieur Chevalier was absent, being gone to the Arsenal, with the governor; and that the lieutenant did not know when they would return, though they were expected shortly."

The "shortly," tantalizing in its duration, being varied by numerous false alarms, ended upon the stroke of five, when an orderly came to summon Madelaine to attend in the council-chamber; a summons she obeyed with bounding heart, and agile step: she was received at the door by the major, in person, who, taking cognizance of her errand, bade her to be seated, and hurried away without saying another word.

Poor Madelaine, anxious as she was, could not muster resolution to ask for any explanation of the delay to which she had been forced to submit, and sinking into a chair, gave vent to her misgivings in tears and sobs, praying earnestly though silently, for the safety of him in whom her heart's virgin affections were bound up.

During her stay in the guard-house, she had witnessed and heard enough to convince her of the imminent danger of their common position. She learnt, that from various sources positive intelligence

had reached the governor, of the people's purpose to commence their meditated attack, at the latest on the morning of the fourteenth, now already some hours spent. The soldiers conversed, in her presence, of this event as of a thing certain, but whose issue must inevitably prove fatal to the assailants, who, without cannon, could not expect to force an entry, or even to make a stand; whilst, should they, by any fortuitous good fortune, carry the outer-courts, it was next to impossible for them to advance further, as they would then be exposed to the fire of the batteries on the towers, and of the garrison posted in commanding situations. In connection with the guns of the fortress, there were related various anecdotes of the slaughter it had been calculated each had committed in its time, and interesting traditions attaching to each piece were cited with a gravity which went far to establish the men's faith in the same, as forming part and parcel of their military creed. Then there arose an animated discussion, on the knotty question, namely, which was the most murderous angle of each gun; and when this had been settled by the evidence of an old artillery-man who knew their individual character well, and to whose judgment, therefore, all deferred, it was remembered that they had not been discharged in warfare since the battle of St. Antoine, in the war of the Fronde. These interesting facts were succeeded by a circumstantial account of the marvelous escape of Mesers de la Tude, and others; and this again by a history of the mysterious prisoner called the Man in the Iron Mask; lastly, returning to the point whence the conversation had started, to bring in the fact of the governor's determination of "blowing himself up with the fortress, rather than surrender to rebels; and he was not a man to go from his word: no, no!" This mark of courage seemed marvelously to delight the soldiers, who were unanimous in expressing their admiration of his spirit, notwithstanding that the prospect which such a proof of it held out to them was not particularly cheering, threatening them, as it did, with sudden and rather uncomfortable elevation; though their enthusiasm on this point may probably have been heightened somewhat extravagantly, by their conviction of such a contingency's being very remote.

To all this and to much more similar gossip, Madelaine sat listening in mute terror, all that she heard only increasing her anxiety to accomplish her errand; nor were her fears lessened by the shouts which at intervals interrupted the soldiers' conversation, betokening, as they did, the assembling of the people in the immediate neighborhood; whilst their presence, even under the very walls of the building, was, early after dawn, reported by the sentinels on duty on the towers, causing immediate bustle within, and much marching of the garrison to and fro, on various errands connected with the defense of the place.

The better part of another hour elapsed before Chevalier returned. He apologized for "keeping her so long in suspense. He had been to the governor, who was still at the Arsenal, superintending,

in person, the instructions he had given for protecting the fortress on that side."

"Monsieur De Launay says," he continued, "that on his return he will confirm the prisoner's release, according to the usual forms. There is no help, mademoiselle, but for you to wait."

"Is Philip well?" asked she, bursting into a flood of tears.

"He is mademoiselle. You shall see him," answered he, taking her hand encouragingly; for he had upon former occasions made acquaintance with her; "do not distress yourself, I pray."

"Oh, monsieur," sobbed she; "Philip has not over-rated your kindness. Tell me; is there any danger?"

"I apprehend none," responded he mournfully; "perhaps some inconvenience. I cannot think the mob will be so rash as to make the attack. But please to follow me, mademoiselle. The 'Sieur Philip has liberty to walk on the platform, in the morning. We will join him there, for it is his hour."

"Thank God! He *does* breathe a little fresh air, then," ejaculated Madelaine. "How sincerely I thank you, monsieur, for your kindness to him."

Chevalier bade her not to mention it: he wished he could have done more: and issuing into the court of the government, they crossed the great drawbridge, which was lowered expressly for their passage, and drawn up as soon as they entered the first guard-house. They then traversed the inner corridors and passed through the corps-de-garde of the interior, into the great inner court; thence, by a narrow winding staircase, situated between the tower of the treasure and that of the chapel, mounting to the platform forming the common roof of the building, where they found Philip gazing down upon the city.

A start of surprise on his part, a faint exclamation of joy on her's, and they both stood locked in a close embrace, for the feelings that prompted this chaste interchange of affection were under no control of circumstance, of time, or of place. Chevalier affected to look another way, and the veteran sentinel on duty, turned sharply round in the middle of his short walk, and retraced his footsteps, lest he should disturb the brief felicity of that meeting. When the major looked at them again, they were weeping; but he had a duty to perform, and approached them:

"I leave you both here," he said; "you will possibly be summoned to the council-chamber before long. Philip, I congratulate thee on thy release, but, for the sake of both of you, I wish it had taken place a day earlier, or a day later."

Philip seized the hand that was held out to him, and pressed it cordially in his own; as he did so, a tear fell upon it, having first trickled down the major's cheek. The young man understood the major's thoughts, and said:

"Nay, Chevalier: there is still hope for thee."

The major shook his head sorrowfully, making a vain attempt to smile, and bowing to Madelaine, turned away and disappeared.

Left to themselves—for they had the whole range of the platform—and in reply to a question from Philip, Madelaine informed him of the manner in which the writ of exeat had been procured, and of the delays she had encountered in her endeavors to consummate his release. He colored deeply at the mention of Mademoiselle Necker's name, and gently chided Madelaine for venturing so much for his sake, though the look she gave him—replete with earnest love—silenced his tender reproaches, so eloquent was it in its expression of womanly self-sacrifice for one so dearly cherished.

"Well, then," said he, checking himself, "I will *not* chide thee, my own loving Madelaine. But look now down upon the city, and tell me what thou thinkest of Chevalier's wish?"

She looked at Philip, and clung closer to him, but said nothing.

Then too, for the first time, she became aware of the huge piles of missiles that encumbered the roof, and of the formidable preparations De Launay had made for the defence of his post; and noticed the anxious looks of the sentinels as they gazed upon the streets and boulevards below, or watched the movements of their comrades passing to and fro in the outer courts; still, she said nothing, only leaned more heavily upon Philip's arm.

The young man also observed silence, and they resumed their walk round the platform, until they came to that portion of it which over-looked the *faubourg* of St. Antoine. From this point, their view being less obstructed, they beheld a dense mass of people, agitated in various directions, though evidently under the control of some dominant spirit, for their movements appeared orderly, seeming to press towards one particular spot, where the assemblage formed itself into a compact body, which augmented in density every minute, by the accession of new comers: a large number of women, of the lowest class, figuring prominently in the several groups. The shouts, too, from all sides, grew louder and more animated, and though the extreme altitude of the outer-wall prevented Philip and Madelaine from seeing whether the mob had yet approached it menacingly, the murmurs that came up were sufficiently distinct to leave them in little doubt on this head. The tears rolled down Madelaine's cheeks, as, pressing Philip's arm even yet more earnestly than before, she said, in a voice which her anxiety and terror rendered almost inarticulate:

"Philip! *Is* there danger?"

He replied not, but she read his answer in the look of affectionate solicitude he cast upon her; she sobbed aloud, and murmured:

"Father of heaven, preserve us!"

"Amen!" responded he, solemnly, and they again resumed their walk.

But though there existed much real cause of alarm, Philip was likewise aware that the strength of the fortress could defy any irregular attack, especially conducted by an undisciplined rabble; wherefore, and in spite of so formidable a demonstration, he strove to comfort Madelaine with the assurance of their being able to make

their way through the body of rioters, without danger to themselves, provided the governor did not delay ratifying his liberation.

"For I fear," observed Philip, "that Chevalier's remark implied some such delay on the part of De Launay. But, come what may, my dear Madelaine, I shall be free; so cheer up."

There were many things they had to converse upon, and notwithstanding their colloquy was frequently interrupted unpleasantly, by the loudness of the people's shouts, they soon made each other acquainted with what had happened to them, severally, since their last meeting.

Philip's tale was soon told; an occasional visit from Chevalier, and a daily walk on the platform or in the court-yard; with these exceptions, the monotony of his solitude had remained unrelieved. Chevalier had held several conversations with Fouine, in order to ascertain whether he knew anything relating to the child, born in No. one in the corner, on the 14th of July, 1768, and reported as having died in the matron's arms; but had not succeeded in eliciting any clue whatever; hence, he remained in the same state of uncertainty as before.

"Yet," added he; "to-day is my birth-day, Madelaine. The very day on which, had I been free, I was to be made acquainted with the secret of my parentage. The coincidence is extraordinary. It may be superstition, but I cannot believe otherwise than that on the events of this day, my future destiny will turn."

"I thought of thee, Philip," answered Madelaine; "and ere long thou wilt be free. But, whatever may chance, I will not again leave thee."

Resuming now the thread of their former discourse, Madelaine related in her turn, the occurrences of the last few weeks, with which the reader has been made acquainted in the ordinary course of this narrative.

"Then thou still retainest in thy possession, the papers I gave thee?" observed the young man.

Madelaine colored deeply, and answered in the affirmative.

"But why didst thou not make use of them?" continued he; "surely Monsieur de Mirabeau would have proceeded immediately; and ere this thou mightest have been re-instated in thine inheritance."

True, she might have given up the documents to Mirabeau; and had their last interview—the one of the previous evening—been protracted, she would possibly have done so. Her god-father's altered manner had re-opened the chambers of her heart; he had remarked her unhappiness, her anxiety, and enquired their cause; but just as she was upon the point of divulging her secret, he had received Jacques' note, and abruptly quitted her. In a word, before she could transfer the documents so vital to the interests of her suit against the Duke de Beauvallais, she must have likewise transferred the secret of her bosom, so long cherished there in solitude; for Mirabeau would have demanded to know whence she had pro-

cured the papers. But into her feelings on this score, Philip did not immediately enter; indeed, not until, in reply to his question, she fixed her tearful, yet affectionate gaze full upon his face, in vain struggling against the modest blush that crimsoned her cheek and betrayed her maidenly weakness. Then, and not until then, the truth flashed across his mind, and returning her fond look, whilst his heart throbbed wildly with pride that he should be the object of a love so pure, he exclaimed:

"Thy pardon, Madelaine; I did not think, when I asked thee why? Let us hope, dear Madelaine; let us hope!"

Hope! Yes, without thee, life were in truth a cheerless voyage towards futurity over a trackless ocean of bitter waters! But thou, the sun of life, lightest man on his way, from childhood to youth and from youth to age; shining brighter as he draws nearer to that dread and mysterious limit which separates the present from the uncertain; and their brightest; as holding out brilliant earnest of an eternity of whose felicity, thy joys, oh, holy hope, are the foretaste!

The lovers passed an hour or more of cruel uncertainty, during which time the mob continued to increase, more particularly on the side of the *faubourg* St. Antoine. All at once, the tocsin began ringing, when, as if all the alarm-bells in Paris had been awaiting the signal, they lifted up their brazen voices in one unanimous peal, giving fearful indication of an organized outbreak of the citizens. Madelaine turned deadly pale, and was only prevented from sinking to the ground by clinging to Philip, who strove to comfort her, though his heart was sick with disappointment, for he plainly perceived the danger they must encounter in forcing their way through so dense and so furious a mob, which, in its blind anger—excited against the authorities of the Bastile—might confound them with the obnoxious individuals in question, and possibly wreak upon them its long nursed-up vengeance. But these thoughts he kept shut up in his own bosom, reserving his determination until he had conferred with De Launay.

Shortly after the tocsin had begun to sound the alarm, they plainly distinguished the roll of drums, which became rapidly more general, until, within an incomparably brief space of time, this call to arms was heard distinctly beating throughout every quarter of the city, whilst the shouts of the populace, louder and more menacing, denoted that matters were approaching a crisis.

In explanation of the above circumstances we may here relate what had passed at the Hotel-de-Ville.

In the first place, Lafayette, having been recognized by some of the outlying bands of rioters, had been stopped at the barrier, and compelled to return to the Ville, where the committee of electors were sitting. He arrived in time to take part in the discussion then engaged, relatively to the best mode of defending Paris, which according to the latest accounts and the most authentic, was to be attacked at seven points by the troops, whose arrival might be ex-

pected before that evening; nothing but decision could save the city and the people, for it was manifest no leniency was to be expected from the court, towards those who figured as the leaders of the popular movement, at whose head might be placed the committee of electors. Several of the men who had figured at the Cordeliers, though they did not belong to the former body, had been admitted into the hall to offer advice; Danton, Robespierre, and Desmoulins amongst the rest. These shouted with joy when Lafayette was brought in upon the shoulders of the men who had stopped him, and when he rose to speak, cheered him vociferously.

Calmly and dispassionately he pointed out the position of the citizens, exposed to the lawlessness of an infuriate, starving people on the one hand, and on the other, to the vengeance of the royal troops. He saw no help for them but in constituting themselves at once into an armed militia, as Danton and Desmoulins had urged at the Cordeliers, on the preceding night, and now again proposed, that whatever they did, must be done at once; he put it to the committee to pass the resolution.

This proposition was carried unanimously, and Lafayette nominated to the command-in-chief of the national guard, whose colors he had himself determined, and which were now adopted. In the enthusiasm of the moment, tri-color cockades were speedily manufactured of whatever materials fit for the purpose were available; the tapestry of the walls, the scarfs of the electors, their neckerchiefs, all were impressed into service; so that within a few minutes every one present appeared furnished with the revolutionary emblem.

The mass of the people, outside, who were awaiting the result of the deliberations of the electors, received the welcome intelligence with loud shouts of approbation; for it legalized their demand for arms; whilst the electors themselves were too glad to adopt any expedient that relieved them from the state of permanent terror in which they had been kept for the last few days, and more especially during the whole of the preceding night. The cockade and the national colors were no sooner exhibited, than all were anxious to adopt the badge that identified them with the municipality, and the same scene was re-enacted, outside, by the people, as had so recently taken place within, amongst the electors, and at the club of the Cordeliers, whilst, whole bands of the rioters forthwith set off to lay under contribution the shops of the mercers, whom they compelled to furnish them with materials for the manufacture of cockades, scarfs, and flags.

Meanwhile, the municipal plan of military organization was speedily framed and passed. The small body of soldiers mentioned, on the previous evening, together with the revolted French guards, now stationed outside in charge of the artillery, were enrolled as the nucleus around which the rest were to form. Some were instantly despatched through the various quarters of the city, beating the *générale*, to call the people to arms, and to come and enrol themselves in the national guard; whilst agents of another descrip-

tion were sent off to sound the tocsin, and to proclaim the advance of the royal troops. The next step was to distribute a large number of pikes, and it having been ascertained, positively, that the Hôtel of the Invalids contained a *dépôt* of 28,000 muskets, besides cannon, sabres, and a quantity of amunition, a powerful body, headed by Legendre and Henriot, who had already received the hint from Marat, rushed thither in a mass, and almost without a struggle obtained possession of the arms; thus, in the space of a few hours, nearly a hundred thousand men and women were in a condition to defy the government; and feeling their strength, and moreover encouraged by this first success, now divided themselves into compact bodies under the guidance of a leader of their own election, and began to concentrate themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, the headquarters of the municipal faction, where they awaited the final decision of the committee of electors.

We have already observed that the populace, excited by secret agents, had vociferously designated the Bastile as the first point of attack, and already made demonstrations of carrying their intentions of taking it, into effect. Whether the original instigators of this project ever entertained hopes of its ultimate success, or merely sought to augment the perplexity alike of the authorities as of the court-party, in order to profit by the same for the promotion of their own views, is uncertain; it is, however, indisputable, that the committee of electors, Lafayette, Danton, and the rest, aware of the design of the populace, and finding the out-cry against the Bastile becoming momently more unanimous, early directed their attention to the subject, as being of far greater importance than had at first appeared. If the populace attacked the Bastile, and were repulsed, the popular spirit would receive a check it was deemed prudent to avoid; if they succeeded, many disastrous consequences, and much unnecessary carnage might ensue, which the committee could not contemplate without apprehension, inasmuch as such a result would not fail to whet the people's appetite for sanguinary contests, and to excite their thirst for vengeance; whilst, in the first flush of victory, they might be carried away to the commission of wholesale excess, to the accomplishment of private revenge, or, what the committee dreaded most, might enlist themselves in the service of the party whose head-quarters were established at the Palais Royal, and the selfishness of whose projects had on several recent occasions betrayed itself, much to the detriment of the people's real interests.

The fortress itself, by its position, interrupted the communication between the various quarters of the capital, and, commanding the chief portion of it, was a source of much embarrassment to the citizens. It was known to be in a condition to resist any irregular attack, and therefore, the electors did not feel disposed to engage in or to sanction hostilities which were certain to prove dangerous, and might not turn out fruitless; yet were they greatly perplexed what

course to adopt, being apprehensive lest the guns of the fortress should open their fire upon the city, as soon as the troops commenced operations upon the barriers, now in the possession of the people. A large proportion of the committee, however, amongst others, Danton, Desmoulins, and similar daring spirits, proposed to lay siege to the Bastile in regular form, and even asserted, that although strongly fortified and manned, it was not proportionately victualed, so that if it could not be carried by storm, the garrison might be starved into submission. But Lafayette opposed this hazardous scheme so forcibly, that the committee ultimately adopted the resolution of negotiating with the governor; in conformity with which resolution, therefore, a deputation was delegated to wait upon him, the majority of the electors remaining at the *Ville*, to superintend the organization of the militia, the distribution of arms, and the direction of affairs generally, not less than to calm the exasperation of the populace, who still loudly demanded that De Flesselles should be brought to account for his treachery.

This decision of the committee's did not, however, tend to allay the exasperation, real or simulated, of the Marat party, under the leadership of Legendre and Henriot, or the genuine resentment of the Lutetians, more formidable in purpose than in number, who, united under the direction of Tournay, had already turned their attention to endeavor discovering some advantageous point of attack, and were congregated in full force in the suburb of St. Antoine, where they were joined by the *faubourgiens*, led by the brewer Santerre; these movements being entirely irrespective of the proceedings at the *Hôtel-de-Ville*. The whole of these events were consummated by ten o'clock, to which it wanted yet above two hours, when Philip and Madelaine were joined upon the platform by De Launay and Chevalier.

The governor looked anxious, though he returned Philip's salute with military courtesy, and even smiled as he bade Madelaine "good morning;" but his countenance darkened fearfully when he cast his eyes abroad and beheld the formidable demonstration making around him; nevertheless, he presently addressed Madelaine.

"We have time to breakfast. Will Mademoiselle do me the honor?" and he offered her his arm, which, encouraged by a look from Philip, she accepted; then addressing the latter, he added; "Monsieur de Lutêçe, you will join us with Monsieur le Major?"

Philip bowed, and, accompanied by Chevalier, followed De Launay to the apartment where the repast was laid.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THE BASTILE WAS BESIEGED.

The Marquis de Launay's appetite appeared to be not in the least degree affected by the weight of anxiety which lay upon his mind that morning; his manner indeed was so cheerful, that in spite of the gloomy walls, of the gloomier reminiscences they called up, and of the danger which Madelaine knew beset her on every side, she felt her fears somewhat relieved, and though she did not take a prominent part in the conversation that enlivened the repast, she thought the hour it occupied fled with great rapidity. As soon as it was over, De Launay proceeded to register the warrant for Philip's liberation, and this done, observed that our hero was at liberty to repair to the library, or to the platform on the towers, until such time as the rabble had either withdrawn or been repulsed. Philip, having consulted Madelaine, chose the platform, which, in fact, was the place of least peril, and they were forthwith re-conducted thither by Chevalier, who promised to warn them in time, against any real danger, and to assist them in escaping from it.

On his return to the council-chamber, the major found the chief officers of the garrison assembled there, by command of the governor, who was in a great rage, stamping furiously and swearing with corresponding vehemence.

"Ah," ejaculated he, on perceiving Chevalier, "thou art come in time! Dost *thou* know of this?"

The major looked surprised, and confessed his ignorance of the subject in dispute.

"No of course not!" thundered De Launay; "nobody knew of it. Why, sir, we have only just discovered that the garrison is not victualed! We have not provisions to last four-and-twenty hours. If the rabble knew this, we should be lost."

"It is indeed serious," replied Chevalier, gravely; "but, monseigneur, no one could foresee that we should be brought to such a strait. I think we should, under the circumstances, and in the event of an obstinate attack, try the effect of negotiation. Let us ask what the people want?"

"Fool!" vociferated the marquis; "dost not thou hear them cry out that they want the Bastile? But they shan't have it. They are not to know we are short of provisions. Should they be rash enough to attack us, we will hold out to the last. I have just now received a private letter from De Flesselles to tell me that the troops will soon be in Paris. Negotiate, indeed! With rebels too! No, gentlemen; his majesty expects us to do our duty. I exhort you, therefore, to exercise your best judgment in the defence of the posts at which you have been severally placed. To your duty,

messieurs! No flinching; no cowardice. I have given each of you his orders. Go now and obey them."

But not content with simply giving his subordinates the necessary instructions, De Launay shortly after proceeded to a personal inspection of their posts, with a view to assure himself that his commands were being carried out to the very letter. Thus, the guards were doubled at the gates and bridges; men placed at every loophole, and window, and commanding position, whence they could direct a murderous fire upon the beseigers, should these force the outer-gates, and effect an entrance into the first court-yards; lastly, he visited the great powder-magazine, where he spent a full hour, alone, locking the door and pocketing the key when he quitted it for the platform, (where he again encountered Madelaine and Philip) and seating himself on one of the guns, awaited the result of the people's menaces, and the moment for more decisive action.

But we may here mention, incidentally, that, although De Launay observed every precaution to escape notice when he paid his secret visit to the powder-magazine, he had no sooner quitted it—his face wearing a smile of peculiarly sinister import—than Fouine—who had been, the whole morning, upon his track—crept out from a corner in the darksome passage, at the end of which the vault was situated, and producing several keys, tried them until he found one that fitted the lock, when he opened the door and entered, having previously lighted a dark lantern he had concealed in his bosom, beneath his vest. Presently he came out again, and relocking the door, went away, remaining absent a considerable time; when he returned, he had a large barrel which he rolled before him to the door of the vault, and finally into the vault itself, pulling the door to after him; and here, for the present, we must leave him.

The yelling, the hooting, the threats of vengeance, and the cries of "down with the Bastile! We will have the Bastile!" had continued to increase in vehemence, and the crowd to multiply, more especially on the side of the *faubourg* of St. Antoine; but the people being armed only with muskets, and such kind of weapons, besides axes and picks, De Launay gazed on in unconcern, occasionally smiling, and patting the gun on which he was sitting, as one would caress a favorite horse to encourage it to do its work bravely.

Matters continued in this uncertain state until near ten o'clock, when Chevalier appeared on the platform to intimate that a deputation of the committee of electors now sitting at the Hôtel de Ville, requested immediate audience of the governor.

"The deputation has not been admitted, monseigneur, but awaits your reply outside the great gate," added the major.

"I will not admit the gentlemen," replied De Launay: "what is the purport of their errand to me?"

"I did not inquire, monseigneur," responded Chevalier; "I had not the right to interrogate them, when their mission was to you."

"Go then and demand their business. Do so in my name;" was the governor's rejoinder.

Chevalier bowed and withdrew, returning in the course of a quarter of an hour, bearing a folded paper, which he delivered to his superior, he himself having received it through the small grated window in the principal gate. De Launay testily opened it, and having read it, handed it to the major, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously as he did so.

The document purported to be "the respectful petition of the committee of electors, praying, on the part of the municipality and of the citizens of Paris, that, in the event of the city's being attacked by the soldiers under command of Marshal de Broglie, in the interests of the court as against those of the municipality and of the citizens, Monsieur De Launay would observe neutrality, and not turn the fire of the guns of the Bastile, against the city. If he would promise this, the committee of electors undertook to disperse the multitude, over which it had some influence, though it had not been exercised to cause the assemblage."

"Well, Chevalier, what sayest thou?" asked De Launay, with a lugubrious smile.

"It is not my province to advise, monseigneur;" replied Chevalier, bowing as he restored the document.

"I ask thy advice," retorted the marquis, peremptorily.

"I have no advice to give," responded the major; "were I governor of the Bastile, I should probably have certain orders defining my duty."

"In conformity with those instructions," answered the marquis, nodding his head, approvingly, "I notify to the committee of electors, that I cannot entertain the proposition submitted to me. Take that message back as my reply, major, adding, that I only promise not to molest the city, unless I am first attacked."

And again the major withdrew.

Whether the populace knew or not that negotiations of the above nature were pending between the governor and the committee of electors, is uncertain; possibly one portion of it did, and this would explain why, in the space of time that transpired between the conferences which followed, no aggressive measures were resorted to. After the better part of another hour had elapsed, during which the relative position of the parties remained the same, a second deputation from the same committee, made known the wishes of the latter through the same medium of communication, namely, Major Chevalier, who now again presented himself before De Launay, being the bearer of a second request.

It set forth, that "as Monsieur De Launay refused to observe neutrality, though he promised not to fire unless he were first attacked; and as it was possible, in the event of a skirmish between the people and the soldiers, that the former might attack the Bastile, in spite of the remonstrances and the representations of the committee; the latter suggested that Monsieur De Launay should admit a detachment of the new Parisian militia to act with the garrison of the Bastile; this he did, with a view to deter the people from attacking a

fortress which was partially manned by individuals in their own interests. Such a course offered a guarantee to Monsieur De Launay for the safety of his fortress, and to the municipality, for the safety of the city. The committee claimed this admission, on the ground that the municipality ought to exercise control over any military force situated within its precincts."

Monsieur De Launay having perused the paper, tore it into small fragments, and starting up in a rage, began to utter a number of oaths and imprecations, finally adding:

"Go, Chevalier, go and tell these stupid meddlers, that it were more than my head is worth for me to accede to their request. Let the people disperse, and no harm shall befal to the city."

Another long lapse of time ensued, when just after noon-tide, Chevalier came to De Launay a third time, stating that the district of St. Louis de la Culture, (in the Rue St. Antoine,) had sent one Thuriot, an inhabitant of the quarter, "to desire that Monsieur De Launay would at least remove the cannon from the towers, as their presence there irritated the populace, and might be the means of causing bloodshed." The governor seemed much annoyed by this message, but after a little reflection, and some conversation with chevalier, the latter was sent to invite Thuriot to a conference, and accordingly, under due precaution, the delegate was admitted, and soon stood face to face with the governor.

"I tell you, sir," said the latter, when the other had iterated his request, "I tell you it is impossible. I cannot without the king's orders, remove the cannon from the towers; but, if you think they tend to excite alarm, I will withdraw them from the embrasures."

Thuriot persisted in his first demand, saying that "he had no power to consent to De Launay's arrangement, though he would report the result of his interview to the committee for his district."

"And you may add, monsieur," observed De Launay, pointing to the guns, "that I am in a position to defend myself to the utmost extremity, should this fool-hardy populace venture to attack me. This much you may add, that I will not fire first; though you must regard this, not as a proof of weakness on my part, but of forbearance."

Probably De Launay hoped to impress the people—through one of their delegates—of the folly of an attempt such as the one contemplated, and by a display of his force, to deter them from pushing him to extremities. But he was not aware of the real state of things outside, and of the preparations that were being made, by the more violent party, to test his prowess, by commencing an attack at a point where he believed himself most secure, and consequently, which he had not so strongly guarded.

Thuriot had not been gone more than half an hour before a loud outcry in the direction of the *faubourg* St. Antoine, followed by sundry dropping shots from the sentinels, warned the governor that the people had commenced hostilities; almost at the same instant, the great front gate was battered in, and in spite of the resistance of

the soldiers stationed at the *corp de garde*, a dense multitude led by Santerre, rushed in and took possession of the first outer court, their attack being covered by the great height of the wall.

Meanwhile, the party on the *faubourg* side, headed by Tournay, Henriot, and Legendre, had escaladed the escarpment, and accomplished their descent upon the roof of the out-houses adjacent; and succeeding next, though at a loss, in forcing the soldiers to retreat, they now assisted their companions over, so that the whole of the extreme outer court was simultaneously filled with armed men, shouting, "Down with the Bastile! We will have the Bastile!" This mode of ingress, however, soon appeared too precarious for general use, and the fact becoming known that the great front gate was battered in, the chief body from the *faubourg* side, pressed round to the front, and forcing their way through the mob, rapidly rejoined the second party, and directed their efforts to effect a junction with their comrades, from whom they were separated by the little moat and the first drawbridge.

De Launay rushed down the winding-stairs, meeting Chevalier on his way, and reached the head of the great drawbridge, over the large moat, only in time to see his Invalids disputing their ground, and covering the retreat of their comrades into the fortress, by maintaining a well-directed fire against the advancing body of their assailants. Several on each side had already fallen, but De Launay, perceiving that his men were over-matched, gave the order for them to fall back upon the drawbridge, and as soon as they had accomplished their retreat, commanded the bridge to be slung, the assailants being repulsed by a heavy and a galling fire from the loop-holes in the towers.

By this manœuvre, the besiegers found themselves cut off from their enemies, (at present secure within the fortress) and wholly exposed to the musketry of the garrison; for, it must be borne in mind that the main building stood isolated, surrounded by a moat twenty-five feet deep by thirty-six broad, (though now almost dry,) and that communication with the garrison could only be obtained by traversing the drawbridge, which, as already shown, De Launay had taken the precaution to sling; under these circumstances, the assailants were in their turn compelled to shelter themselves from the fire of their adversaries, by flying to the guard-houses and other offices that occupied the outer courts, and of which they had so suddenly obtained complete possession.

From these points, they now began to return the fire of the besieged, but with slight effect, whilst the number of the dead, and the dying, and the wounded, already strewed about in the court-yard, marked the fearful advantage which the garrison enjoyed, in regard of position, and which they appeared resolved to turn to the most murderous account.

The whole of the foregoing incidents occupied not more than half an hour; indeed, De Launay knew too well the precise strength of his post, to have ever entertained a thought of defending the out-

works, considering the citadel itself impregnable, in which he had now shut himself up, resolved to hold out until succor came from the troops who were hourly expected to environ Paris.

"Let them alone, Chevalier," chuckled he; "they cannot hurt these stout walls; go thou and bid our men to keep up a steady fire; and to take good aim, mark; unfortunately they are too close for our cannon; but I will soon set that right;" and he began to give directions for depressing the mouth of the pieces, so that they might be brought to bear upon the mass of the assailants.

Madelaine and Philip still remained on the platform, having taken refuge in one of the sentry-boxes; thus they were spectators of all that passed, and naturally looked forward to the result, with feelings we will not attempt to delineate.

But the assailants soon discovering that their numbers were diminishing, and that their position was most disadvantageous, sought shelter wheresoever shelter was to be had, whilst the great mass outside, seeing the impossibility of immediately effecting their object, began to hold consultations amongst themselves as to their best course, yet without the remotest intention of retreating until that object should be accomplished.

Similar conferences also took place between the leaders, Henriot, Legendre, Santerre, Merot, and Tournay, who had now effected a junction, and sought to carry out their purpose with as little delay as possible. There was a large quantity of straw, heaped up in three wagons, in the outer court. It was proposed to bring these forward, and throw the trusses into the moat, so as to afford the men a means of crossing over to the opposite side, where, by means of ladders, some should mount to the head of the bridge and attempt to cut the chains.

"I will do it," shouted Tournay; "forward, comrades; we will then smoke the hornet's nest."

The proposition was immediately received, but proved most difficult of execution; nevertheless, in the space of half an hour, and under a murderous discharge of small arms, a part of the straw was thrown over, and Tournay, armed with a huge axe, and followed by Merot, Legendre, and others, boldly ventured across, their advance being in a measure covered by the bridge itself, and by their closeness to their adversaries, whose fire passed over their heads. Their movements were hailed with loud shouts of encouragement from their companions, who, in their excitement, again pressed forward, regardless of the destruction that was being dealt around, seeming anxious only to witness their triumph.

Urged on by his comrades' cries, Tournay commenced his perilous undertaking, and stroke followed upon stroke, his ponderous axe falling with a sound that echoed steadily and clearly, even above the report of the musketry, and the shouts and exclamations of the people. The demolishment of the chains proved a work of no small difficulty; but Tournay was resolute and strong, and his implement of finest temper; undeterred by the fall of several huge stones, which

were cast down from the top of the battlement, but which did little harm, he wrought on untiringly, until at length the first great chain snapped like a piece of glass, and left the bridge supported only by its fellow-chain on the other side. But at this moment, and even whilst the smith's companions were cheering, the principal gate of the fortress suddenly opened, and a party of the garrison stationed in the inner *corps de garde* commenced a murderous fire upon this small but bold party, killing two or three and wounding as many more; in so doing, however, they themselves experienced considerable loss, for they became exposed to a general volley from Henriot's party, which had taken up a commanding station in the guard-house at the other end of the *pontdormant* or standing-bridge, from which spot, being under cover, they could take the most deliberate and the deadliest aim; in consequence, the garrison was compelled to re-close the door, leaving Tournay and his little band to continue the work they had commenced. The soldiers' retreat was the signal for another vociferous shout from the people, whilst Tournay, now mounted upon the timbers of the bridge, renewed operations upon the other chain.

In consequence of the extreme thickness of the walls, the men stationed within, at the various loop-holes, could fire only straight down upon those of the assailants who stood in the point blank line, a circumstance of which the latter soon became aware, by observing the peculiar direction of the carnage; forthwith profiting by this knowledge, they raised temporary screens of the sheathing torn from the roofs of the guard-houses, under cover of which, in guise of gabions and fascines, they proceeded methodically to entrench themselves, awaiting the result of their leaders' operations, but never once slackening their fire. To the same fact may also be attributed the comparative safety of Tournay, though he really formed a mark against which a score of muskets were directed; but the bullets either passed over, or sped wide of him, doing their deadly mischief upon others, and leaving him unharmed. With the same perseverance he wielded his axe, with the same vigor dealt his sturdy blows, until the same result ensued. The second massive chain in turn gave way; the ponderous bridge, deprived of its support, creaked, then suddenly fell heavily with a loud crash, shattering several of its timbers in its fall, the large splinters flying in every direction and maiming those who stood near. The renewed shouts of the people, however, proclaimed the success of this new achievement to the masses outside, and the cry of, "We shall have the Bastile! The Bastile is our's!" soon resounded from every mouth.

"More straw, more straw," shouted Tournay, flourishing his axe aloft; "more straw and fire."

"Move the wagons forward," added Legendre; "on, men, on."

With marvelous alacrity, and in the teeth of the hot fire, to which they now again became fully exposed, a multitude of the assailants now yoking themselves to the wagons, began dragging them forward over the bridge, and having tilted them close to the gate, pro-

ceeded to set them on fire, with a view to burn the gate open. But in this design they were frustrated, for at that moment there fell from the towers a shower of huge paving-stones, hurled with such effect, that the assailants were glad to flee, leaving their work only half accomplished, several of the number being crushed to death, and others severely maimed.

"Let us to the work with our axes," vociferated Tournay, bandaging his head with his neckerchief, a gun-shot having just grazed his temple: "*allons*, Legendre; to the work, to the work!"

"*En avant*, then," answered Legendre, who was likewise hurt, and had one arm roughly bandaged.

And with a loud shout, the determined band again set forward.

They now found the wagons in the way, whilst the smoke from the burning straw almost suffocated them; indeed, the gate was so effectually blockaded, that they found it necessary to undo their former work, and call upon their comrades to assist them in drawing back the wagons; a call that was responded to with extreme alacrity; but the intended manœuvre was both imperfectly and unskilfully executed; and amidst much confusion, further increased by a discharge of grape from one of the guns on the platform—the only one that the governor could bring to bear—causing them much loss of life, and effectually putting a stop to their attempt; at least for the present: the only result they obtained, was that the wagons were partially removed from the door, two of them being thrown over the bridge into the ditch.

But unexpected assistance appeared from another quarter. With loud shouts of exultation, and singing revolutionary songs, an additional number of the French guards whom the mob had in the course of the night liberated from the prison of the *Abbaye*, suddenly marched into the court-yard, dragging after them four pieces of cannon, and followed by numbers of men and women, eager to take a part in the attack, which now assumed all the characteristics of a seige in form. Tournay's party gathered fresh courage at sight of this re-inforcement, for, having sustained the brunt of the contest, up to this period, and experienced considerable loss, their spirits had begun to flag. In a mass they now rushed forward, and seizing one of the cannon, directed it against the door of the fortress.

But at this stage of their operations we must leave the people, and return to De Launay and our friends upon the platform.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW THE BASTILE WAS TAKEN.

When, however, the French guards appeared upon the scene of action, a manifest change came over the governor, his countenance fell, and with a deep oath he muttered:

"The cursed rabble! the French guards are with them," and he stepped to the battlement to point the gun about to be fired.

At that moment, Chevalier, who, as Philip had observed, had long been awaiting such an opportunity, glided into the sentry-box and thrust a sword into Philip's hand.

"Follow me," whispered he, "wherever I go. We must keep our eye on De Launay. I am resolved to make one stroke for my liberty. Wilt thou aid me?"

"I am thy friend," responded Philip, "but Madelaine."

"Mademoiselle will be be safer with us than she can be anywhere," replied the major.

"I will not leave thee, Philip," said the poor girl, whose paleness too plainly indicated her inward feelings, though she trembled not, nor wept; on the contrary, her courage seemed to rise with the emergency.

"I know thou fearest not for thyself, my brave Madelaine," answered the young man, "but I fear for thee."

"There is no other alternative," added Chevalier; "if you prefer it, I will conduct you both to one of the cells, where you may wait the result of this attack."

"No, no! I will not go," quickly interrupted Madelaine, clinging to Philip.

Here the report of the artillery put an end to the colloquy. De Launay now began anew to excite his men, and the combat to rage with increasing fury. Stationing himself on a pile of stones, so as to command as wide a range as possible, he issued his directions with the greatest coolness, but with a marked change of demeanor, his countenance growing darker as the slackened fire of his Invalids warned him that their numbers were fast diminishing.

"Cowards! fools!" he vociferated; "as long as it *will* hold out, we must fight."

"Our men refuse," observed the officers; "they say they are fighting against their fellow-citizens."

"Mutiny!" shouted he, interrupting them. "We shall see who is master here; and you," he continued, addressing the artillerymen on the platform, "what are *you* waiting for? Fire, dogs, fire!"

"'Tis of no use, monseigneur," answered the subaltern in command of the gun, "we are over-matched; in less than a quarter of an hour the mob will have forced the gate."

"Then there is but one resource," cried the governor, and snatching a fusee from an artilleryman's hand, bounded forwards and rushed away, followed closely by one of the officers in question, and by Chevalier, Philip and Madelaine.

Although the party followed at first pretty closely upon the footsteps of De Launay, the latter soon got in advance of all, except the officer before-mentioned, who, urged by a few hurried words from Chevalier, pushed on and kept up with his superior, becoming shortly after separated from his companions, yet not more than some fifty or sixty paces at any time. The major, notwithstanding he strongly suspected De Launay's sinister purpose, and felt the importance of decision, and the value of every instant of time, retarded his own course in order to point out certain dangers that lay in the way of Philip, whose ignorance of which might have occasioned the infliction of serious injury both upon himself and upon his fair charge. They had to go through numerous winding passages, involved in absolute darkness, and obstructed in several places by massive bars armed with iron spikes, placed cross-wise from wall to wall, presenting a formidable obstacle to a stranger, who, unless forewarned of their existence, was certain to come into contact with them.* Thus, but for the major's forethought, even in that moment of peril, neither Philip nor Madelaine could have avoided falling victims to this peculiar danger. Fortunately, however, they evaded it, and finally found themselves in a long passage, lighted by small grated apertures in the walls, and at the further end of which was a vaulted chamber—this was the powder magazine. At the door stood De Launay, evidently astounded to find it ajar, and at almost the same instant the officer, coming up, closed with him, and tried to drag him away from the dangerous spot. The governor, finding he was set upon, turned about, and by a vigorous struggle disengaged himself from his opponent—who was not a young man—and pulling the door open was upon the point of entering it, when the old Invalid again endeavored to grasp him by the arm, but the next instant De Launay sheathed his sword in the officer's body, uttering a fearful imprecation as he committed the act, whilst he whirled the fusee round in his other hand, in order to prepare it for executing its deadly office the more certainly and speedily.†

The whole of this scene was enacted during the time that it took Philip and Chevalier to reach the vault from the further end of the passage. They came up just as the unfortunate officer fell backwards and expired.

* This was a contrivance of De Launay's, introduced—for a purpose sufficiently obvious—in consequence of the escape of two prisoners, and whose efficacy had shortly after been brought to the test, in the case of another attempt at evasion, resulting in the capture of the unfortunate individual, who was found fearfully lacerated.—*Vide* "*Evasions remarquables de chateau de la Bastille.*"—Ed.

† We have already said that this magazine contained 15,000 cartridges and 31,000 lbs. of gunpowder.

"Fools!" cried the governor, stooping, and thrusting the fusee forward into the vault; "you arrive too late!"

And so it seemed, for scarcely had the match touched the ground than there followed a blaze of light and a volume of white smoke, but at the same moment a figure rushed forward out of the vault, and closing with the governor, exclaimed, "You forgot me!"

It was Fouine!

The struggle that ensued was of the shortest possible duration, for Chevalier and Philip immediately lent their assistance to secure De Launay, who, finding himself foiled in his design uttered the foulest imprecations, in vain striving to escape the iron grasp of the jailer.

"It's all safe," cried Fouine, "I've been busy there. He didn't think of me. There's plenty of water on the barrels."

"Miscreant!" muttered De Launay.

"Silence!" exclaimed Chevalier, stepping forward. "Monsieur De Launay must not be insulted because he is our prisoner. Conduct him to the first guard-house."

"*Vive* the major! *Vive* Chevalier!" shouted the soldiers, who now rushed in.

The major perceived that the soldiers were predisposed to assist him, and therefore gave directions for conducting the governor to the first guard-house in the new inner building, where they were to await his instructions. "I will rejoin you shortly," he added; "I go to effect the capitulation of the fortress. Philip remain thou here also."

So saying, he directed his steps towards the door of the winding-stairs that led to the platform.

Madelaine, who had been a witness to the foregoing important events, and who from not perhaps being aware until the crisis was past, of the magnitude of the danger they had just escaped, had hitherto maintained her firmness unflinchingly; but she now sickened at the sight of the dead and the wounded that lay strewn about in the inner court, where they had been lain temporarily by their comrades. Neither could she shut out from her eyes the cold-blooded murder of the officer, whose dying gaze had seemed to fix itself upon her, nor the scene of carnage she had beheld from the top of the towers. Yet she struggled bravely against her terrors, hoping and caring in her inmost heart, only that harm might not come to Philip.

With regard to De Launay, finding himself utterly in the power of his subordinates, and despairing of eluding their vigilance, still less Philip's, he seated himself sullenly, and folding his arms across his breast, affected to take no heed of the gibes of the turnkey, whom no remonstrance of Philip's could silence, nor threats deter; the former he took no heed of, the latter he laughed at. Suddenly the young man bethought himself of once more inquiring of Fouine if he knew anything respecting the fate of the child born in No. 1 in the corner; accordingly he put the question to him. The man

paused awhile before he answered, and then replied, "That he supposed it was no use telling any more lies now. The fact was that he had buried a box of stones. The child didn't die.

"Of whom do you speak?" asked De Launay looking up and addressing Philip.

"Of that child whose father you shot down like a dog," replied the young man, earnestly; "of myself! I am the child that was born in No. 1 in the corner, on the 14th of July, 1768. You remember, monseigneur! Remember the maniac in ——"

"Ah, indeed! He was thy father?" observed the governor, calmly; "I am sorry for it. But Fouine lies; the child died."

"I ought to know best about that," retorted the turnkey, "and you know better, too. Didn't an old man named Jacques come and claim it? and didn't we get a large sum of gold for letting it go and saying it was dead?"

The mention of Jacques' name convinced Philip of the veracity of Fouine's account, and he now regarded De Launay with a feeling of loathing which almost amounted to hatred; but, though his father's murderer was in his power, and he could have taken his life with impunity, he shrank from the idea of so cold-blooded a vengeance, and turning again towards him, said:

"Monsieur De Launay, you are my father's assassin! Yes, that poor maniac—whom long confinement deprived of reason—was my father. I prayed for his life, because he saved mine, but you were deaf to my entreaty. I hope the hour of retribution for you may not already have struck. I leave you to the justice of heaven."

"They surrender! they surrender! The Bastile is ours. Victory! victory!" cried the mob.

"Open your gate!" vociferated Tournay.

"Surrender! surrender!" yelled Legendre.

"*Vive* the people! *Vive* the revolution! The Bastile is ours," screamed the women.

"We capitulate," shouted Chevalier, from the rampart, "on condition that we be allowed to march out with the honors of war."

"No conditions!" yelled the multitude.

"On condition that you will not massacre us," persisted Chevalier.

"Open the gate, and we will not harm you," replied the mob—at least one party of it.

After considerable delay and further parleying, with a view to procure terms if possible, Chevalier intimated that, relying on the magnanimity of the people, he would open the gate." Accordingly, within a few minutes after, the great gate was flung back, and Legendre, Henriot and their bands rushed in. Tournay, upon perceiving that the success of the enterprise was complete, collected about a dozen of his party around him, and exchanging a few words with them, cried, "*en avant*, Lutetia! Lutetia!" and followed the others; the mob pressing in now so rapidly that the bridge soon became impassable.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW DE LAUNAY FARED.

Upon seeing these furious bands of armed men, all besmeared with mud, and dirt, and smoke, rush into the court-yards, slaying all whom they met, Madelaine uttered a faint shriek, and unable longer to overcome her feelings, fainted in Philip's arms. De Launay, who was now standing, presented himself boldly to the mob, headed by Henriot, and exclaimed, in a voice of authority:

"We have surrendered! Shed no more blood. I am De Launay, the governor."

"De Launay! De Launay! Save him for the lamp-post!" yelled the ruffians; and the marquis was at once seized, and after much buffeting, and beating with the butt-end of their muskets, transferred to the custody of some half-dozen of the same gang, who continued to inflict upon the unfortunate man, a repetition of the same punishment, varied occasionally by pricking him with their bayonets.

In like manner, but without subjecting them to the same rude usuage, Philip and Chevalier were placed under similar surveillance, whilst, in spite of the young man's entreaties, poor Madelaine, all unconscious of what was passing, was confided to the care of a third party, who straightway began endeavoring to restore her by shaking and pulling, the monsters even violating the commonest rules of delicacy, by tearing her kerchief from her neck, under the plea of giving her air.

"'Tis De Launay's daughter!" they cried; "she shall go to the lamp-post too, like her father."

"All of 'em. All of 'em. *A la lanterne* with the lot!" shouted the rabble.

In vain De Launay strove to make himself heard, and contradicted the statement made; in vain Philip and Chevalier strove to impress upon them that they were in error, not a word was listened to; they seemed anxious only for blood, and that even without a pretext for shedding it.

"Oh, Madelaine, Madelaine!" exclaimed Philip, clasping his hands in agony, whilst the tears rushed in torrents down his cheeks. "Oh, Madelaine, to what has thy love for me brought thee? The monsters! Chevalier, look, they are carrying her towards the fire! Oh, God, they are going to burn her."

We should explain that in the course of the preceding occurrences, the three principal parties had been forcibly separated and mixed up with the dense throng which had rushed into the inner court, and that they had been brought together again, only after the mob had ascertained that no more prisoners remained to be liberated. For a long time Madelaine remained insensible, but on

recovering her consciousness, and perceiving into what ruffianly hands she had fallen, relapsed, from very terror, into her former helpless condition; to which circumstances she possibly owed her escape from such contamination as she could not have survived. In vain Philip, who though separated from her, could yet see her, attempted to move his captors; they laughed in his face; he then, in despair, made a bold struggle to escape, but received a bayonet-thrust, which happily wounded him but slightly, though sufficiently to prove to him the inutility of renewing the attempt. His feelings under the circumstances, we will not attempt to describe; he wrung his hands in an agony of despair, and submitted to his fate, only hoping that Madelaine's beauty might move her ruffianly captors, and that she might yet escape.

"Let me die with *him*," she exclaimed, writhing in the strong arms which rudely compressed her slender form; "oh, let me only die with *him*, and I will not struggle nor call you cruel! Oh, Philip! Philip! Come to me, Philip!"

But in vain she struggled, in vain wept, in vain implored; no one listened, no one pitied.

The ruffians were within twenty feet of the fire; the fish-wives were pressing them on and yelling with savage delight; the mob were gazing with the callous indifference of beings to whom no horror was unfamiliar either in design or in execution; Madelaine's cries were even more heart-rending than before, as she gazed even now earnestly and fondly on her lover, when suddenly the shout of "Lutetia, Lutetia, Lutetia," issued from a group near the fire, whilst from the gate of the Bastile, and immediately in the rear of the band to whose custody Philip and Chevalier were committed, there rushed forth Tournay, iterating the same cry. Hearing a word so familiar to him, Philip almost involuntarily shouted it in reply, and Chevalier equally interested in the mysterious symbol, repeated it; at the same moment both sprang forward and grappled with their nearest antagonist, still crying out; "Lutetia! Lutetia! Lutetia!"

"Who cries Lutetia?" bellowed Tournay, directing his steps towards the spot where Philip and Chevalier were now engaged in a vain struggle with the dense throng.

"I! I am Philip of Lutetia!" shouted our hero, at hazard; "help! help!"

"*En avant*, Lutetia. *Vive* Lutetia! It is he!" vociferated Tournay, fraying himself a passage with his huge axe, and totally regardless of friend or foe, dealing death and wounds as he advanced.

"Save *her!* Save *her!*" gasped Philip, pointing to Madelaine.

Tournay answered not, but bounding forward, slashed right and left, absolutely hewing his way through the human hedge until he reached Madelaine, who was still writhing and struggling to escape her horrid fate. In a moment, he had released her, having first cleft the shoulder of the wretch who carried her, and taking her up in his arms, shouted:

"Lutetia! Lutetia! *Vive* Lutetia! *A moi* Lutetians!"

Jacques, finding it useless to attempt to stay the current, and knowing that the Bastile must fall, though hardly anticipating the event so soon, aware also that Philip was still in confinement, had chosen an opportunity of commissioning Tournay to take the young man under his protection, and escort him to Lutetia, having observed the precaution of furnishing him with a pretty accurate description of our hero's person. Not seeing him amongst the prisoners, Tournay had sought Philip throughout the cells and the dungeons, the offices and the apartments of the building, and still not discovering him, had concluded he had been liberated, or got clear away; for the crowd in the inner-court wholly escaped him, and he did not dream of finding him with the governor. Satisfied, within his own mind, of the young man's safety, he was returning to his comrades, who were merely responding to his cry, with a view to guide him towards them, when he heard Philip's voice, and beheld him engaged as already indicated; the rest is known.

Indeed, at this time, the scene in the interior was of a character wholly unprecedented. From the dungeons of the ditch, at the foot of the towers, to the platform on their summit, all was noise, confusion, and riot. The secret horrors of the place were dragged forth, amidst boisterous shouts of exultation, and exposed to the gaze of the people, who, surprised at the small number of prisoners that had been found, declared they had been secretly got away, and under this impression, maltreated the unfortunate soldiers of the garrison, killing several of them, and, in their blinder anger, recklessly destroying the official records by making a bon-fire of them in the inner court, dancing and capering around it, like so many savages celebrating one of their barbarous victories.

The work of destruction once commenced, was not discontinued until every portable article had been broken up, carried away, or thrown upon the great fire, so that there was soon left nothing standing save the bare masonry. The discovery of the powder magazine was hailed with vociferous yells of joy, as was that also of a *dépôt* consisting of six hundred stands of arms of various kinds, which were rapidly distributed, the greater portion of the powder being reserved for the purpose, then entertained, of blowing up the fortress.*

But leaving the mob to continue the work of destruction, we must now repair to the Hôtel de Ville, where the principal body of electors were yet sitting, waiting, in the greatest anxiety, the result of the popular outbreak.

In the midst of an angry altercation between the accusers and

* The contents of this magazine were subsequently conveyed to a place of safety, under the eye of Lafayette and a body of the Parisian Militia; but this did not prevent the demolishment of the fortress, which was completely razed, after serving the Parisians as a nine day's wonder. Even children were seen assisting in the work, and the stones were, at a later period, used in the construction of the *Pont de la Concorde*.—Ed.

the accused, and just as the clock of the *Ville* chimed half-past five, loud and prolonged shouts from without suddenly brought matters to a temporary close. The cries continued, and soon became sufficiently distinct to cause a marked change in the Assembly.

"They shout victory!" exclaimed the people in the body of the hall; "they have taken the Bastile."

De Flesselles turned ghastly pale, and trembled, but his emotion was scarcely remarked, for cries of "Victory! Victory! *Vive* the people! *Vive* the revolution! *Vive* the French Guards!" rent the air, and ere a few minutes had elapsed, the hall was invaded by Henriot, Santerre, Legendre, and their bands, carrying in triumph on their shoulders, one of the French Guards, severely wounded, all covered with blood, but having his head encircled with numerous wreaths of laurel. Legendre walked first, holding a musket, on the bayonet of which were the register of the Bastile and the keys; then came the guards-man, and lastly Henriot and Santerre, the latter waving, in his gory hand, the tail of a peruke, and the former flourishing a pike ornamented with a bleeding hand; both relics of De Launay, whose head had just been struck off, and his dead body partially dismembered, after it had been subjected to the brutal formality of hanging.

For some ten minutes the uproar caused by this fearful procession was deafening, and cries of "Death to all enemies of the people" burst from every mouth. It then subsided for a few moments, only to break forth again with redoubled fury, being now directed against another object, namely, the Provost of the Merchants, who, singled out by Henriot, was again accused of betraying the people.

"Here! Here is the proof," vociferated Henriot, transferring his pike to one of the by-standers, and showing a letter, all besmeared with blood; "I found it in De Launay's pocket. It is from *him*, the traitor;" and he pointed at the pale and trembling Provost; "hear what he says; 'hold out, friend De Launay, whilst I amuse the Parisians with cockades. The troops are on the march.' Let him deny it, if he can. He was fool enough to sign his name."

"It is a forgery," cried De Flesselles, vainly striving to appear firm.

But the cries of the people drowned his voice, nor could the electors make themselves heard when they attempted to justify him.

"Since I am suspected," resumed De Flesselles, presently, taking advantage of a pause, "I will withdraw."

"No! No!" shouted the mob; "Come to the Palais Royal to be tried."

Perceiving the utter inutility of resisting the populace, and with the fate of De Launay in immediate perspective, De Flesselles descended from the platform, the people making way for him, but closing around him as he advanced, so that by the time he reached the door, he was hemmed in on every side. With some difficulty a

passage through the crowd was forced, and thus escorted, and greeted with yells of anger, and cries of "traitor," and threats of vengeance, he proceeded towards the *Quai Pelletier*, on his way to the Palais Royal.

In provoking this fresh demonstration of evil feeling against the provost of the merchants, it may be presumed that Henriot acted under other influence than that of patriotism. As he stood, watching the result of this denouncement, he was seen to turn quickly about, and exchange a few hurried words with one whose eye had, unknown to all, followed his movements that day, but whose exterior was so skilfully disguised, as even to deceive the ruffian himself, causing him to start upon hearing his own name familiarly whispered, by a man to all appearance a stranger. But there could be no mistaking the keen, restless eye, and the sardonic expression peculiar to the countenance of Marat; and Henriot's recognition of his revolutionary chief was immediately followed by a boisterous greeting, which the latter as quickly checked.

In the meanwhile, De Flesselles, escorted by the mob, was continuing his journey slowly towards the Palais Royal, receiving at every step, accumulated tokens of the popular fury, against which he saw it was in vain to attempt defending himself. At the corner of the *Quai Pelletier* his progress received a temporary check from the increased pressure of the crowd, and taking advantage of this opportunity, he strove to move his enemies in his behalf, solemnly declaring that the letter to De Launay was a forgery, and that he never intended treachery to the popular cause. In the midst of his brief harangue, drowned as it was by impatient yells, the report of a fire-arm was heard, and almost simultaneously the provost staggered, uttered a faint groan, and falling back among the people, instantly expired, no one having noticed who fired the shot, though it was known to have come from some one in the crowd.

Henriot's vengeance was consummated: Marat's had begun.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOST THREADS OF THIS STORY.

From the gate of the Bastile to the *Rue St. Jacques*, Tournay's march proved a complete popular triumph; and though such an ovation possessed no charms for the party liberated, their joy at having escaped so fearful a fate may be readily conceived; far more so, in truth, than can be depicted. Poor Madelaine, indeed, would

gladly have avoided observation; and recovering from her terror, at length obtained permission to be released from the constraint of the burly arms that were still keeping her elevated high above the crowd, and to walk by the side of Philip and the major: in which order, surrounded by a dense multitude singing the revolutionary air, shouting revolutionary cries, and waving caps of liberty, tricolor cockades and scarfs, they reached their destination.

Madelaine shuddered, however, when she entered the gloomy passage, and began to descend the steep flight of steps which conducted them into the heart of Lutetia, notwithstanding that she felt they were in the hands of friends. Upon reaching a certain turn in one of the passages their conductor dismissed such of his companions as had accompanied them thus far, and adding a few words in a dialect unknown to the three friends, turned about again to address the latter, for the purpose of re-assuring them.

At length Tournay suddenly opened a small door in the wall, and the party found themselves in a small chamber, modestly but neatly furnished, into which the smith inducted them, saying:

"There! Now you are safe. I'll go and let the emperor know. Somebody will be here directly."

In the midst of this scene, the door of the chamber again opened, and Jacques entered alone. His first act was to take Philip by the hand, and after gazing at him earnestly for a few moments, to press him to his bosom; he then said, in a faltering voice:

"Welcome, my son; welcome to Lutetia!. Thou hast had a narrow escape. Thank heaven, thou art saved."

"I am confounded," ejaculated Philip, overcome by this strange greeting; "I know not what to think—what to say; all to me is mystery."

Jacques interrupted him by a sign, adding:

"There will soon be no mystery. Thou shalt know all presently, mademoiselle," he continued, addressing Madelaine, who was looking on in wonderment; "I leave you to the care of good mother Michaulx. For the present, you must be content to remain here; but do not be alarmed. As soon as the streets are safe, you shall be re-conducted home. I have despatched a messenger to Monsieur de Mirabeau's house, to inform your friends of your safety."

"How, monsieur!" ejaculated Madelaine, yet more surprised; "you know me, then?"

"Neither the virtues nor the misfortunes of the Demoiselle Countess de Beauvallais are unknown to me," responded Jacques, going up to her and taking her hand; "but let me advise you to take rest now, and to confide in your new friends. We will leave you, for the present. I have much of importance to say to your friend Philip;" and Jacques smiled, at the same time laying peculiar stress upon the last words. Turning then towards Chevalier, he added: "Major, you will accompany us. Follow me, both;" and he preceded them out of the chamber, Philip and Madelaine exchanging a parting glance of affection as they were once more separated from each other.

The apartment to which Jacques conducted his friends, was the same as that in which he had given audience to Mirabeau, on the preceding night; but Philip's astonishment may be conceived upon seeing the notary, Monsieur Le Loyal, seated there.

"Thou art surprised," observed Jacques, remarking Philip's slight start; "but Monsieur Le Loyal is only here in fulfilment of his trust. Of this, however, more at a later time. You require refreshment and repose at present," continued he, addressing Philip and the major, and motioning them to take seats; "there are the means of the former, and to the latter we will leave you awhile."

In his anxiety to learn the secret of his parentage, Philip would gladly have waived all indulgence in personal comfort; indeed, he requested Jacques to satisfy him without further delay. But Jacques remained inexorable, and simply replying that "he should be satisfied at the proper time," quitted the chamber, accompanied by Le Loyal.

Jacques conducted Le Loyal to another of those curious, dungeon-like chambers which abounded in this subterranean city, where they remained long engaged in deep conversation, and in verifying the contents of a voluminous packet of papers and accounts. The result proved perfectly satisfactory, for Jacques returned the documents to the notary, requesting him "to continue to keep them in trust, until Philip had decided whether or not he desired another guardian:" he was, moreover, about to address another question to him, when their colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of an individual, who said something in a jargon unintelligible to the notary, and which caused Jacques to muse awhile:

"Repeat what thou saidst last," remarked he, presently, in the same jargon.

"Well, then, I say I heard Marat arrange to meet Henriot at the Jacobins, at midnight to-morrow. They are going to lead the rough to Versailles. The *poissardes* will go in a mass, for Henriot said he could depend upon them better than upon the men. Marat said it must not be a failure, and Henriot answered that he would take care of that, but that plunder was to be the word. Then they shook hands, and Henriot went away after the crowd; and then he shot the provost."

"And they fixed the day after to-morrow, thou sayest?" asked Jacques.

The man nodded his head, affirmatively.

"'Tis so far fortunate," observed Jacques; "the delay, though brief, will afford time for something to be done. Thou must hence on thy way to Versailles, within a half an hour."

Further colloquy between them was brought to a close by the entry of another personage, whose appearance appeared to surprise Jacques, for he exclaimed:

"What brings *thee?* Something new? What has passed at the Palais Royal?"

"Marat came there this morning," answered the man, who was

one of the duke's lacqueys-in-waiting, but in the secret service of Lutetia; "he had a long conversation with his highness. It was my turn to be in attendance, so I overheard every word, and have come, as soon as I could get away, to relate what passed;" and without further preface, the spy gave a verbal account of the scene between the duke and Marat, as recounted in a former chapter.

As soon as the men had withdrawn, Jacques, placing the necessary materials before Le Loyal, requested him to write to Mirabeau, under his (Jacques') dictation; the missive was to the following effect:

"The Bastile is taken; De Launay hanged. The king must be compelled, without delay, to recognize the National Assembly. I have just received the subjoined information."

The letter here gave the substance of the two communications above narrated, and then went on.

"There is no time to be lost. Rely upon me for counteracting this plot, in so far as it is possible; but no act of mine can save the king nor the National Assembly, unless his majesty be persuaded of the danger. All I can do will be to gain time. Do not betray the duke. I must explain my reasons for liberating Marat. I knew he entertained the project of exciting the populace to attack the Bastile; for many of his band are in relation with our Lutetians. Without his aid, the Bastile would have fallen; the people's voice had decreed it. His co-operation rendered the event certain and more speedy. I could not have prevented the fall of the fortress, and having a special interest in the fate of Philip, thought best to advance the consummation of this memorable deed. The result has justified my act. Lose no time, Mirabeau. Delay, at this crisis, is doubly dangerous."

This letter, duly signed by Jacques and sealed, was forthwith entrusted to the messenger, who, as we have already shown, reached Versailles just after midnight. The reader knows the rest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Philip and Chevalier had been long awaiting the return of Jacques, but the latter did not make his appearance until a few minutes after midnight. At this hour he entered the chamber, accompanying Le Loyal, Marat, and the Duke of Orleans, who slightly started on perceiving Philip, but instantly recovering his usual coolness of manner, courteously returned the young man's salute.

"You will follow me," said Jacques, beckoning to the duke, to Le Loyal and to Philip, as he opened a door in the opposite wall. "Jean Marat and Monsieur Chevalier, will await our return;" so saying, he preceded the two former through the opening, closing it after them when they had passed. It led into a long passage, which terminated in a spacious vaulted chamber, in whose midst, rising from a small mound of earth, stood a rude wooden cross, bearing the names, "JACQUES MORIN," and "BEATRICE."

"There was something solemn in the stillness of the place, in the peculiar mystery of the hour, in the very aspect of the vault; striking so cold and damp; but more particularly in the manner of Jacques, who, setting down his lamp, made a sign to the party to draw up about the grave, when he said, addressing the duke in a husky voice, as though overcome by some powerful emotion:

"Highness, I am about to fulfil the promise I made on the day, when at my request, thou didst consent to present the 'Sieur de Lutèce at court. I told thee he was of thy blood. I will now explain in what manner."

Philip and the duke exchanged glances, which, on the part of the latter, were pregnant with far more curiosity than surprise; but the former's astonishment was undisguised. Jacques continued, now speaking to our hero.

"As for thee, Philip, thy life has been a lengthened mystery. But on this day the mystery ends. To-day is the twenty-first anniversary of thy birth in the Bastile, in number one of the tower in the corner."

"Oh, my unhappy father, and my yet more unhappy mother!" ejaculated Philip, covering his face with his hands.

"What! Hast thou then learnt who they were?" asked Jacques.

"No!" responded Philip; "Major Chevalier could inform me only so much of their history as he himself knew. He acquainted me with the circumstances of my mother's death, and I—I saw my father shot down like a dog—mercilessly and wantonly."

Jacques checked a deep sob, and murmured:

"He fell a victim to his fidelity to Lutetia. But how camest thou to know aught of thy parentage?"

"I knew of nothing certain," answered Philip; "but corroborative testimony was strong;" and from this point the young man related what had befallen him in the Bastile, from the first hour of his detention there, until the fall of the fortress, adding; "thus I had, first, the inscription on the wall, corresponding with the date of my birth; secondly, the constant mention by my poor father, of my own name, and of that of Lutetia; and thirdly, Fouine's assurance that the child said to have died, was claimed and taken away by an old man named Jacques. Lastly, in you I fancy I retain a distinct recollection of the venerable man who left me in charge of Monsieur le Loyal."

"Thou hast saved me some portion of my task," observed Jacques, after a pause. "Fouine was right. Gold purchased the

'Sieur de Launay's silence on the score of the child's disappearance. When I came to claim thee, he indeed threatened to detain me. I told him I had not long to live, and cared not whether I passed the remainder of my days in the Bastile or out of it. The difference to him would be great, however, as he would lose the large bribe I offered him. Finally my reasons prevailed; I carried thee away, and had thee conveyed far off in my native province, whence, when thou wert old enough, I brought thee back to Paris, and confided thee to Le Loyal. Chevalier's narrative, too, is in the main correct. Joseph-Marie Chapelle and brother Jacob Job, were both fictitious names, as was that of Clemence Chapelle. Thy father bore thy name; Philip of Lutetia; thy mother's maiden name thou wilt not know, but Monseigneur D'Orleans will probably remember that of Gabrielle de Castille."

The duke changed color, and stammered; "Yes; he remembered the name."

"Whom thy father's profligacy—though carefully concealed from the ken of the world—sent broken hearted to her grave," continued Jacques, "he having, though already wedded, gained her affections and married her, being unable to overcome her virtue by ordinary arts. It is true that such was the lax character of the court, at this period, that he would rather have acquired honor than incurred disgrace had his exploit become noised. But of this there was little probability; for the young countess led too secluded a life in the Convent of the *Filles de St. Thomas*, where she was passing her noviciate. I should inform thee, Philip, that she was the daughter of a Spanish grandee, who having one son and one daughter, and only a small fortune to keep up a great name, thought he could not provide better for the former than by constituting him his sole heir, nor so well for the latter, as by forcing her to take the veil. She came to Paris; to the convent I have named, of which a relation of monseigneur's was the surperior. The late duke used to visit her, and unhappily saw and became enamored of Gabrielle de Castille. The passion proved reciprocal, and she ultimately eloped, to become, as she thought, his wife. Being a total stranger in Paris, and having been brought up at home in the greatest seclusion, she long remained ignorant of the cheat put upon her, nor even suspected it. But one fatal day, some seven months after this wicked marriage, she discovered the fact by a letter he inadvertently let fall. The result was a brief illness; the premature birth of the fruit of their union, and the decease of the countess. The young female who tended her, took charge of the daughter that was born under these distressing circumstances, who received the name of her mother, with the addition of D'Orleans; but the duke, fearing that the intrigue should be bruited, removed them to a remote part of the city, and compelled the young woman to give out that the infant was her own; and thus it came to pass by her name."

"This is an idle tale," exclaimed the duke; "or at least, it has

always been regarded as at least doubtful, by the members of our family. Besides, were it true, what then?"

"Simply, highness, that the 'Sieur Philip would stand towards thee in the character of nephew, as indeed he is."

"My mother was then the daughter of the Countess de Gabrielle and of the late Duke of Orleans!" ejaculated Philip, astounded.

Jacques replied in the affirmative, whilst the duke muttered something about "a want of proof."

"At least, highness," continued Jacques, "thou hast admitted a knowledge of the name, for in spite of thy father's astuteness, a vague rumor was spread, bearing closely upon the truth; and now welcome to the proof. Clemence Chapelle—the name of the woman who had charge of the infant—secretly procured copies of the child's baptismal-register, and of its mother's marriage certificate, which she entrusted, as a sacred deposit, to the father of Monsieur le Loyal here; hoping that some day, the Duke of Orleans would acknowledge his child and provide for her; but fourteen years elapsed, and she received only a yearly allowance, which was paid to her by the duke's Intendant, who never once alluded to the young girl; a presumption that he may have been ignorant of the secret of her parentage. Whether under these circumstances Clemence Chapelle intended to bestir herself in behalf of her young charge, no one ever knew, for she died suddenly one day, of a stroke of apoplexy; and here all trace of the child might have been lost but for one circumstance. Rather before this period, the father of Philip, then a very young man, accidentally met with Gabrielle Chapelle as she was called. He belonged to our fraternity, as I shall presently show you. Struck with her beauty, he soon became acquainted with her, and upon the sudden demise of her putative parent, prevailed upon her to accompany him to Lutetia, where, in the course of a year, they were married, in my presence."

"And my father!" gasped Philip.

"In due time thou shalt know," replied Jacques. "With reference to thy mother, I long remained wholly ignorant of her parentage, and became aware of it only too late; for she was already dead. Thy father was one of the most ardent in promulgating the new doctrine of equal rights to all citizens, and unfortunately fell into the hands of Monsieur de Sartine's police. The rest thou knowest. I strove in vain by secret agency to accomplish his release; the authorities proved inflexible, for they were ruled by the late king's profligate mistresses, against whom the new clubs chiefly directed their anathemas. His young wife resolved not to abandon him, and being already bound to Lutetia by oath, not less than by marriage to one of Lutetia's sons, resisted all the attempts that were made to extort her secret. Imprisonment in the Bastile had no terrors for her, for she sought only to be near her husband. Every device was employed to ensnare her, but fruitlessly. The minister even granted her permission to visit her husband at any time, with a view to discover her abode; yet all in vain. It is true that Michaulx the

cooper was arrested, and his premises examined; nothing could be brought against him. I need not, however, continue the recital of this part of thy mother's history, which terminated as Chevalier told thee. Suffice it for me to add, that, in consequence of the extreme vigilance of the authorities, of the disfavor into which I had got by crossing the purposes of some of those whose interest would have effected the liberation of thy father, and lastly, of the precautions I was obliged to observe in order to preserve the secret of our society; I say, that in consequence of these circumstances, I was compelled to let thy father remain a prisoner, or compromise the safety of hundreds of our fellow-citizens."

"Alas! My unhappy parents!" ejaculated Philip.

"Thy mother had been dead a week," continued Jacques, "for the tidings soon reached me through one of the garrison, an affiliated member of the society though not an admitted brother, and I had already made an attempt to see De Launay, with a view of claiming thee, when the father of Monsieur le Loyal, my notary, being on his death-bed, sent for me, and after entering into a few particulars of the case, placed a bundle of papers in my hand, proving the identity of Gabrielle Chapelle, with the daughter of Gabrielle de Castille D'Orleans."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the duke.

"Monseigneur can verify the fact at his leisure," chimed in Le Loyal; "the documents are in my possession."

"I soon ascertained the correctness of the statement by applying to the duke thy father," added Jacques, continuing to address D'Orleans. "He already knew me favorably, and besought me to take care of the infant, expressing deep sorrow at the melancholy fate of his daughter. But I had a greater surprise in store for him, when I informed him that her husband, who was yet in the Bastile, was by blood as well as by marriage related to him."

"Mystery upon mystery," ejaculated D'Orleans.

"But truth notwithstanding," resumed Jacques. "Read that name on the cross before thee. Beatrice was my sister," he continued, in a voice that had suddenly grown husky; "thy great grandfather the regent, had by her a natural son who was named Philip, after his father, and De Lutèce, after the place in which he was born; for the child drew his first breath in Lutetia, in the first year of this present century. My sister shortly after died. She lies there. This unhappy connection will explain the origin of my intimacy with thy ancestors, highness, for thy grand-sire, Louis, surnamed Ste. Génévière, was deeply attached to his half-brother, notwithstanding the slur upon his birth, and would have advanced him at court had not Philip opposed the project; he chose Lutetia and liberty. At the age of thirty-two, my nephew married the orphan daughter of the Countess de Vitry, a descendant of the marshal of that name, who preferred running away with him and living in seclusion in the provinces, to espousing an old dotard whom her guardian sought to force upon her. In the course of the following

year, the father of Philip was born; thus was he at once related by blood as he afterwards became by marriage, to the family whence he derived his descent. When Philip's father was about five years of age, a falling sickness broke out in Britanny, where the family was residing, and proved fatal to both his parents, who were swept off with hundreds of the inhabitants of the district; thus, I became the guardian of him who met with so fearful a death in the Bastile. But thou must not think, Philip, that those of my own flesh and blood have been spared. Jacques Morin, my own father, who fell beneath the displeasure of the 'Sieur D'Argenson, lieutenant of police under Louis XIV., inhabited the dungeon of the ditch till the rats bred in the straw that formed his couch."

There ensued a dead pause, for Jacques' voice became choked with a rising sob; presently, however, recovering his serenity, and brushing the tears from his eyes, he added:

"'Tis now eighty-nine years since these events took place, and but for me, the Bastile would have fallen even then. It would, however, have been too premature an act; for I warred against the system, not against one of its abuses. This day, my father's death has been avenged! I can now die happy, for the dawn of liberty has broken."

"From this day henceforth I shall espouse," exclaimed Philip, "the cause of the unhappy and oppressed."

"I expected nothing less from thee, my child," resumed Jacques, embracing him fervently; "I have, unknown to thee, watched the development of thy mind, and rejoiced to find it yearn in the right direction. Be it thy task to lead the van in this struggle, remembering that loyalty is always thy first duty. Monsieur Le Loyal, here, will, whenever thou dost request it, surrender to the care of any other whom thou mayest select, the papers he holds in trust for thee."

Within half an hour after these incidents had occurred, Philip and Madelaine were on their way to Mirabeau's hotel, being protected by an escort of some dozen Lutetians.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH SOMETHING MORE IS HEARD OF FOULON.

The people had forced their way into the hall, and were already calling upon the electors to confer—in the absence of Lafayette—the command of the National Guard upon some fitting person; the Duke D'Aumont being mentioned; but he declined the honor. They then demanded that a new Provost should be elected in the

place of the late De Flesselles, and that he should be called Mayor of Paris instead of Provost of the Merchants.

It was then that Mirabeau, ascending the tribune, and followed by Bailly and the other delegates, announced, in an eloquent speech, the news of the happy reconciliation of the King to the National Assembly.

When the excitement occasioned by this touching and novel scene had subsided, the Assembly proceeded to the settlement of the question which had just then been renewed, namely, as to who should be nominated to succeed De Flesselles. This time no discussion ensued, for, amidst loud and enthusiastic acclamation, the name was pronounced of the venerable hero of the *Jeu de Paume*, and Bailly was instantly and unanimously proclaimed Mayor of Paris. With eyes streaming with tears, and a voice inarticulate with deep emotion, the old man acknowledged the honor.

The national guard being then mentioned, some one ignorant of Lafayette's nomination to the command of it, proposed that the Duke D'Aumont, who had withdrawn, should be again solicited to assume this responsibility; but Moreau de St. Mèry, equally unaware of the foregoing fact, cried "no!" at the same time stretching forth his arms towards a bust which America, recently emancipated, had presented to the city of Paris. Every eye followed the direction of St. Mèry's hand, and recognized the bust of Lafayette, whom a general shout confirmed in the command of the people's guard, immediately after which ceremony, a Te Deum was voted and passed.

The whole Assembly forthwith set out for *Nôtre Dame*, the archbishop going first, and being followed by Bailly and Lafayette, next by the great bulk of the electors, the principal arm-in-arm with the delegates from the National Assembly, the rest walking, in the same friendly manner, with French guards, and these with the soldiers of the new militia, who again mingled with the mass of the people, the entire body advancing through a dense multitude, lining each side of the streets, and demonstrating their joy by loud shouts and other marks of strong emotion. The procession entered the cathedral in this order, and the solemn thanksgiving having been impressively celebrated, the whole body returned to the Hôtel de Ville to mature their plans for the public safety. And here we must leave them awhile, to return to one, namely, Foulon, who has figured somewhat prominently in our narrative.

Since the loss of Eulalie and his rencounter with Mirabeau, public events had, as we have shown, taken a turn, involving his own personal safety not less than the success of his favorite project of forcing himself into the ministry. But having, however, succeeded in securing the portfolio of the Finance Department, he had been compelled to keep concealed, with a view to allow the popular indignation to subside, and was thus prevented from immediately attempting to recover possession of the young girl, or from carrying out any plan of vengeance against Mirabeau, though not the less nourishing secretly an intention of, and maturing a plan for

effecting both these objects by the same act. Thus, by employing fit emissaries, he found means, after some little time, of tracing Eulalie to Mirabeau's house in Paris, and ascertained that she still remained there under his protection, but kept herself strictly secluded: this first step accomplished, he placed his spies about the house, who informed of all that passed beneath their notice, and he only awaited a favorable opportunity of carrying into execution the plan he had matured.

In vain, however, he waited day after day for the long wished-for opportunity. At length the news of De Flesselles' miserable death, coupled with rumors that he himself was known to be in Paris, and if discovered, could not escape a similar fate, affrighted him into a determination to delay no longer, though he would, indeed, have attempted to carry his project into execution twenty-four hours earlier than he did. Finding, now, that delay augmented his danger, he prepared a fitting disguise for himself, to use as occasion might necessitate, and somewhat late on the same day that Madelaine and Philip returned to Mirabeau's—greatly to the joy of Necker and Eulalie—Foulon gave the necessary instructions to the old woman who was to impersonate Madame Delacroix's servant, and despatched her on her mission, in the deepest anxiety awaiting her return.

Fortunately for Eulalie—who was at first disposed to accompany the mysterious messenger—the shrewdness of Mademoiselle Necker baffled this deeply laid plan. By a series of adroit cross-questionings, she elicited sufficient to prove to Eulalie that the whole was a designing trick, and at length so far wrought upon the fear of the pretended servant, as to extort a full confession.

Foulon, surprised at the protracted absence of his emissary, at length became so anxious that he could no longer resist the temptation of going in search of her; wherefore, donning his disguise, and having satisfied himself that it was complete enough for his immediate purpose, he somewhat timidly ventured out into the street. As he proceeded, his courage gradually rose, although once or twice his heart sank upon finding himself, as he thought, more particularly watched by three men whom he had seen when he first left his obscure dwelling. Soon, however, losing sight of them, he ceased to allow the circumstance to trouble him, and slowly continued his progress towards Mirabeau's, hoping every moment to meet with his agent.

Only one more street remained for him to traverse before he would reach his destination, and here his courage began to fail him, wherefore he was on the point of going back, half condemning his own rashness and impatience, when, in the act of turning round, he suddenly came into contact with the very man whom, of all others, he least expected or desired to meet. It was Mirabeau, returning from *Notre-Dame*, and who, in his hurry to pass the saunterer who obstructed his path, jostled against and almost threw him down.

Mirabeau's first impulse—not at first recognizing the individual

with whom he had come into collision—was to stoop to pick up the hat and wig that had fallen from the head of the latter, and to return it with a bow and a hasty apology; but even in the act of so doing, his brow suddenly darkened, and starting back he ejaculated Foulon's name, whilst his hand sought the handle of his sword.

"Villain! we have met again, then," continued he; "'tis for the last time. Destroyer of my child——"

"I am unarmed, 'Sieur de Mirabeau," exclaimed Foulon, retreating, and even preparing to run for his life.

"I care not," cried the other, unsheathing his sword, but his hand was staid by the sudden appearance of the three men already alluded to, who, on perceiving Foulon, at once cried out:

"It is he! it is he! Don't kill him, Monsieur de Mirabeau," and running up to the Intendant, they seized him.

The three men were Henriot, Santerre and Legendre, around whom there almost instantly collected a group of ferocious-looking ruffians, who had, as it appeared, followed closely upon the track of their leaders, and who now, taking from them their cue, shouted:

"Foulon! Foulon! He said the people might eat hay. *A la lanterne* with him!"

Foulon, pale and discomfitted with terror, stood paralyzed in the midst of his captors, nor seemed to comprehend his real position until Mirabeau, advancing a pace or two nearer to him, said with a bitter smile, as he sheathed his weapon:

"Eulalie will be revenged! I leave my vengeance in the hands of the people. I have the honor to wish you good day, 'Sieur Foulon."

Foulon started as though suddenly awakening from a dream, and attempted to struggle against his captors, at the same moment saying something in reply to Mirabeau, which the latter did not even hear, for the execrations of the mob began to pour from every mouth, mingled with the cry, "He said the people might eat hay!" Mirabeau only waited to see the miserable Intendant dragged off in the midst of a crowd momentarily increasing, then pursued his way homewards.

Henriot and his colleagues were not long in exciting the exasperation of the people against the Intendant, whose name, in connection with the infamous corn monopoly, was too well known and too odious to leave his fate at all doubtful. On passing the *Halle*, on their way to the *Place de Grève*, where they expressed their intention of hanging him, they procured a wisp of sting-nettles and twisted it about his neck, forcing a portion into his mouth, tying a bunch of thistles to his hand, and strapping a truss of hay to his back, in which sorry plight, reviled by all, pitied by none, execrated by man, woman and child, and a living target for all kinds of missiles, he was hustled, and jostled, and dragged, and pushed through the streets, the populace exclaiming:

"He said the people might eat hay! He looks happy eating it himself!"

The noise of this singular procession, not less than its cause, occasioned a strange commotion in the hall of the Hotel de Ville, and a brief discussion, which terminated by the despatch of a body of the national guards, headed by Bailly, who claimed the prisoner, as being under the jurisdiction of the municipality. But the mob, jealous of their new power, at first refused to deliver him over, until they had extorted a promise that the Intendant should be immediately tried, a proposition Bailly acceded to, and Foulon, rejoicing in his unexpected delivery, and encouraged by a word from Bailly, was eased of his ignominious burthen, and conducted into the hall, whither Henriot, Legendre and Santerre followed him.

The scene that followed is indescribable. The people loudly demanded that the prisoner should be tried—for the mere form of deferring to the authority of the newly-established Municipality—should be condemned to death, and sentenced to be hanged forthwith. But none of the electors would serve as judges, though all desired to save Foulon from the fate that had befallen De Flesselles. At length Bailly and Lafayette were designated by name, and to such a height had the rage of the populace now attained—their belief being that it was intended to cheat them of their vengeance—that these two worthy men found themselves reduced to the terrible alternative either of losing their own life, from the anger of the multitude, or of sacrificing that of Foulon, with a view to appease the tumult. They accepted the task of judging him, secretly determined to temporize, and thus, if possible, avert the catastrophe.

With this view, Lafayette began to address the mob, using extreme adroitness and tact in proving that the prisoner was not amenable to that tribunal, and even if he were, it would be making an unworthy use of the power it had so recently acquired, did it commence its judicial duties by sentencing to death one of the king's ministers, thus destroying his majesty's confidence in the justice of the committee, paving the way for a breach of that good understanding which now happily prevailed between the king and the popular representatives, and which it had cost so much to obtain.

Several times, in the course of his address, Lafayette was interrupted by the vociferations of the mob, but these he allowed to continue, well aware he was thereby gaining the time he sought. His discourse created a manifest impression in favor of the culprit—if so he might be called—and the latter grew every minute more confident, as he gradually became aware of the object the speaker had in view. There were some, however—Henriot, Santerre, Legendre and a few of their immediate partizans—who had come thither for a purpose, and who refused to yield to the arguments of the commander-in-chief of the national guard; they several times exchanged sinister whispers, and once or twice made a demonstration of violence in the direction of the tribune, purposing to seize Foulon. Their intention Lafayette every time frustrated, and it is doubtful whether Foulon would not have escaped, had not his own imprudence compromised him.

Carried away by his enthusiasm and eloquence, Lafayette continued to plead the prisoner's cause, every minute gaining additional converts, as was manifest by the cheers that greeted him as he proceeded. Foulon, who occupied a seat by the side of his defender, and too secure of the result, took advantage of a pause in Lafayette's speech to applaud vehemently what he had said. Upon this Henriot declared that "the two understood each other," and suddenly turned the tide. The mob renewed it cries of anger, refusing to let Lafayette or Bailly speak, and in the midst of the tumult, Henriot, and Legendre, and Santerre rushed to the tribune and laid violent hold of Foulon, trying to drag him down. Lafayette did not hesitate to attempt to rescue him, struggling heroically but in vain. The cry that had already once exasperated the populace was now again raised; the throng pressed around the tribune, menacing Lafayette himself, until, finding all further opposition useless, he was compelled to give way and flee for safety. Foulon, exhausted with this terrific struggle, in vain battled to the last; Henriot held him with a grasp like that of a vice, and in the midst of the hooting and yelling of the people, the miserable Intendant was dragged to the open square outside, and hanged at the first lamp-post, the last words that resounded in his ears being:

"The people want bread! The rabble! Let them eat hay!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

INVOLVING THE PROSPECTS OF THE DUKE DE BEAUVALLAIS.

Mirabeau had been in his parlor more than an hour, perhaps, when a gentle tap at the door caused him to start up, as if from a dream. In obedience to his summons, the door was pushed open, and Madelainé, after a moment's hesitation, flung herself into his out-stretched arms, and burst into tears.

"What is it, Madelaine, my child? Speak; do not fear."

"He, he is here!" sobbed she, twining her arms about his neck.

"He! Who?" responded the count; "Monsieur de Lutèce?"

"My cousin; the Duke de Beauvallais," she replied; "he desires to speak with thee concerning me! But I never will marry him; I would die first. Thou wilt promise not to force me to marry him, my dear godfather. For my dear mother's sake, if not for mine, thou wilt promise this, wilt thou not?" and she looked into his face, with her eyes still swimming in tears, but earnestly eloquent in their expressive gaze of confiding and deep affection.

"Thou art a child," murmured Mirabeau; "let me first hear what are thy cousin's pretensions. Come, let us meet him."

They found the duke engaged in conversation with Mademoiselle Necker, who was seated on the side of a couch, on which Eulalie was lying. Mirabeau slightly bowed, in recognition of the duke's salute, and crossed over to Eulalie, embraced her fondly; remarking then, the brightness of her eyes, and the brilliant flush upon her cheek, he rallied her upon her improved appearance. Eulalie smiled as she returned his caress, and was about to make some reply, when Mademoiselle Necker checked her, saying:

"No, no," said she; "I am thy doctor. No talking now. Mademoiselle Eulalie has received a shock this afternoon," she added, addressing Mirabeau, "and has been suffering ever since. She must remain very quiet for the present, though I could not prevail upon her to keep her chamber."

"I fear I have intruded," remarked the duke; "if Monsieur de Mirabeau will afford me the honor of a few moments' private conversation."

"Our last meeting," answered Mirabeau, sneeringly, "has left so pleasant an impression upon my mind, that I cannot refuse your grace that honor. If you please, however, we are here quite a family party, and we will go into the object of your visit."

Madelaine listened in astonishment to this colloquy, so meaning though so brief, for Mirabeau had never even alluded to his personal difference with the Duke de Beauvallais, the remembrance of which, now forced upon him anew, seemed likely to operate to the disadvantage of her cousin's suit—so odious to her—whilst placed in the hands of Mirabeau the means of revenge, by affording him full opportunity for humiliating the fopling in presence of those of whose estimation he must naturally have felt most scrupulously jealous. Madelaine was too generous not to experience some considerable degree of discomposure, at being forced, as it were, thus to become a party to her relative's shame, though fully aware he richly merited all the contumely her god-father could possibly put upon him; but she hoped—perceiving the duke had arisen—that the latter would take his departure without pursuing what she suspected to have been the object of his visit. She was, however, mistaken; the young nobleman merely arose to diguise his mortification—conscious that all eyes were bent upon him—and after taking a turn or two in the room, again confronted Mirabeau:

"It was partly with reference to that claim, and partly with reference to my fair cousin," resumed he, calmly, "that I sought you, Monsieur de Mirabeau. We are *en famille* you say! Very well, let it be so."

"Proceed, Monsieur le Duc, proceed," exclaimed Mirabeau, impatiently.

At this moment Madelaine started from her chair, and passing her hand across her forehead, as if a sudden thought had struck her, hurried out of the chamber, leaving her friends in some astonishment.

"Proceed, Monsieur le Duc," said Mirabeau; "I conceive that

Mademoiselle de Beauvallais prefers being absent, under these very peculiar circumstances."

"It is perhaps as well," resumed the duke; "to return to the point, I was about to propose myself as her very humble suitor, with a view of at length adjusting the unhappy differences which have arisen simply in consequence of my persistency in establishing a right of which it was sought to deprive me. The 'Sieur Danton, it is true, procured a delay, by asserting that he would, by a certain day, produce proofs of the invalidity of my title in this suit; but on the day appointed, those proofs were not forthcoming, as indeed they could not be; for they never existed. He himself did not appear, in fact; wherefore judgment went by default. The decision is final. Under these circumstances, 'Sieur de Mirabeau—always, of course, presuming that my cousin's heart remains disengaged—I have ventured to renew, in your presence, the proposals I have already made to herself, knowing that you, as her guardian, have power to determine her choice."

Of whatever nature were Mirabeau's feelings on hearing of this proposal, he kept them completely under control, though his dark eye gleamed with unusual brilliancy, and his black, shaggy brows were once or twice convulsively knit. When the duke came to an end, Mirabeau remained gazing steadfastly at him, and in a manner that seemed of evil augury; he was, however, prevented from replying, immediately, by the return of Madelaine, who, thrusting into his hands a packet of papers, hurriedly bade him "read," and then seated herself on the couch by the side of Mademoiselle Necker, and the feet of Eulalie.

"With your permission, Monsieur le Duc," observed Mirabeau, unfolding the first paper.

The duke bowed, and crossing over to the other side of the room, looked out of the window.

Mirabeau cast his eye hastily over the documents submitted to him, and soon discovering their importance, rapidly made himself master of their contents, whilst the duke was amusing himself by scatching his name on the glass, with a diamond ring that adorned his finger. He was disturbed from his pastime by the voice of Mirabeau:

"The decision of the Supreme Court is final, say you, Monsieur le Duc?" remarked he.

"Final, Monsieur le Comte," replied the duke, bowing.

"And the Demoiselle de Beauvallais is reduced to absolute beggary, besides remaining a debtor to the court, to the full amount of the heavy costs of this suit?" pursued he.

"This is exactly, but unfortunately the case," responded the other.

"I fear, my poor Madelaine," continued the count, smiling, as he cast a side glance of intelligence upon Madelaine, "I much fear that thy case is desperate."

"Your pardon, 'Sieur de Mirabeau," interposed the duke, "I do not desire my charming cousin to take me all at once into her favor.

Provided she give me only to hope, I trust to time and opportunity to make my peace with her."

"Monsieur le Duc," answered Mirabeau, sarcastically, "your consideration is worthy of the generosity that has hitherto characterised all your proceedings. I will not, however, recur to the past in detail," he added, fixing his gaze steadily upon the duke's face; "but it appears to me that when the Supreme Court decided this suit in your favor, it was ignorant of the existence of that unfortunate man, whose fidelity to his master, the late Duke de Beauvallais, excited your displeasure, and finally caused his incarceration in the Bastile. I speak of Pierre Louis Amadee Bandoin.

The young nobleman's countenance underwent a marked alteration; he made an attempt to speak, but signally failed. Mirabeau continued, occasionally referring to the papers:

"It appears, Monsieur le Duc, that knowing Baudoin to be in his master's intimate confidence, you, on several occasions, closely questioned him with reference to the manner in which your late uncle purposed leaving his property; and on ascertaining that you were not even mentioned in his will, hinted your readiness to give him a large sum if he would either destroy the document or place it in your hands, immediately after your uncle's decease. You were a constant visitor at the *chateau*, and even succeeded in bribing some two or three of the domestics, who, less honest than Baudoin, had probably promised to assist your design, for Baudoin found himself beset by them, and soon discovered their purpose. Fearful of hastening his master's demise, Baudoin did not disclose this secret to him, and anxious not to render you odious in the estimation of the late duchess and of your cousin, he also kept it from their knowledge; the duke died: Baudoin at once secured the will, and conveyed it to a place of safety, where, Monsieur le Duc, we shall no doubt find it."

Again, as Mirabeau paused, did the duke attempt to speak, but, as before, his tongue refused to perform its office. The count, still keenly eyeing him, pursued:

"The—that paper is a tissue of falsehoods," stammered the duke.

"That has to be proved," retorted Mirabeau; "but *apropos*, Madelaine, my child, how came these documents in thy possession? and how long hast thou had them?"

"The 'Sieur de Lutèce gave them to me," answered Madelaine; "he will inform you how he procured them."

"This is indeed strange," resumed Mirabeau. "You have, it seems, proved the instrument of your own defeat, 'Sieur de Beauvallais. To rid yourself of a rival, who worsted you in a duel, you dispose of him by a *lettre-de-cachet!* You must have been indeed high in favor with ministers, to procure such letters at your pleasure. But the reign of Bastiles and of *lettres-de-cachet* is over; and, unless public opinion take an unlikely turn, so is that of the aristocrats. I hear that you have lately rendered yourself particularly obnoxious to the people, 'Sieur de Beauvallais; you have been seen

identifying yourself with the most determined of their enemies; wherefore, I forewarn you: be upon your guard. I have now nothing more to add, save that I have the honor of wishing you good day."

The discomfiture of the duke was complete; he stood dumbfounded, and, as it were, annihilated with shame, mortification, and rage. The name of Philip, mentioned in connection with the paper written by Baudoin, too plainly proved that he (the duke) was lost, and he secretly cursed his own folly, not less than the victims of his injustice, at the same time nourishing the deadliest hatred against Philip, who had not only proved the means of his chastisement, but his successful rival in the affections of Madelaine. Yet he had repaired to Mirabeau's full of confidence: for having, by recent inquiry of his friends in the late ministry, acquired certain knowledge of Baudoin's death in the Bastile, he considered his secret safe. With regard to Béchade, he knew him to be no party to the concealment of the will; that he remained ignorant of the place where it had been hidden, and was simply cognizant of the facts; consequently, that he was too dangerous a person to be allowed at large. The Bastile being taken, however, and the prisoners liberated, there existed a possibility of the secret's ultimately transpiring, for which reason he had hastened to make a last attempt to force his suit upon Madelaine, hoping to accomplish his end, and by marriage stifle all further inquiry. How he fared we have shown. Having no longer a pretext for remaining, he found himself compelled to withdraw, which he did as soon as he could muster courage to move; and this without daring to lift up his eyes towards those, in whose presence he had so frequently and but so recently borne himself so proudly.

In the course of the conversation that ensued, Philip learned the full particulars of the Duke de Beauvallais' late visit, and gathered from Mirabeau's conduct, encouragement that Madelaine's destiny would be ere long linked with his own.

The cool of the evening had set in, and the refreshing breeze gratefully fanned the young girl's flushed cheek; the last rays of the sun, as it dipped deeper beneath the horizon, shot a ruddier glory over the light clouds that flitted across the deep blue sky, reflecting their tints upon the walls of the apartment, and making it radiant as the faces of the young girl's companions, under the influence of their newly-born joy. Not a foot-fall resounded along the secluded street, partially abandoned as it was, by the majority of the dwellers therein, who were either congregated at the Bastile, or at the Hotel-de-Ville, or lounging listlessly at their casements, interchanging remarks upon passing events: in a word, everything seemed to speak of renewed confidence, and serenity, and peace.

But all at once, borne on that cool evening breeze, there broke upon the ears of all, a prolonged though distant murmur; it fell, then rose again: another pause, and again it arose, louder and more prolonged.

And now the shouts grew louder and louder, and the crepitant echo of footsteps became audible. The shouts were shouts of triumph, and the footsteps those of a multitude, both drawing nearer and nearer, until the street began to fill with a motley crowd, reminding Philip and Madelaine of the one through the ordeal of which they had but so recently passed. What they beheld, as the mob advanced, might have caused stouter hearts to quail, and the two young women, uttering a faint exclamation of horror, hastily withdrew, whilst Philip made an attempt to close the casement; ere he could succeed, however, embarrassed as he was by the clinging form of Madelaine, it was pushed back and a ghastly head, dripping with gore, with eyes whose vision was gone, but which remained wide astare, was thrust into the room, the head being fixed upon the point of a pike. Eulalie covering her face with her hands, and burying her head in the pillow, uttered a shriek of terror and anguish, exclaiming, as she fell forward:

"Oh, *bon Dieu!* It is his."

The party simultaneously recognized the features of Foulon.

The shouts of the people were at the same moment renewed with increased vigor, and the ghastly head, with its dropping jaw, in which was crammed a wisp of hay, danced up and down in front of the window, whilst the people cried:

Vive Mirabeau, the people's friend! *Vive* the people! *Vive* the National Assembly! Down with the people's tyrants! Down with the aristocrats! *A la lanterne* the aristocrats! *Vive* Mirabeau."

Philip showed himself at the casement, and waved his hand, the shouts being continued; the people having, however, exhibited their sanguinary trophy as long as they thought necessary, repeated the proceeding at the other windows, continuing to shout as before, and finally left the street, on their way to other parts of the city.

The consternation caused by this tragical incident having somewhat subsided, in the course of a few minutes Mademoiselle Necker and Madelaine hastened to Eulalie, who remained upon the couch, in the same posture, and motionless; on attempting to raise her, they both uttered a cry of anguish, and then Philip saw that a crimson tide was gushing from her mouth, and that life was ebbing with it.

* * * * * * *

It was long after midnight; the morning indeed had dawned, genial and bright; but from the room in which Mirabeau sate, the morning light was shut out, and it wore an air of solemn stillness. It was the chamber of death; nor, since he had occupied it, had its stillness been disturbed, save by heavy sobs and broken whispers.

The wax-lights flickered with a sickly hue in that chamber of mortality, robbing of its fresh and ruddy glory the solitary gleam of sunshine that had forced its way through a crevice in the win-

dow-shutter, and which fell with a ghastly and deadened brightness upon the pale, rigid features of the deceased. Upon those features —over whose loveliness the hand of death had as yet but lightly passed—Mirabeau gazed in silent but bitter agony of the soul, crushed beneath the weight of the retribution which, after so long a time, had so suddenly and so signally overtaken him.

And through the tedious hours of the quiet night, even until life without was stirring actively, Mirabeau continued to keep his lonely vigils over the corpse of Eulalie, now and then exclaiming in a deep, sobbing whisper: "It is better thus! It is better thus!" but at times, his broken voice might have been heard engaged in brief but earnest prayer, as kneeling by the side of the bier, he poured forth his sorrow, and confessed his errors to him who turneth not away from the repentant.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LAST, AND NECESSARILY BRIEF CHAPTER.

A FORTNIGHT had elapsed since the occurrence of the events last recorded, and, under a conviction that the fusion of the three orders and the king's consequent recognition of the National Assembly, had to some extent secured the public tranquillity, the court of Versailles had resumed something of its wonted aspect, save that the princes and several of the nobles no longer figured at it, they having, at the first moment of alarm, taken flight to Basle, being anxious to escape the dangers which seemed to threaten them at home. There still existed great excitement in the capitol, in spite of the activity of Bailly and Lafayette, who found it impossible to suppress the tumults arising from the extreme dearth, and still more dangerous to attempt putting down the clubs, where the most violent factionists congregated to discuss the constitution and rights of man. It was hoped, nevertheless, that further and timely concessions, as advised by the popular leaders, would ultimately give satisfaction, and affairs assume a more favorable aspect, as soon as confidence could be restored.

At the instigation of Bailly, and as much to reanimate the king's courage as to afford the populace a proof of his sincerity, Louis had made a public entry into Paris, escorted by two hundred deputies from the National Assembly, and, as far as *Sèvres*, by a regiment of his own body-gaurds. Bailly, at the head of the municipal corps, received him at the barrier-gate of the city, and presented him with the keys, which the king returned, saying, "They could not remain in worthier hands." Upon entering the city, Louis was at

once surrounded by the armed multitude, whom he beheld drawn up in military array on each side of the streets through which he was to pass on his road to the Hôtel de Ville, where as a mark of honor, they formed over his head, an arch with their swords, beneath which he passed, uncovered. He then addressed the people, in a brief but affecting speech, after which Bailly exclaimed:

"Our good, our gracious King Henry Quatre, won the people; to-day, the people win their king. *Vive le roi!*"

Immediately upon this, the people, hitherto ominously silent, burst forth in loud acclamations, lavishing upon their sovereign the most extravagant tokens of loyalty; so much so indeed, he was fain to take advantage of the support of Bailly and Lafayette, who, though they could not prevent the mob from pressing around, contrived to keep it somewhat aloof; and in this manner he traversed the streets of the metropolis until he reached his carriage at the barrier, from which place the people followed him to *Sèvres*, where his body-guards received him, and re-conducted him to Versailles.

Marie-Antoinette, who had opposed this journey, threw herself into his arms, embracing him as though she had feared that, when he set out, she was destined never to behold him again; but reassured now, her tears flowed with joy; the royal pair once more tasted of the cup of domestic happiness, and full of hope, gaily joined in the amusements of their court that evening, devising plans for the future, nor dreaming of the fearful storm which so shortly after burst over their heads.

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The royal chapel attached to the palace was filled long before noon next day, with a goodly assemblage of the *noblesse*, eager to witness a ceremony of which rumor had made the most, during the last fortnight. The high altar was decorated and lighted up, but many a fair devotee's eyes wandered to the side door by which the royal family usually entered, and anxious whisperings passed from mouth to mouth, during the brief time that elapsed between the conclusion of the solemn high mass, and the hour appointed for the anticipated ceremonial. It came at last, bringing the king, and the queen, with their suite; the Archbishop of Paris, Mirabeau, Philip of Lutetia, Madelaine, and Mademoiselle Necker; the reader will guess the remainder.

All was mirth and gayety at the court that evening; for at least the present looked cheering; but when the company had dispersed, Mademoiselle Necker retired to her chamber, and throwing herself into a chair, burst in tears. She wept abundantly and in silence, for some time; but, having overcome her weakness, sat down at her writing-desk, and penned a short epistle, addressing it to the Baron de Staël; it ran thus:

"I have re-considered your proposal, my dear baron. If I do not now love, I at least esteem and respect you; perhaps, in time,

love may follow. In a word, I am your's if you will take me as I am."

And the baron *did* take her.

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Again we are with Mirabeau in the chamber of death; but this time, it is not youth upon whom his heavy hand lies. Philip and Madelaine are at one side of a couch, Mirabeau at the other, and on it Jacques is stretched, in that same small, vaulted chamber in Lutetia, where we last left him. The old man's eyes are already fixed and glazed, but his features are placid, and his smile is serene; he speaks in hollow accents, but distinct, and his last words are eagerly listened to.

"My children, my sand has run out; age kills me, not malady. I have lived a long life and a useful one, though obscure; but I have lived to see the liberty of the people dawn, and that is long enough. Philip, thou hast sworn to love the people; take care, however, not to mix thyself up with factionists; these ruin liberty. Thou, Mirabeau, hast noble destinies to fulfil; thou art the man of the people; upon thee will rest the heavy responsibility of this movement. Be firm to the monarchy; be firm to the constitution; above all, be sincere to the people, and all will be well. Do not trust D'Orleans, and beware of Marat. They 'are now deadly enemies, but either may injure thee. For the present, their power is overthrown; but be wary; they are not men to be despised, nor men who will fail to take advantage of thy blunders. Keep Lutetia together, and when I am dead, do thou and Philip bury me in the same grave with my father and my sister. Madelaine, my child, embrace me once again! Adieu, Mirabeau! Adieu, Philip! Adieu, my children! I am about to solve the grand secret! The world is growing dark to me, but—beyond—beyond—far beyond—I see, light!" And his spirit took its flight, as calmly as a babe reposing.

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Chevalier, for we must speak of him too, figured subsequently, in the popular movements, and finally joined the great republican army, where he met his death in one of the mighty struggles on the frontier. The fate of the other persons who have figured in these pages, is matter of history; it does not come within the compass of the present narrative to develop the intrigues which resulted in the massacres of September and October of this eventful year; nor of those which, after the unexpected decease of Mirabeau, gave Marat's party the ascendancy, brought the heads of the king and the queen, and of their relatives to the block, on which Equality-Philip (D'Orleans) soon after also expiated his errors and his crimes; finally merging into the establishment of the Reign of Terror, until the hand of Charlotte Corday avenged the wholesale slaugh-

ters of the modern Nero, and the guillotine closed the career of Robespierre, the incorruptible, but sanguinary. It does, however, fall within our range to state, that having in vain striven to save his Sovereign, and to stem the tide of blood that afterwards deluged France, our hero withdrew from the vortex of public life, and retiring into a remote country, awaited there the return of more peaceful times, inculcating in his children's hearts the principles of Liberty which he had learnt from the counsels of Jacques, or acquired in the school of Adversity and Experience.